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SOUTHERN  
Historical Society Papers.

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VOLUME XI.

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JANUARY TO DECEMBER, 1883.

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RICHMOND, VA.:  
REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,  
*Secretary Southern Historical Society.*

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Vol. XI.

Richmond, Va., January, 1883.

No. 1.

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General Beauregard's Report of the Battle of Drury's Bluff.

HEADQUARTERS IN THE FIELD,  
SWIFT CREEK, VA., June 10th, 1864.

GENERAL SAM'L COOPER,  
*A. & I. G., C. S. A., Richmond, Virginia.*

GENERAL: While we were hurriedly assembling by fragments, an army, weak in numbers, wanting the cohesive force of previous organization and association, the enemy, operating from his fortified base at Bermuda Hundred's Neck, had destroyed much of the Richmond and Petersburg railroad, and occupied the main line of communication southward, and menaced its river gate (Drury's Bluff) and south-side land defences, with a formidable army and fleet.

In these conditions, the possession of our line of communication southward, became the main point of contest.

To wrest it from the enemy, I selected a course which promised the most fertile results, that of capturing or destroying his army, in its actual position, after cutting him off from his base of operations; or failing in this, of depriving him of future power to control or ob-



struct our communications, by driving him before our front and locking him up in his fortified camp at Bermuda Hundred's Neck.

Our army was organized into three divisions, right, left and reserve, under Major-Generals Hoke and Ransom, and Brigadier-General Colquitt.

The general direction of the roads and adjacent river, was north and south, the general alignment of the armies, east and west.

Our left wing (Ransom) lay behind the trenches on Kings'-land creek, which runs an easterly course, not far in front of Drury's Bluff.

Our right wing (Hoke) occupied the intermediate line of fortifications from Fort Stevens, crossing the turnpike to the railroad.

Colquitt's reserve, in rear of Hoke, centered at the turnpike. The cavalry were posted on our flank, and in reserve, and the artillery distributed among the divisions.

A column from Petersburg, under Major-General Whiting had been directed to proceed to Swift creek, on the turnpike, over three miles from Petersburg, and nine from my lines, and was under orders to advance, at day-break, to Port Walthall Junction, three miles nearer.

The line of the enemy's forces under Butler, comprising the corps of Gillmore and W. F. Smith (10th and 18th) was generally parallel to our intermediate line of works, somewhat curved, concentric and exterior to our own, they held our own outer line of works, crossing the turnpike half a mile in our front. Their line of breastworks and entrenchments increased in strength westward and northward: its right, and weakest point, was in the edge of Wm. Gregory's woods, about half a mile west of James river.

The line of hostile breastworks from their right flank continued westwardly, intersecting the turnpike near our outer line of fortifications.

Near this point of intersection, at Charles Friend's farm, was advantageously posted a force of the enemy throughout the day's struggle, and here are said to have been the headquarters of Generals Butler and Smith.

Butler's lines thence, following partly the course of our outer works, crossed them, and run westwardly, through fields and woods, until after crossing the railroad, his extreme left inclined to the north. With the foregoing data, I determined upon the following plan: That our left wing, turned and hurled upon Butler's weak right, should, with crushing force, double it back on its centre, thus interposing an



easterly barrier between Butler and his base; that our right wing should simultaneously with its skirmishers and afterwards in force as soon as the left became fully engaged, advance and occupy the enemy to prevent his reinforcing his right, and thus check him in front, without, however, prematurely seeking to force him far back, before our left could completely out-flank, and our Petersburg column close upon his rear; and finally that the Petersburg column, marching to the sound of heaviest firing, should interpose a southern barrier to his retreat.

Butler thus environed by three lines of fire, could have, with his defeated troops, no resource against capture or destruction, except in an attempt at partial and hazardous escape westward, away from his base, trains or supplies.

Two difficulties, alone, might impede or defeat the success of my plan. One was a possible and effective resistance by the enemy, in virtue of his superior numbers. Another, probably a graver one, existed as to the efficient, rapid handling of a fragmentary army like ours, hastily assembled and organized, half the brigades without general officers, some of the troops unacquainted with their commanders and neighbors, staff-officers unknown to each other, &c. The moral force, which, derived from the unity which springs from old association, was entirely wanting, and from this cause, generally so productive of confusion and entanglement, great inconvenience arose.

On the other hand, I reckoned on the advantages of being all in readiness at day-break, with short distances over which to operate, a long day before me to manœuvre in; plain, direct routes, and simplicity in the movements to be executed.

Accordingly, at 10.45 A. M. on the 15th of May, preparatory information and orders were forwarded to Major-General Whiting, then at Petersburg, twelve miles from me, to move with his force to Swift creek, three miles nearer, during the night, and at day-break next morning to proceed to Port Walthall Junction, about three miles nearer. These instructions were duly received by that officer and were as follows:

"I shall attack enemy in my front, at day-break, by River road, to cut him off from his Bermuda base. You will take up your position, to-night, at Swift creek, with Wise's, Martin's, Dearing's, and two regiments of Colquitt's brigades, with about twenty field pieces, under Colonel Jones. At day-break, you will march to Port Walthall Junction, and when you hear an engagement in your front, you will advance boldly and rapidly, by the shortest road, in the direction

of heaviest firing, to attack enemy in rear or flank. You will protect your advance and flanks with Dearing's cavalry, taking necessary precautions to distinguish friends from foes.

"Please communicate this to General Hill.

"This revokes all former orders of movements.

"[Signed]

G. T. BEAUREGARD,

*"General Commanding."*

"P. S. I have just received a telegram from General Bragg, informing me that he has sent you orders to join me at this place. You need not do so, but follow, to the letter, the above instructions.

"[Signed]

G. T. B."

In the early afternoon, I delivered, in person, to the other Division Commanders, the following circular instructions of battle, with additional oral instructions to Major-General Ransom, that while driving the enemy he should promptly occupy, with a brigade, the crossing of Proctor's creek, by the River road, which was the enemy's shortest line of retreat to Bermuda Hundred's Neck:

CIRCULAR TO DIVISION COMMANDERS.

"HEADQUARTERS DEP'T N. C. S. C., VA.,

"DRURY'S FARM, May 15th, 1864.

"GENERAL: The following instructions for battle, to-morrow, are communicated for your information and action.

"The purpose of the movement is to cut off the enemy from his base of operations at Bermuda Hundreds, and capture or destroy him in his present position. To this end we shall attack and turn, by the river road, his right flank, now resting on James river, whilst his center and left flank are kept engaged, to prevent him from re-enforcing his right flank.

"Major-General Ransom's division will, to-night take position, the most favorable for attack, on the enemy's right flank, to be made by him at day-break to-morrow morning. His skirmishers will drive back vigorously those of the enemy, in his front, and will be followed closely by his line of battle, which will, at the proper time, pivot on its right flank, so as to take the enemy in flank and rear. He will form in two lines of battle, and will use his battalion of artillery to the best advantage.

"Colonel Dunnivant's regiment of cavalry will move with this division, under the direction of General Ransom.

"Major General Hoke's division, now in the trenches, on the right of the position herein assigned to General Ransom will, at day-light, engage the enemy with a heavy line of skirmishers, and will hold the rest of his forces in hand, ready to attack with vigor the enemy's line in his front, as soon as he shall find it wavering before his skirmishers, or as soon as Ransom's line of battle shall have become fairly engaged with the enemy. General Hoke will form in two lines of battle, four hundred yards apart, in front of his trenches, at the proper time, and in such manner as not to delay his forward movement. He will use his battalion of artillery to the best advantage.

"Colonel Baker's regiment of cavalry will move in conjunction with Hoke's division, so as to protect his right flank. He will receive more definite instructions from Major General Hoke. Colonel Shingler's regiment of cavalry will move with the reserve division.

"The division commanded by Brigadier-General Colquitt will constitute the reserve, and will, to-night, form in column, by brigades, in rear of Hoke's present position, the centre of each brigade resting on the turnpike. The division will be massed under cover of the hill now occupied by Hoke's troops, so as to be sheltered, at the outset, from the enemy's fire in front. During the movement, the head of the reserve column will be kept at a distance of about five hundred yards from Hoke's second line of battle. As soon as practicable, the intervals between the brigades of the reserve division will be maintained at from two to three hundred yards.

"The reserve artillery, under General Colquitt, will follow along the turnpike, about three hundred yards in rear of the last brigade. He will use it to the best advantage. Simultaneously with these movements, Major-General Whiting will move with his division from Petersburg along the Petersburg and Richmond turnpike, and attack the enemy in flank and rear.

"The movement above indicated must be made with all possible vigor and celerity.

"The Generals commanding divisions, and Colonels Baker and Shingler, commanding cavalry will report at these headquarters at 6 P. M., to-day. In the meantime, they will give all necessary instructions for providing their respective commands with sixty rounds of ammunition issued to each man, and at least twenty rounds for each in reserve. They will cause their commands to be supplied with two days' cooked rations."

"[Signed]

G. T. BEAUREGARD,

*"General Commanding."*

Ransom moved at 4.45 A. M., being somewhat delayed by a dense fog which lasted several hours after dawn, and occasioned some embarrassment. His division consisted of the following brigades in the order mentioned, commencing from the left: Gracie's, Kemper's (commanded by Colonel Terry), Barton's (under Colonel Fry), and Colonel Lewis's (Hoke's old brigade.)

He was soon engaged, carrying at 6 A. M., with some loss, the enemy's line of breastworks in his front, his troops moving splendidly forward to the assault, capturing five stands of colors and some five hundred prisoners. The brigades most heavily engaged were Gracie's and Kemper's, opposed to the enemy's right, the former turning his flank. General Ransom then halted to form, reported his loss heavy, and troops scattered by the fog, his ammunition short, and asked for a brigade from the reserve. Colquitt's brigade was sent him at 6.30 A. M., with orders for its return when it ceased to be indispensable.

Before either ammunition or the reserve brigade had arrived, he reported the enemy driving Hoke's left, and sent the right regiment of Lewis's brigade forward at double quick towards the point of supposed danger. This held the enemy long enough for the reserve brigade to arrive, charge and drive him back from the front of our left centre, (where the affair occurred,) over and along the works, to the turnpike.

It will be seen, in a subsequent part of this report, that one of Hagood's advance regiments had unexpectedly come in contact with the enemy, and had been ordered back, it not being contemplated to press, at this point, until Ransom should swing around his left as directed in the battle-order. This, possibly, originated Ransom's impression as to the situation of Hoke's left, which had, in fact, steadily maintained its proper position.

At 7.15 A. M., Colquitt's brigade of the reserve, was re-called from Ransom, and a slight modification of the original movement was made to relieve Hoke, on whose front the enemy had been allowed to mass his forces, by the inaction of the left.

Ransom was ordered to flank the enemy's right by changing the front of his right brigade, supported by another in echelon—to advance a third towards Proctor's creek, and to hold a fourth in reserve. This modification was intended to be temporary, and the original plan was to be fully carried out, on the seizure of the River road and Proctor's creek crossing.

In proceeding to execute this order, Ransom found the reserve brigade engaged, and his own troops moving by the right flank



towards the firing at the centre. He therefore sent Barton's brigade back, instead of Colquitt's, and reported a necessity to straighten and reform his lines in the old position, near the lines he had stormed. Here his infantry rested during the greater part of the day—Dunno-vant's cavalry dismounted, being thrown forward, as skirmishers, towards a small force which occupied a ridge, in the edge of George Gregory's woods, north of Proctor's neck. This force of the enemy, with an insignificant body of cavalry (believed to be negroes), and a report of some gunboats, coming up the river, were the only menace to our left.

At 10 A. M., I withheld an order for Ransom to move until further developments should be made, for the following reasons:

The right was heavily engaged—all of the reserve had been detached, right and left, at different times—the silence of Whiting's guns, which had been heard a short time about 8 A. M., gave reasonable hope that he had met no resistance and would soon be engaged—a dispatch had been sent him at 9 A. M., which was repeated at 9.30 A. M., to "press on and press over everything in your front, and the day will be complete;" Ransom, moreover, not only reported the enemy in strong force in his front, but expressed the opinion that the safety of his command would be compromised by an advance.

On the right, Hoke had early advanced his skirmishers and opened with his artillery. The fog and other causes temporarily delayed the advance of his line of battle; when he finally moved forward, he soon became hotly engaged and handled his command with judgment and energy.

Hagood and Johnson were thrown forward by him with a section of Eschelman's Washington Artillery, and found a heavy force of the enemy, with six or eight pieces of artillery, occupying the salient of the outer line of works on the turnpike and his own defensive lines.

Our artillery engaged at very short range, disabling some of the enemy's guns and blowing up two limbers. Another section of the same command opened from the right of the turnpike. They both held their positions, though with heavy loss, until their ammunition was spent, when they were relieved by an equal number of pieces from the reserve artillery under Major Owens. Hagood with great vigor and dash, drove the enemy from the outer lines in his front, capturing a number of prisoners, and, in conjunction with Johnson, five pieces of artillery—three 20-pounder Parrots and two fine Napoleons. He then took position in the works, his left regiment being thrown forward by Hoke to connect with Ransom's right. In ad-

vancing, this regiment encountered the enemy behind a second line of works in the woods, with abattis interlaced with wire; an attack at that point not being contemplated, it was ordered back to the line of battle, but not before its intrepid advance had caused it to sustain considerable loss. This circumstance has been referred to before, as the occasion of a mistake by Ransom.

Johnson, meanwhile, had been heavily engaged. The line of the enemy bent around his right flank, subjecting his brigade, for a time, to fire in flank and front. With admirable firmness he repulsed frequent assaults of the enemy, moving in masses against his right and rear. Leader, officers and men alike displayed their fitness for the trial to which they were subjected. Among many instances of heroism, I cannot forbear to mention that of Lieutenant Waggoner, of the Seventeenth Tennessee regiment, who went alone through a storm of fire, and pulled down a white flag which a small, isolated body of our men had raised, receiving a wound in the act. The brigade holding its ground nobly, lost more than a fourth of its entire number. Two regiments of the reserve were sent up to its support, but were less effective than they should have been, through a mistake of the officer posting them. Hoke also sent two regiments from Clingman to protect Johnson's flank; but through a similar error they were posted in the woods where the moral and material effect of their presence was lost.

I now ordered Hoke to press forward his right for the relief of his right centre, and he advanced Clingman with his remaining regiments and Corse with his brigade.

He drove the enemy with spirit, suffering some loss; but the gap between Clingman and the troops on his left induced him to retire his command, to prevent being flanked, and reform it in the intermediate lines. Thus Corse became isolated, and learning from his officers that masses were forming against his right flank, he withdrew some distance back, but not as far as his original position.

These two brigades were not afterwards engaged, though they went to the front; Corse about one hour after he fell back, and Clingman at about 2.15 P. M. The enemy did not re-occupy the ground from which he was driven before they retired.

In front of Hagood and Johnson the fighting was stubborn and prolonged. The enemy slowly retiring from Johnson's right took a strong position on the ridge in front of Proctor's creek, massing near the turnpike, and occupying the advantageous ground at the house and grove of Charles Friend.

At length Johnson having brushed the enemy from his right flank in the woods, with some assistance from the Washington Artillery, and cleared his front, rested his troops in the shelter of the outer works.

One of the captured pieces having opened on the enemy's masses, he finally fell back behind the woods and ridge at Proctor's creek, though his skirmish line continued the engagement some hours longer.

Further movements were here suspended to await communication from Whiting, or the sound of his approach, and to re-organize the troops which had become more or less disorganized. Brief firing at about 1:45 P. M., gave some hope of his proximity.

I waited in vain. The firing heard was probably an encounter between Dearing and the enemy's rear guard. Dearing had been ordered by Whiting to communicate with me, but unsupported as he was by infantry or artillery, he was unable to do so, except by sending a detachment by a circuitous route, which reached me after the work of the day was closed.

At 4 P. M. all hope of Whiting's approach was gone, and I reluctantly abandoned so much of my plan as contemplated more than a vigorous pursuit of Butler, and driving him to his fortified base.

To effect this I resumed my original formation, and directed General Hoke to send two brigades forward along the Courthouse road to take the enemy in flank and establish enfilading batteries in front of the heights west of the railroad. The formation of our line was checked by a heavy and prolonged storm of rain. Meanwhile the enemy opened a severe fire, which was soon silenced by our artillery.

Before we were ready to advance darkness approached, and upon consultation with several of my subordinate commanders, it was deemed imprudent to attack, considering the probability of serious obstacles and the proximity of Butler's entrenched camp. I, therefore, put the army in position for the night, and sent instructions to Whiting to join our right, at the railroad, in the morning.

During the night the enemy retired to the fortified line of his present camp, leaving in our hands some fourteen hundred prisoners, five pieces of artillery, and five stands of colors. He now rests there, hemmed by our lines, which have since, from time to time, been advanced after every skirmish, and now completely cover the southern communications of the capital, thus securing one of the principal objects of the attack. The more glorious results anticipated were lost by the hesitation of the left wing, and the premature halt of the Pe-

tersburg column, before obstacles in neither case sufficient to have deterred from the execution of the movements prescribed.

Too much praise cannot be bestowed on the officers and men who fought the battle of Drury's Bluff, for the order and intrepidity displayed by them whenever called upon to meet the foe, regardless of his advantage in number and position. I shall take pleasure in presenting the names of those who most distinguished themselves as soon as the detailed reports of subordinate commanders shall have been received at these headquarters.

The same opportunity will be taken to mention the names and services of those members of my personal and general staff who were present during that battle, and of those officers who, belonging to other commands, kindly volunteered their services on that occasion. The intelligent zeal and activity of all these officers in transmitting orders and conveying information from one portion of the field to the other contributed largely to the success of the day.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

[Signed]

G. T. BEAUREGARD, *General.*

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#### A High Private's Sketch of Sharpsburg.

##### PAPER NO. 2.

By ALEXANDER HUNTER.

[Conclusion.]

Late in the evening the column halted near Sharpsburg, a little village nestling at the bottom of the hills, a simple country hamlet, that none outside, save perhaps a postmaster, ever heard of before, and yet which in one day awoke to find itself famous, and the hills around it historic. This tiny town was a quiet, cool, still place—like the locality where Rip Van Winkle lived his days. One could almost imagine he saw the shambling figure, followed by his dog, disappear up the far street, and from just such a casement Dame Gretchen must have fired her farewell shot at her lazy, good-for-nothing spouse.

The hamlet was deserted now—more so probably than our Sweet Auburn, the loveliest village of the plain, ever was—not a soul was to be seen, the setting sun tinged the windows with its glowing rays, and made more vivid the dark background of the high hills beyond. The setting sun, ah, many eyes, all unconscious, looked their last



upon the glowing incandescence as they stood on the crest watching the bright luminary going down.

“O, setting sun awhile delay,  
Linger on sea and shore,  
For thousand eyes now gaze on thee,  
That shall not see thee more;  
A thousand hearts beat proudly now,  
Whose race like thine is o'er.”

The 17th of September found our command in a line in the rear of Sharpsburg; we are very tired with marching, exhausted with excitement, and savagely hungry. Had we been well fed, and with nothing to do, there were none who could not have lain at ease, and enjoyed the fine view—so rich and gaudy in the autumn coloring—with the fair garden country spreading out all around, looking its best in the sweet morning air. But sentiment could find no place in a man who had nothing but the memory of what he had eaten to fill his stomach, and as we felt our limp haversacks, the sole absorbing thought crossed each man's mind—where is our breakfast, or our dinner, or our supper coming from? The men began to grumble at being forced to fight on an empty stomach, and a long line of famine-drawn faces and gaunt figures sat there in the ranks, chewing straws merely to keep their jaws from rusting and stiffening entirely. Just at this time a cow—a foolish, innocent, confiding animal—not knowing soldiers' ways, came grazing up to our lines; a dozen bullets crashed through her skull, and a score of knives were soon at work, in an incredibly short space of time, quicker indeed than you could skin a rabbit, the hide of the female bovine was pared and cut off, and a ravenous pack of wolves could not sooner have laid bare her bones than did these hungry soldiers. Everything was eaten, even her tail, that was but an hour ago calmly and easily switching the flies from her back. Some soldier skinned it, burnt it over the fire, and picked it clean in a few minutes. There were no cooking utensils in the whole regiment, not a single skillet or frying-pan, indeed our rations of green corn and apples left us but little need for those articles, but something must be done to cook the beef. The soldier is an inventive genius, he can prepare and dress anything, even to making “*stone soup*,” which by the way happened thus:

A hungry looking, lank, angular specimen of the genus Reb, appeared at the farm house of a widow lady—not far from Gordonsville, who was noted for her niggardliness and parsimony. So close indeed,

and mean was she, that a placard was nailed on her gate with the inscription: "No soldiers fed or housed here."

The best foragers and pirooters of the brigade met their match in this old woman, and returned defeated from the field, and at last she was left in undisturbed possession of her place and no hungry soldiers ever were fed at her table.

When this animated picture and figure of famine stalked in her yard, the old lady was prepared for hostilities immediately.

The sad faced defender of the soil, asked in a humble way:

"Please marm, lend me your iron pot?"

"Man, I haven't no iron pot for you!"

"Please marm, I wont hurt it."

"You don't s'pose I am agwine to lend you my pot to carry it to camp, do you? I would never see it again. Go over there where Mrs. Hanger lives, she will lend hers to you."

"Marm I will bring your pot back, hope I may die if I don't. I wont take it out of the yard and will kindle the fire here."

"What do you want with it?" said the old lady.

"I want to bile some stone soup," answered the soldier, looking plaintively at the questioner.

"Stone soup! What's stone soup?" and the old lady's curiosity began to rise. "How do you make it, and what for?"

"Marm," replied the sad faced infantryman, "ever since the war began, the rations have become scarcer and scarcer, until they have stopped entirely, and we uns have to live on stone soup to keep from starving."

"Stone soup, how do you make it?"

"Please marm you get a pot with some water, and I will show you. We biles the stone."

The ancient dame trotted off, full of wonder and inquisitiveness to get the article, and by the time she returned the soldier had kindled a fire, and settling the kettle on the pile, waited for the water to boil, taking a rock about the size of his head, he washed it clean and put it in the pot, and then he said to the old woman who was peering in the pot:

"Marm, please get me a small piece of bacon, about the size of your hand, to gin the soup a relish."

The old lady again toddled off and got it for him. Another five minutes passed by.

"Is it done?" inquired the woman.

"It's most done; but please marm give me a half a head of cabbage

just to make it taste right." The cabbage was brought. Ten minutes came and went.

"Is it done, now?" asked the wondering daughter of Eve.

"Mos' done; but please marm give 'me a half a dozen potatoes, just to gin it a final flavor." "All right," answered the widow, who by this time had become deeply absorbed in the operation. The potatoes followed the cabbage and meat. Another ten minutes was numbered in the cycle of eternity. "Isn't it done yet, 'pears to me that it's a long time a cooking," remarked the antique mother, who was getting impatient.

"Mos' done; jest get me a handful of flour, some pepper and salt, one or two termartusses, and it will be all right."

These things were brought, and after bubbling in the pot awhile, the utensil was lifted off the fire, the soldier pulled his knife, with spoon attachment, and commenced to eat. The economical widow went in, got a plate, came out, and filled it, the first spoonful she tasted she exclaimed,

"Why, man, this is nothing but common vegetable soup."

"So it is, marm," responded the soldier, who was making the best time he could; "but we uns calls it stone soup."

The old lady carried her pot in the house, learning that the ingenuity of a soldier can compass anything.

But I will return to my mutton—or, rather, my beef. The men were not to be balked of their meal because there wasn't a cooking range or French cooks to prepare their dinner; they hunted about and found flat stones, that were lying around in the greatest profusion, and broiled their beef on them, and then went at it tooth and nail. It would be an interesting study to know how much meat some of those men ate—enough, indeed, to hold his own in that line against a Pawnee or Piute Indian.

After this *dejeuner*, a squad of us went into Sharpsburg. The enemy's artillery had begun to play upon the village, and the many hills echoed and re-echoed the thunder, the war music so common to our ears the last three months.

We stayed a short time, and on our return came down the road towards the Seventeenth. We were passing a group of soldiers lying behind a fence watching the flash of the enemy's artillery, which was on a high hill about a mile off. All at once a large twelve-pounder shell from one of these very guns struck the ground in the front, and then, as if cast by a child's hands, rolled gently around the group, and there it rested, with the fuse spluttering and blazing. The

effect was ludicrous. We did not stop on the order of going, but went at once. Every man jumped, hopped, ran, or rolled from that harmless-looking little black ball, and did not stop until they were at a respectable distance, when, lying flat down, they awaited the explosion. It soon came, and shattered a whole panel of fence by the force of its discharge. How thankful we were that the fuse was so long. Going back, we picked as best we could the fallen fruit which we forgot to carry when that shell came along. We lost our grapes, though.

The Yankees were preparing for their battle. On the heights, some two thousand yards away, fresh batteries would take their position and open; ours would reply, and so, as the hours of the forenoon wore on, the war clamor grew greater, and soon on our left the splashes of musketry, and then the steady, rattling discharges showed the battle was fairly joined.

The old cry soon came to us, "Fall in!" and, soon in line, we advanced and took our place and waited with clenched teeth and fearless front for the attack.

Our position was directly in front of the village of Sharpsburg, on a high hill, behind a new post and rail fence; the topography of the country and the configuration of the ground was peculiar, consisting of a succession of undulating hills and corresponding valleys. The elevation that we were on sunk rather abruptly to a deep bottom, and then rose suddenly, forming another hill, the crest of which was about sixty yards from the top of the eminence where we rested. Any attacking force would be invisible until they arrived on the top of the crest opposite, and in pistol-shot distance, or what we call point blank musketry range.

On our front about a mile away was Antietam creek, spanned by a bridge. This was guarded by Toombs's Georgia brigade, which was only a skeleton command, being about one-fifth of its full ranks.

Our army surrounded Sharpsburg in a semi-circle, and we could lie there and hear and see the raging frenzied battle on our left. The reports of the cannon were incessant and deafening: at times it seemed as if a hundred guns would explode simultaneously, and then run off at intervals into splendid file firing. No language can describe its awful grandeur. The thousand continuous volleys of musketry mingle in a grand roar of a great cataract, and together merging, seemed as if the earth was being destroyed by violence, the canopy of the battle's fume, from this vast burning of gunpowder, rising above the battle-field in such thick clouds, that the



sun looked down gloomy red in the sky, while the dust raised by the mass of men floated to the clouds.

Listen! the fight has commenced down at Antietam bridge, where Toombs lies with his Georgians. The Yankees have commenced to shell their front, which, we all know, is but a prelude to the deadlier charge of infantry.

The shells begin to sail over us as we lay close behind the fence, shrieking its wild song, a canzonet of carnage and death. These missiles howled like demons, and made us cower in the smallest possible space, and wish we had each a little red cap in the fairy tale, which, by putting on our heads, would make us invisible. But what is that infernal noise that makes the bravest duck their heads? That is a "Hotchkiss" shell. Thank goodness, it bursted far in the rear. It is no more destructive than some other projectile, but there is a great deal in mere sound to work on men's fears, and the moral effect of the Hotchkiss is powerful.

The tremendous scream of this shell is caused by a ragged edge of lead which is left on the missile as it leaves the gun. In favorable positions of light the phenomenon can sometimes be seen as you stand directly behind the gun of the clinging of the air to the ball. The missile seems to gather up the atmosphere and carry it along, as our globe carries its air through space. Men are frequently killed by the wind of a cannon ball. There is a law of Nature which causes the atmosphere to cling to the earth, or which presses upon it with a force on the surface of fifteen pounds to the square inch. Does the same law pertain to cannon balls in their flight?

The enemy are silent, but it is the calm that is but a prefix to a hurricane. It comes suddenly and the musketry at the bridge breaks out fiercely; it rises and swells into a full compass: there is sharp work going on. In about an hour Toombs's brigade came rushing back, its lines broken, but its spirit and *morale* all right. It retreated to the village and was reformed and held in reserve to us.

We made ready and expected to see the victorious Yankees following hard upon the heels of the retreating Rebels, but to our astonishment an hour or two of absolute inaction followed; no advance nor demonstrations were made in our front, but on the left the battle was raging as fiercely as ever. What could it mean, we asked each other, but none could solve the question.

At last towards evening their shelling was renewed. A battery supporting the first brigade replied to it. Soon came the singing of the minnies overhead. There is a peculiar tuneful pitch in the flight

of these little leaden balls; a musical ear can study the different tones as they skim through the space. A comrade lying next to me, an amateur musician of no mean merit, spoke of this. Said he, "I caught the pitch of that minnie that just passed. It was a swell from E flat to F, and as it retrograded in the distance receded to D—a very pretty change."

It was now getting late in the afternoon, and the men were becoming cramped from lying in their constrained position; some were moving up and down, some stretching themselves, for there was a cessation of firing in our front—an interval of quiet. It was but a short time, for the guarded, stern, nervous voice of our officer, calling, "Quick, men, back to your posts!" sent every soldier into line. And then, as we waited, each man looked along the line—the slight, thin, frail line—stretched out behind that crest to withstand the onset of solid ranks of blue, and felt his heart sink within him. Yet who could not but feel pride at such soldiers as these; they were the *fleur de mille* of the army. They had kept up in this campaign solely by an unquenchable pride and indomitable will. As dirty, as gaunt, as tattered as they looked, they were "gentlemen." One could say of them, as Marshal Villars had cried out with uncontrollable enthusiasm, as he witnessed the Scotch gentry fighting in the ranks under the Chevalier St. George at the battle of Malplaquet: "*Pardi! un gentilhomme est toujours gentilhomme.*"

Yes, that thin string of tattered men, lying there with their bright rifles clasped tight in their hands, had marched onward, and onward, though their gaunt frames seemed as if they would sink at every step, they had followed their colors on the hot, dusty march, with fatigue relaxing their muscles, closing their eyes and deadening their wills, they had dragged themselves along to the battle-field with stone-bruised feet; they had fought and won battles on empty stomachs; they had kept steadily on making their allotted march, famishing and nearly naked, covered with dust, half devoured by vermin; they marched onward, still onward, through all the smoke of battle, through the torrid heat of a summer's sun; they had followed their flags through all of this with cheers like the songs of gods.

There was a grand patriotism, an abnegation of self, a sublime devotion to the cause they had espoused, displayed by these wearied, dust-stained, ragged men, that will make the pages of American history shine with splendid lustre.

Our brigade was a mere outline of its former strength, not a sixth remaining. Our regiment, the Seventeenth, that once carried into

battle eight hundred muskets, now stood on the crest, ready to die in a forlorn hope, with but forty-six muskets. My company, that often used to march in a grand review in two platoons of fifty men each, carried into Sharpsburg but two muskets (the writer and one other), commanded by Lieutenant Perry. Is it a wonder that we deliberately made up our minds to die on that hill, knowing what a force must be sent against us?

All at once, an eight gun battery, detecting our position, tried to shell us out, preparatory to their infantry advance, and the air around was filled by the bursting iron. Our battery of four guns took its place about twenty steps on our right, for our right flank was entirely undefended. They replied to the enemy. During the fire a shell burst not ten feet above where the Seventeenth lay, prone on their faces, and literally tore poor Appich, of Company E, to pieces, shattering his body terribly, and causing the blood to spatter over many who lay around him. A quiver of the form, and then it remained still. Another Hotchkiss came screeching where we lay, and exploded, two more men were borne to the rear; still the line never moved nor uttered a sound. The shells split all around, and knocked up the dust until it sprinkled us so, that if it intended to keep the thing up, it threatened to bury the command alive.

Oh, those long minutes that we lay with closed eyes, expecting mutilation, and a shock of the plunging iron, with every breath we drew—would it never end? But it kept up for fully fifteen minutes, and the men clenched their jaws tight and never moved; a line of corpses could not have been more stirless.

At last! at last! the firing totally ceases, then the battery with us limbered up and moved away, because, as they said, their ammunition was exhausted; but murmurs and curses loud and deep were heard from the brigade, who openly charged the battery with deserting them in the coming ordeal. It was in truth a desertion, for instead of throwing their shells at the enemy's eight gun battery, thereby drawing their dreadful fire upon us, they should have laid low and waited until the infantry attack was made, then every shot would have told, every shell or solid shot a help—but they moved away and left us.

An ominous silence followed premonitory of the deluge. The Seventeenth lay with the rest of the brigade, recumbent on the earth, behind the fence, with their rifles resting on the lower rails. The men's faces are pale, their features set, their hearts throbbing, their muscles strung like steel.

The officers cry in low tones, "steady men! steady, they are coming. Ready!!"

The warning click of the hammers raised as the guns are cocked, run down the lines, a monetary solemn sound—for when you hear that, you know that the supreme moment has come.

The hill in our front shut out all view, but the advancing enemy were close on us, they were coming up the hill, the loud tones of their officers, the clanking of their equipments, and the steady tramp of the approaching host was easily distinguishable.

Then our Colonel said in a quiet calm tone, that was heard by all, "steady lads, steady! Seventeenth, don't fire until they get above the hill."

Each man sighted his rifle about two feet above the crest, and then, with his finger on the trigger, waited until an advancing form came between the bead and the clear sky behind.

The first thing we saw appear was the gilt eagle that surmounted the pole, then the top of the flag, next the flutter of the Stars and Stripes itself slowly mounting—up it rose; then their hats came in sight; still rising, the faces emerged; next a range of curious eyes appeared, then such a hurrah as only the Yankee troops could give broke the stillness, and they surged towards us.

"Keep cool, men—don't fire yet," shouted Colonel Corse; and such was their perfect discipline that not a gun replied. But when the bayonets flashed above the hill-top the forty-six muskets exploded at once, and sent a leaden shower full in the breasts of the attacking force, not over sixty yards distant. It staggered them—it was a murderous fire—and many fell; some of them struck for the rear, but the majority sent a stunning volley at us, and but for that fence there would have been hardly a man left alive. The rails, the posts, were shattered by the balls; but still it was a deadly one—fully one-half of the Seventeenth lay in their tracks; the balance that is left load and fire again and again, and for about ten minutes the unequal struggle is kept up. The attacking force against the First brigade, as I learned, was a full brigade, three thousand strong, and against our little remnant is a full regiment. What hope is there? None. And yet for the space of a few rounds the combat is kept up, the combatants not over thirty yards apart. We stood up against this force more from a blind dogged obstinacy than anything else, and gave back fire for fire, shot for shot, and death for death. But it was a pin's point against Pelides' spear. Our Colonel falls wounded;



every officer except five of the Seventeenth is shot down; of the forty-six muskets thirty-five are dead, dying or struck down; three, myself among them, are run over by the line in blue, and throw up our hands in token of surrender.

Two of them stopped to take our small squad in charge, and the rest of their line hurried forward towards the village. As we turned to leave we saw our whole brigade striking for the rear at a 2:40 gait. The South Carolina brigade on our left had given away, and the enemy swept on triumphantly, with nothing to bar his progress and save the village, the coveted prize, from falling into their hands; but Toombs's Georgia brigade, which had been driven from the Antietam bridge early in the forenoon, had reformed in our rear, and covered the hamlet.

When a farewell glance of the ground was taken there was a sad sight; there rested the line of the Seventeenth just as they had fallen.

The three prisoners were hurried to the rear, and on reaching the opposite crest found that our fire had been very destructive; each man had probably killed or wounded his man. On the ground surrounded by a group of officers and a surgeon was the Colonel of the regiment that had charged the Seventeenth. He appeared to be mortally hurt, and was deathly pale. Hurrying us back a few hundred yards on the top of a hill, out of the reach of shot and shell, captured and capturers turned to look at the scene before them. As far as our eye could reach our forces seemed to be giving ground; and as line after line of the Yankee reserves pushed forward it looked dark for the Rebels—it seemed to us as if Sharpsburg was to be our Waterloo.

A frightful struggle was now going on in the woods half a mile or so to our left. It appeared to us as if all the demons of hell had been unloosed—all the dogs of war unleashed to prey upon and rend each other; long volleys of musketry vomited their furious discharges of pestilential lead; the atmosphere was crowded by the exploding shells; baleful fires gleamed through the foliage, as if myriads of fire-flies were flitting through the boughs, and there was a fringe of vivid, sparkling flame spurting out along the skirt of the forest, while the concussion of the cannon seemed to make the hills tremble and totter.

But a change takes place in this panorama; a marvellous change, before our very eyes. One moment the lines of blue are steadily advancing everywhere and sweeping everything before them; another moment and all is altered. The disordered ranks of blue come rush-

ing back in disorder, while the Rebels followed fast, and then bullet-hitting around us caused guards and prisoners to decamp.

What was the import of this?

None could tell, but still the reflux tide bore us back with it. At last a prisoner, a wounded Rebel officer, was being supported back to the rear, and we asked him, and the reply came back: "Stonewall Jackson has just gotten back from Harper's Ferry, those troops fighting the Yankees now are A. P. Hill's division."

Well, we felt all right, if Old Stonewall was up, none need care about the result.

Still forward came the wave of gray, still backward receded the billows of blue, heralded by warning hiss of the bullets, the sparkling of the rifle flashes, the purplish vapor settling like a veil over the lines, the mingled hurrahs and wild yells, and the bass accompaniment over on our left of the hoarse cannonading. Back we went, stopping on top of every rise of the ground to watch the battle. It was nearly night, the last gleam of the sun's rays struck upon the glass windows of the houses of the little village of Sharpsburg, and made them shine like fire, brighter, more vivid, than even the flames bursting from one house that had been set on fire by an exploding shell.

At last the bridge is reached—the stone bridge that crosses Antietam creek—the key point of the Federal position, the weak point in their line, the spot so anxiously watched by McClellan, for he sent repeated dispatches to Burnside late that evening, as A. P. Hill bore back the advancing tide—his order was: "Hold on to the bridge at all hazards; if the bridge is lost all is lost."

Here was the point Toombs's Georgians made such a gallant defence of the river early in the forenoon, and the dead lay thick all around.

But the battle in our front ceased suddenly, though on other parts of the field it still kept up. As we approached the bridge we were astonished to see so many troops—not a man under ten thousand said my comrade—and they were all fresh troops. Certainly, there was no danger of Burnside losing the bridge, with all those splendid soldiers ready to defend it. Had those men advanced early in the day, instead of being held back, it would have been a black day for the South, and the Yankees would have gained a glorious victory, for we had no reserves, and A. P. Hill was miles away in the morning.

The ground all about the bridge was covered with the dead and wounded, for the Yankees had established a sort of field hospital here, and the desperately hurt in the immediate front were left at this

point. And, besides, a fierce struggle had occurred between Toombs and Burnside's corps, and though short it was sharp and bloody. The dead were many. A group of four figures in blue lay together just as they had fallen—all killed by the explosion of a single shell. One of the Georgians lay on his face with his body almost in two parts, looking as if he had been run over by a train of cars; a solid shot had struck him in the centre of the body. Another of Toombs's brigade was shot just as he was taking aim; one eye was still open, while the other was closed, and one arm was extended in a position of holding his rifle, which lay beside him on the ground. Death had been sudden, instantaneous and painless. The gun had been fired; a spasmodic contraction of the fingers had probably pressed the trigger and set loose the prisoned missile.

Night came at last, stopping the carnage of the dreadful day, and the tender, pitiful stars shone in the vast dome above and looked down upon the scene of desolation and death. The firing had ceased, and only the sound of the groans, unheard before, of the stricken, the maimed, the dying, and a murmuring breeze stealing across the hills in plaintive sympathy.

We were carried on the other side of the stream and placed among our other prisoners taken in the battle—representatives from every command in our army—numbering some five hundred, with about a dozen officers. A guard being placed around us, every man's freed spirit was soon soaring away wherever his fancy led him, and slumber for a time held all in her silken chain

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### **The Maryland Line in the Confederate Army.**

By GENERAL B. T. JOHNSON.

The prevailing idea among the Marylanders, who went South to join their fortunes with those of the Confederate States, was to concentrate themselves into one body, commanded by their own officers, carrying the flag of the State, and to be called the Maryland Line.

I marched the first company across the Potomac from Frederick, the Frederick Volunteers, and by the permission and under the direction of Colonel Jackson, established myself with it at the Point of Rocks on the 9th day of May, 1861. I selected that point as most convenient for rendezvous of such men as might desire to join us.

In a few days I was joined by Captain C. C. Edélin, with another company, and other companies under Captains Herbert, Nicholas,

and others, were rapidly organized at Harper's Ferry. But we intelligently declined to enter the service of Virginia, and insisted upon being mustered into that of the Confederate States.

Accordingly on May 21, 1861, the two companies at the Point of Rocks were mustered into the Army of the Confederate States, by Lieutenant-Colonel George Deas, as Companies A and B, of the First Maryland regiment. Six other companies were mustered into the same service and regiment on the 22nd at Harper's Ferry. They were afterward consolidated into four companies. Other Marylanders congregated at Leesburg, and on June 6th, 1861, held a meeting, at which five counties and the City of Baltimore were represented, of which Coleman Yellott was President, and Frank A. Bond, Secretary. They formed an association, calling themselves "The Independent Association of the Maryland Line," and adopted a constitution which provided for organizing the members into companies, regiments and brigades. Nothing further ever came of this movement.

The companies of Dorsey, Murray and Robertson were, late in May and early in June, mustered into the Virginia service at Richmond, and then transferred to the First Maryland regiment, which they joined at Winchester, June 16, 1861.

As this regiment was marching into the battle of Manassas, July 21, 1861, Captain Charles Snowden presented to us a flag which had been brought through the lines by Miss Hettie Carey. It was a Maryland State color, with the arms of the State painted on blue silk on the one side, and on the other, "Presented by the Ladies of Baltimore to the First Regiment Maryland Line." The regiment carried that color through all the battles in Virginia until it was disbanded, August 12, 1862. Before then, it had carried the color presented to my Frederick company when we left home. Colonel Steuart attached the new flag to the staff with the old one, and thus the regiment went through the fight at Manassas with two flags, side by side on one lance. The regimental color was presented by the fragment of the regiment left to be disbanded to my wife, who has it now. My company flag is also in my possession.

During the winter of 1861-62, Colonel George H. Steuart, commanding the First Maryland regiment, of which I was then Lieutenant-Colonel, exerted himself for the organization of the Maryland Line.

Our people had become scattered all through the army. We had the First regiment of infantry, Maryland Light Artillery, Captain R. Snowden Andrews, and Baltimore Light Artillery, Captain J. B.



Brockenbrough, as the sole Maryland representatives in the army. But besides that there were Maryland companies in the First, Sixth and Seventh Virginia cavalry, Thirteenth, Twenty-first and Forty-seventh Virginia infantry; besides a body of Marylanders enlisted in the First South Carolina artillery, and Lucas's battalion of South Carolina artillery, and our men, alone, or by twos or threes, were in very many regiments from Texas to Virginia.

The Congress of the Confederate States, in response to the efforts of Colonel Steuart mainly—for, while others assisted, his exertions were the principal cause of its action—on February 15, 1862, passed the following act:

*"An act to authorize and provide for the organization of the Maryland Line.*

"Sec. 1. The Congress of the Confederate States of America do enact, That all native or adopted citizens of Maryland, who have heretofore volunteered, are now in or may hereafter volunteer in the service of the Confederate States, may, at their option, be organized and enrolled into companies, squadrons, battalions and regiments, and with the First Maryland regiment and several companies now in service, into one or more brigades, to be known as the *Maryland Line*; said organization to be in accordance with existing laws."

In consequence of, and to carry into effect this Act of Congress, the following General Order was issued:

General Order No. 8.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
*Adjutant & Inspector General's Office,*  
Richmond, Feb'y 26, 1862.

I. The following Act of Congress with Regulations of the Secretary of War thereupon, are published for the information of the Army.

[Here follows the above act.]

II. In accordance with the requirements of the above act, all Marylanders now in service in the military organizations, other than that of the First Maryland regiment, will, upon application, (proper evidence setting forth the fact that they are native or adopted Marylanders being furnished,) be transferred to the First Maryland regiment; or where the numbers are sufficient, may be organized into companies, squadrons, battalions, or regiments, which, with the First Maryland regiment will be formed into brigades, to be known as the *Maryland Line*.

III. Colonel George H. Steuart, now commanding the First Maryland regiment, is assigned to this duty of organization, re-enlisting for his own regiment, and re-organizing from the material obtained by enlistments and transfers, in accordance with the foregoing law—having command of the whole.

By order of the Secretary of War,

S. COOPER,  
*Adjutant & Inspector General.*

Colonel Steuart was promoted to be Brigadier-General in the following March, and on reporting to Major-General Ewell, of Jackson's army in the Valley, was allotted the First Maryland regiment, Brown's troop of cavalry, and the Baltimore Light Artillery, which thus constituted the Maryland Line.

During the Campaign of the Valley, however, in the advance he commanded a brigade of cavalry, and it was not until after the battle of Winchester (May 26) that he assumed command of the Line, which was attached to the second brigade Jackson's division, also under Steuart's command. On June 8th, at Cross Keys, he was wounded, and the command devolved on me. I retained it, and commanded the Maryland Line, as a separate organization, during the remainder of operations in the Valley, during the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, and until August 12th, when the First regiment was disbanded—its numbers having been greatly reduced.

The Second regiment was organized in the fall of 1862, and during the winter elected Lieutenant-Colonel James R. Herbert to command it. It served in the Valley under General W. E. Jones, but no attempt was made, that I am aware of, to consolidate the Maryland commands.

The army moved northward in June, 1863. I was then member of a military court in Richmond, and the Secretary of War gave me a commission on June 22, 1863, of Colonel First regiment Maryland Line, with orders to report at once to Major-General I. R. Trimble, of Ewell's corps, with orders to them to put me in command of the Maryland troops serving with them. With the commission and orders, he issued to me this authority:

"Sir,—You are hereby authorized to recruit from Marylanders and muster into service companies, battalions and regiments of infantry, cavalry and artillery, to serve for the war, and to be attached to and form part of the Maryland Line.

"By command of the Secretary of War.

"SAM'L W. MELTON, *Major and A. A. G.*  
"*Colonel Bradley T. Johnson.*"

I joined the army on July 2d, but—as, in the graphic language of General Ewell, “This is no time for swapping horses”—I did not get my command to which I had been ordered.

I was assigned to command the Second brigade of Jackson’s division.

On November 1, 1863, General Lee directed me to collect the Maryland troops and proceed to Hanover Junction, and ordered to report to me at once the Second Maryland Infantry, the First Maryland Cavalry, and the Baltimore Light Artillery. I was to have the other troops as soon as the exigencies of the service would permit.

The Maryland Line, then, was established at Hanover Junction during the winter of 1863–64, charged with the duty of watching Lee’s flanks, and particularly of protecting the bridges over the South Anna, which preserved his communication with Richmond.

During the winter the Chesapeake Artillery, Captain W. Scott Chene, and the First Maryland Artillery, Captain W. F. Dement, reported to me and became part of the Maryland Line. The batteries were designated: First Maryland Artillery, formerly Maryland Light; Second Maryland Artillery, formerly Baltimore Light; Third Maryland Artillery, Captain Latrobe, serving in the Western army; Fourth Maryland Artillery, formerly Chesapeake.

It was decided by President Davis that, under the law, an election must be held for commanding officer of the whole. Accordingly, I received this letter:

“ADJUTANT AND INSPECTOR GENERAL’S OFFICE,

“*Richmond*, February 4, 1864.

“*Sir*,—You are hereby required to cause an early election for the Colonelcy of your present command in the Maryland Line; the election to be full and complete.

“Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“S. COOPER, *A. and I. G.*

“*Colonel Bradley Johnson.*”

The election was held on February 6th, under the direction and supervision of Lieutenant-Colonel Ridgeley Brown, by Captains Emack, Welsh and Schwartz, of the cavalry; Captains Crane, McAleer and Gwynn, of the infantry, and Captain Griffin and Lieutenant Brown, of the artillery.

The Colonel of the First regiment Maryland Line was unani-

mously elected to command the Line. This was the largest force of Marylanders ever collected during the war in the Confederate army. It consisted of a regiment of infantry, one of cavalry, and four batteries, all in a high state of efficiency.

On March 23, 1864, a general order was issued from the Adjutant and Inspector General's office, directing the establishment of two camps, in which Marylanders could be collected and organized. The one at Hanover Junction to be called Camp Howard, under the command of Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, with the troops then under his command, and a new rendezvous at Staunton, to be called Camp Maryland, under Major-General Arnold Elzey. This order and this effort accomplished nothing. General Elzey established himself at Staunton with his staff, and no sufficient number of men ever reported to organize a single company. At Hanover Junction I got together the troop above described.

When the army fell back to the line of the South Anna after the battle of the Wilderness, in May, 1864, I was ordered off with the cavalry to go behind Grant's army. The infantry was absorbed by Breckenridge, where it did splendid service, and was designated by General Lee in orders, "the gallant battalion"; and the artillery assigned to infantry or cavalry according to its equipment.

I retained the Baltimore Light (Second Maryland) with the cavalry as the Maryland Line during Early's Valley and Maryland Campaign of 1864.

The reasons why the Marylanders could not be collected into one command were as manifest to me in 1862-64 as they are now. They had no relation to the gallant soldier Stuart, who made such an effort, or splendid old Elzey, whom we all honored and loved—nor to any Maryland soldier, officer or private. I do not purpose to explain them now; I will do so in the future. I merely desire to furnish a connected narrative of historical facts concerning the Maryland Line in the Confederate army.

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#### Our Cause in History.

*By* REV. H. MELVILLE JACKSON, *of Richmond.*

[The following eloquent response to a toast at the Howitzers's Banquet in Richmond, Dec. 13th 1882, takes a view of "our cause in History" that is hopeful, and well worthy of preservation. It only



needs to be emphasized, that *we* must see to it, that the facts are preserved.]

TOAST—OUR CAUSE IN HISTORY.

*Sentiment.*—"A land without ruins is a land without memories—a land without memories is a land without history. A land that wears a laurel crown may be fair to see; but twine a few sad cypress leaves around the brow of any land, and be that land barren, beautiful and bleak, it becomes lovely in its consecrated coronet of sorrow, and it wins the sympathy of the heart and of history. \* \* \* The triumphs of might are transient—they pass and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicle of nations."

Rev. H. M. Jackson responded as follows, amidst frequent applause:

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen:*—I esteem myself highly honored in being permitted to mingle with you on this festal occasion, to share with you in the reminiscence of events in which I had no part, and to join in the commemoration of a past of which I know but little—save by the hearing of the ear.

I could not help, you know, being born a few years too late; but, while the mere "accident of birth" debarred me from participation in the glory and horror of war, I thank you that you admit me to share in these lingering echoes of the past, which, in the "piping time of peace," memory reproduces, in mimic miniature, to kindle again the smouldering fires in the soldier's breast.

It is however, Sir, the duty, as it is the pleasure, of man, to look both backward and forward; and therefore, while memory plays her part to-night in recalling the past, you have directed that we should project our thoughts into the future to inquire how that Cause, which still remains dear to your hearts, shall fare at the hands of the historian.

It has been said of General Robt. E. Lee that he often expressed the fear lest posterity should not know the odds against which he fought. What then was in the mind of the great warrior? Was he apprehensive lest his military fame should suffer? Was he fearful that his name might not be written large on the annals of history? All who knew that man know full well no such thought found harbour in his breast. No solicitude respecting his future fame disturbed the serenity of a mind lifted above the petty ambitions of personal reputation; but, the daily witness of incredible heroism, daily spectator of the dauntless courage with which a decimated army faced undismayed an

overwhelming foe, the chieftain of your armies, gentlemen, feared lest the examples of knightly valour and splendid fortitude, which you have exhibited to the ages, might, through the incapacity or incredulity, or venal mendacity of the historian, be finally lost to the human race.

And there is, I will venture to say, scarcely a soldier of the Confederacy who does not share this apprehension that posterity may not do justice to the cause in which he fought. Soldiers, you cannot bear to think that your children's children shall have forgotten the fields on which you have shed your blood. You cannot think with equanimity that a day will come when Virginia shall have suffered the fame of her heroes to be lost in obscurity, and the valorous achievements of her sons to fade from memory. And if you thought, to-night, that the muse of history would turn traitor to your cause, misrepresent the principles for which you fought, and deny to you those attributes of valour, fortitude and heroic devotion you have grandly won, your souls would rise up within you in immediate and bitter and protesting indignation.

This apprehension is thought by some to be not altogether groundless. The North, it is said, is making the literature of these times, has secured the ear of the age and will not fail to make an impression, unfavorable to you, which time will deepen rather than obliterate. Diligent fingers are carving the statues of the heroes of the Northern armies, writing partizan and distorted versions of their achievements, altering, even in this generation, the perspective of history, until, at no distant day, they shall have succeeded in crowding out every other aspirant of fame and beguiled posterity into believing that the laurels of honor should rest, alone and undisturbed, upon the brows of your adversaries.

It is to dispel this apprehension that I am here to-night. I am here to tell you that the muse of history will not turn traitor to your cause, that your fame shall not be forgotten—no, not so long as unwearied time shall count out the years to mortal man!

There is a law which governs the compilation of history, gentlemen,—a law which is succinctly stated in this sentiment to which I am responding: "The triumphs of might are transient—they pass and are forgotten—the sufferings of right are graven deepest on the chronicles of nations."

Rome made the literature of her day; Carthage made none; Rome was the victorious power; Carthage was obliterated:—and yet, the figure of Hannibal stands out, luminously clear, from the misty back-

ground of those times, while Scipio Africanus is known to the ear only as a name, and the heroic defence of Carthage, when the women of that devoted city plaited their long tresses into bow-strings for the archers, and beat their jewels into arrow points, remains among the inspirations of history.

Or, to take more modern instance, England made the literature of her time—Scotland made none; England conquered—Scotland was overcome; and yet none remembers the victorious Edward—he has passed and is forgotten—but the names of William Wallace and Robert Bruce are graven ineffaceably upon the “Chronicles of Nations” and the story of their deeds and their sufferings have been strangely intertwined with all that is noblest and best in human action.

Nothing lives, either in story or in song, but that which appeals to the heart of humanity; and nothing on God’s earth so moves the sympathies of man as when the weak are seen defending their honor, their principles or their homes—against the strong. The instincts of man incline to the overpowered, and these instincts are the best and dominant guides in the construction of history. “The triumphs of might,” brute force crushing power, have no admirable aspect, awaken no worthy sentiment, possess no inspiration; but there is something allied to our higher and God-born nature in suffering for the right, something we instinctively feel must not be permitted to perish from the earth, something which man, for man’s sake, must guard with zealous care and transmit as the heirloom of generations.

Therefore, Sir, if the same laws prevail in the future as have prevailed in the past, you need have no apprehension of misrepresentation. The righteousness of your cause precludes fear. You may commit the principles for which you fought, you may confide the story of your deeds, you may consign the heritage of heroism you have bequeathed the world, with confident expectation of justice, to the hands of the annalist.

“In seeds of laurel in the earth,  
The blossom of your fame is blown;  
And somewhere waiting for its birth,  
The shaft is in the stone.”

But, Sir, I am reminded by the presence of two guests at your banquet, that it cannot be truthfully said the South is making no literature. The presence here (if I may be pardoned personal allusion) of the Author of the *Life of Lee*, who as Editor of the *SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS*, is accumulating the material for the future historian—a work the importance of which I fear we do not

duly appreciate—and the presence here of the Author of “*Minutiæ of Soldier Life*,” a book which preserves for us, in all the delicious freshness of local colouring, that interior life of the soldier which is the best index of his character and the best indication of his stalwart and sturdy fortitude, confute the allegation.

And yet, perhaps, Sir, the best history is the unwritten history. The best schools of history are around the hearth-stone. The best lessons of patriotism, of veneration for the past, of true and laudable appreciation of noble deeds, are received at the lips of a mother. Her unerring instincts teach her to select with wonderful skill the best exemplars to kindle the aspirations of youth. The women of modern times take the place, and perform the duty, of the minstrels of an older age. They keep alive the traditions of a land and suffer nothing of enduring value to perish. Happy, then, is that land which can furnish the lips of its fair minstrels with rich stores of inspiration, drawn from the achievements of its sons. Happy that land which has placed in the mystic temple of fame such embodiments of all the manly virtues as may be found in the soldier of the Confederacy, whether the chieftain of its armies or the humblest private in the ranks. All the better if the laurels of their fame is intertwined with the emblematic cypress of sorrow. All the better if the pæon of their praise is interspersed with minor cadences speaking softly of sufferings nobly, if vainly, borne. All the better if the blood they shed be intermingled with tears, so that the baptism of blood and tears may descend in fructifying influence, upon this fair land.

“Yes give me a land of the wreck and the tomb,  
There is grandeur in graves—there is glory in gloom,  
For out of the gloom future brightness is born  
As after the night comes the sunrise of morn;  
And the graves of the dead with grass overgrown  
May yet be the footstool of liberty’s throne,  
And each single wreck in the war path of might  
Shall yet be a stone in the temple of right.”

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**The Merrimac and Monitor.**

The claim now before the United States Senate, for prize money by the crew of the “*Monitor*” on the ground that she disabled the “*Merrimac*,” and thus saved Washington and even New York from destruction, has revived interest in the famous “*Battle of Hampton Roads*,” and elicited a number of papers worth preserving for the



use of the future historian. The official report of Admiral Buchanan (Vol. 7, page 305, SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS), and the admirable narrative of Captain Catesby Ap. R. Jones (which we printed in the *Southern Magazine* and shall reprint hereafter), settle the question beyond peradventure, and we cannot conceive that partizan influence can prevail on Congress to grant this absurd claim of the crew of the Monitor.

General D. H. Maury has given a summary of the facts in the following letter addressed to Senator Johnston:

LETTER FROM GENERAL MAURY.

OFFICE OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY,  
November, 1882.

*Senator John W. Johnston, of Virginia :*

DEAR SIR,—At your request I forward to you the essential facts about the Battle in Hampton Roads between the Confederate ironclad, Virginia (Merrimac) and the Federal fleet, consisting of the Monitor (ironclad) and the Cumberland, Congress, and Minnesota.

On March 8, 1862, the Virginia steamed out of Norfolk to attack the frigates Congress and Cumberland, then lying in Hampton Roads. She was commanded by Admiral Franklin Buchanan.

She first encountered the United States frigate Cumberland, whom she struck with her prow and sunk—her iron prow was broken off in the collision and sunk with the Cumberland.

The Cumberland behaved with conspicuous devotion from first to last. She was at anchor and received the Virginia firmly, and sunk working her battery and with her colors flying.

The Congress slipped her cables and ran ashore and after a gallant defence surrendered and was taken possession of. She was set on fire and blew up at midnight.

The Monitor had not yet appeared. All of the other ships retired below Old Point except the Minnesota, and she got ashore, beyond the reach of the Virginia, and so escaped.

On the morning of March 9th the Monitor hove in sight, and steamed to attack the Virginia.

These two ironclads exchanged a number of shots. No serious damage was inflicted by either upon the other—but after having been rammed by the Virginia with her wooden prow and having received a shot which jarred her turret and disabled her commander, the Monitor retired into shoal water beyond the Virginia's reach and never again encountered her.

The Virginia the next morning returned to Norfolk, went into dock and repaired damages—put on a new steel prow, exchanged two of her guns for two others, and on May 8, more formidable than ever, again went out to attack the Federal fleet which had been reinforced by the Galena and Vanderbilt, and was bombarding the Confederate batteries, on the shore. On the approach of the Virginia the Monitor and all the rest of the fleet retired below Old Point beyond her reach and never again came out.

The Virginia maintained this attitude of defiance and victory until May 11th, 1862, when Norfolk was evacuated by the Confederate forces and all stores and munitions of war not movable were destroyed, including the Virginia (Merrimac).

These facts are attested by eye-witnesses and actors in these events of high authority, and are drawn from carefully prepared narratives and reports in the office of the Southern Historical Society in the capitol of Virginia.

With high respect your obedient servant,

DABNEY H. MAURY,  
*Chairman Executive Committee S. H. S.*

Midshipman Littlepage who was on the Merrimac, furnished the following to the *Washington Post*:

STATEMENT OF MIDSHIPMAN LITTLEPAGE.

*To the Editor of The Post*.:—From the article which appeared in the columns of *The Post* this morning, I learn that the officers and men of the Monitor have memorialized Congress for prize money for the disabling of the Merrimac by that vessel. As there is not an officer or man who was on the Monitor on that memorable occasion who does not know that the Monitor did not disable the Merrimac, I cannot conceive upon what grounds the claim for prize money is made. It reminds me of the old sailor, who, whenever he heard others speaking of fine horses, would always tell of the remarkable traits of his own horse. He told it so often that he actually believed he had a horse, and when the ship went into Vera Cruz he bought a fine Mexican saddle for it. The statement that the Merrimac was disabled and driven from Hampton Roads into Norfolk is entirely incorrect and absurd. It only convinces me that I. R. G., like many others who have written upon this subject, was not there. The Monitor was neither the direct nor the remote cause of the destruction of the Merrimac; if prize money is to be awarded for her, let it

be given to the gallant officers and crew of the *Cumberland*, which went down with her colors flying after doing nearly all the damage sustained by the *Merrimac* on the 8th and 9th of March, 1862. The broadside fired by the *Cumberland* just as the *Merrimac* rammed her cut one of the *Merrimac*'s guns off at the trunnions, the muzzle off another, tore up the carriage of her bow pivot gun, swept away her anchors, boats and howitzers, riddled her smoke-stack and steam-pipe, and killed and wounded nineteen men.

The next day in the fight with the *Monitor* the *Merrimac* did not have a man killed or wounded nor a gun disabled. The only damage sustained by her worth mentioning was by ramming the *Monitor* with her wooden stem, her cast-iron bow having been wrenched off the day before in the *Cumberland*. This probably saved the *Monitor* from a similar fate. 'Tis true the *Monitor* struck us some powerful blows with her eleven-inch guns when only a few feet from us, but not one of her shots penetrated our armor. If instead of scattering her shot over our shield she had concentrated them upon some particular spot, a breach might have been made. When the *Merrimac* left Hampton Roads for Norfolk, the *Monitor* had passed over the bar and hauled off into shoal water, where we could not reach her—the *Merrimac*'s draft being over twenty-two feet, and hers only about ten. As there was nothing more to fight, the tide being favorable, the *Merrimac* returned to Norfolk, where she was docked. She was then thoroughly overhauled and equipped for fighting an ironclad. A prow of steel and wrought iron was put on. Bolts of wrought iron and chilled iron were supplied for the rifle guns, and other preparations made especially for the *Monitor*. They were such as to make all on the *Merrimac* feel confident that we would either make a prize of or destroy the *Monitor* when we met again. On the 11th of April, all being ready for the expected fray, the *Merrimac* again went to Hampton Roads. The *Monitor* was laying at our moorings, at the mouth of the Elizabeth river, publishing to the world that she was blockading the *Merrimac*. Greatly to our surprise she refused to fight us, and as we approached she gracefully retired, and closely hugged the shore under the guns of Fortress Monroe. As if to provoke her to combat, the *Jamestown* was sent in, and she captured several prizes, in which the *Monitor* seemed to acquiesce, as she offered no resistance. French and English men-of-war were present; the latter cheered and dipped their flags as the *Jamestown* passed with the prizes.

On the 8th of May, when the *Merrimac* had returned to Norfolk

for supplies, a squadron consisting of the Monitor, Naugatuck and Galena (iron-clads) and five large men-of-war, commenced to bombard our batteries at Sewell's Point. The Merrimac immediately left Norfolk for the scene of conflict. As she approached the squadron at full speed the Vanerbilt, one of the fastest steamers then afloat, which, we understood, had been fitted with a prow especially for ramming us, joined the other ships. We regarded the attack as an invitation to come out, and we expected a most desperate encounter. Much to the disappointment of our Commadore, and greatly to the relief of many others besides myself, as soon as the Merrimac came within range they seemed to conclude that Sewell's Point was not worth fighting about, and all hurried below the guns of Fortress Monroe and the Rip-Raps. The Merrimac pursued at full speed until she came well under the fire of the latter port, when she retired to her moorings at the mouth of the river. After the evacuation of Norfolk the Merrimac was taken above Craney Island and blown up on the 11th of May. The Monitor was then up James river, having gone up the day before, and was probably more than fifty miles away. She had refused the gage of battle offered her by the Merrimac daily since the 11th of April.

Wherefore doth she claim prize money?

In stating the above facts I do not wish to detract one iota from the just deserts of the brave officers and men of the Monitor. They did their whole duty, but not more gallantly than their less fortunate comrades on the Cumberland, Congress, Minnesota and other ships in the Roads, and are therefore no more entitled to prize money. Those on the Merrimac by no means regarded the Monitor as a lion in her path. Having served on the Merrimac from the time work was first begun upon her until the night of her destruction, in justice to all concerned, and that honor may be done to whom honor is due, I simply desire the facts to be known.

H. B. LITTLEPAGE.

*Washington, Feb. 21.*

The following letter from Captain W. H. Parker to the *Norfolk Landmark*, is also an interesting and unanswerable statement of the question:

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN PARKER.

NORFOLK, VA., December 11, 1882.

*To the Editor of the Landmark:*

The claim of the crew of the U. S. S. Monitor for prize money for



the destruction of the Confederate vessel *Virginia* (*Merrimac*) has naturally called forth many letters from those engaged in the naval operations in Hampton Roads from March 8, 1862, to May 6, 1862.

I commanded the *Beaufort* in the battles of the 8th and 9th of March, and in the operations under Commodore Tattnal, to which I shall allude. In fact, I may say I commanded a consort of the *Merrimac* from the time she was put in commission until she was blown up. I therefore profess to be familiar with her history.

The battle of March 8th I propose describing at some future day, in order to show more particularly what part the wooden vessels took in that memorable engagement. The battle of March 9th—that between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*—has been fully described by Captain Catesby Jones, her Commander, and by other of her officers. I do not propose here to repeat it; but there are some points in relation to the operations subsequent to that engagement which have either been unnoticed, or but lightly touched upon. These points are in my judgment so important, and bear so immediately upon the claim of the *Monitor* for prize money, that I venture to submit the following:

I. After the battle of the 9th of March, the *Merrimac* went into dock to replace the prow, or ram, which had been lost in sinking the *Cumberland*, to exchange some of her guns, and to make some small repairs to her armor and machinery. On the 11th of April Commodore Tattnall, who had succeeded Commodore Buchanan in the command, went down with his entire squadron, consisting of the *Merrimac*, *Patrick Henry*, *Jamestown*, *Teaser*, *Beaufort* and *Raleigh*, to offer battle to the Federal fleet then lying in Hampton Roads, or below Old Point. The *Merrimac* was the only iron-clad. Upon the appearance of our squadron the entire Federal fleet retreated below the *Rip-Raps*, or under the guns of Old Point. Three merchant vessels were run on shore by their masters between Newport's News and Old Point, and were partially abandoned. The *Jamestown* and *Raleigh* towed them off almost under the guns of Old Point and the Federal fleet. Their flags were hauled down and hoisted Union down under the Confederate flag as a defiance to induce the fleet to attempt to retake them. The fleet, under Flag-officer Goldsborough, consisted of a large number of wooden vessels, some of them very heavy frigates, the *Monitor*, the *Naugatuck* (a small iron-clad), and even the *Vanderbilt*, a powerful steamer specially prepared "to run down and sink the *Merrimac*."

An English and a French man-of-war were present in the Roads

and went up off Newport's News, evidently to witness the serious engagement, which we, at least, expected. Their crews repeatedly waved their hats and handkerchiefs to our vessels as we passed and repassed them during the day.

The Merrimac, with her consorts, held possession of the Roads, and defied the enemy to battle during the entire day, and for several days after—the Federal fleet lying in the same position below Old Point. Towards sunset of the first day the Merrimac fired a single gun at the enemy; it was immediately replied to by the Naugatuck, lying, I think, inside Hampton Bar.

I do not know what Commodore Tattnall thought about attacking the Federal fleet as it stood, nor do I know what his instructions were, but I *do* know that our officers generally believed that torpedoes had been placed in the channel between Old Point and the Rip-Raps; indeed, we supposed that to be the reason why Flag-officer Goldsborough declined to fight us in the Roads; moreover, fighting the entire fleet, Monitor, Naugatuck, Vanderbilt, and all in the Roads, was one thing, and fighting the same under the guns of Old Point and the Rip-Raps, was another.

II. The Merrimac remained for some days in this position, offering battle, and protecting the approaches to Norfolk and Richmond, and then went up to the Navy Yard to water. I think it was on the 8th day of May that Flag-officer Goldsborough took advantage of her absence to bombard Sewell's Point with a number of his vessels—the Monitor, Galena, and Naugatuck included—all three iron-clads. When the fact was known in Norfolk, the Merrimac cast off from her moorings and steamed down to take a hand in the fight. *As soon as her smoke was seen* the entire fleet fled, and again took refuge below the guns of Old Point, where the Merrimac declined to pursue, for reasons satisfactory to her gallant commander.

III. From this time, until the 10th of May, the Merrimac maintained the same attitude. On that day she was blown up by her commander in consequence of the evacuation of Norfolk by the Confederates. Then, and *not till then*, Commodore John Rodgers was sent up the James river with the Galena, Monitor, and Naugatuck, all iron-clads, to attack Drewry's Bluff or Fort Darling, and make an attempt on Richmond.

IV. The above facts go to show what Flag-officer Goldsborough thought of the Merrimac, and in citing them, I wish it to be understood that I intend to cast no imputations upon him and his gallant officers. I have been told by some of them that he had positive

orders from his government *not to attack the Merrimac*; and I believe it to be case. Let us now see what some of the other officials thought.

At a council of war, assembled March 13th, 1862, at Fairfax C. H., Va., present, Generals Keyes, Heintzelman, McDowell, and Sumner, it was decided that General McClellan's plan to attack Richmond by York river should be adopted; provided, *first*, "that the enemy's vessel, Merrimac, can be neutralized." Page 55, series 1, vol. 5, official records of the Union and Confederate armies.

On page 751 I find the following letter :

ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,  
WASHINGTON, March 13, 1862.

*Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy :*

SIR,—I am directed by the Secretary of War to say that he places at your disposal any transports or coal vessels at Fort Monroe for the purpose of closing the channel of the Elizabeth river to prevent the Merrimac again coming out.

I have the honor, &c.,

L. THOMAS, *Adjutant-General.*

And on page 752 I find the following :

NAVY DEPARTMENT, March 13, 1862.

*Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War :*

SIR,—I have the honor to suggest that this Department can easily obstruct the channel to Norfolk so as to prevent the exit of the Merrimac, provided the army will carry the Sewell's Point batteries, in which duty the navy will give great assistance.

Very respectfully,

GIDEON WELLES.

Be it remembered that the above extracts are all dated March 13th, four days after the so-called victory of the Monitor over the Merrimac ! Would it not seem that a doubt rested in the minds of the writers ?

V. The memorial claims that the Monitor not only whipped the Merrimac on the 9th of March but that she ever after prevented her from going below Old Point; and thus saved Baltimore, Washington, and even New York!!! The answer to this is that the Merrimac could not have gone to Baltimore or Washington without lightening her so much that she would no longer have been an ironclad: that is, she would have risen in the water so as to expose her unarmored

sides. As to her going outside of Cape Henry it was impossible; she would have foundered. She could not have lived in Hampton Roads in a moderate gale.

I served in the Palmetto State at Charleston, a similarly constructed vessel, but better sea-boat, and infinitely more buoyant, and have seen the time when we had to leave the outer harbor and take refuge in the inner in only a moderate blow !

VI. From the above-mentioned facts I think it clearly appears, (1) that the Monitor, after her engagement with the Merrimac on the 9th of March, never again dared encounter her, though offered frequent opportunities; (2) that so much doubt existed in the minds of the Federal authorities as to her power to meet the Merrimac, that orders were given her Commander not to fight her voluntarily; (3) that the Monitor never ventured above Old Point from the 9th of March until after the destruction of the Merrimac by her own crew, save on the occasion above referred to; (4) that the Merrimac, so far from being seriously injured in her engagement, efficiently protected the approaches to Norfolk and Richmond until Norfolk was evacuated; (5) that the Merrimac could not have gotten to Washington or Baltimore in her normal condition; (6) that she could not have gone to sea at all; (7) that, although she could have run by the Federal fleet and Old Point (barring torpedoes in the channel) and threatened McClellan's base at Yorktown, in exceptionably good weather, yet would have had to leave the James river open.

VII. For the truth of the very important facts mentioned in sections I, II and III, I am willing to abide by the log-book of the Monitor, the dispatches of Flag officer Goldsborough, or the testimony of Commander Dana Greene, United States Navy, who was the gallant and efficient executive officer of the Monitor from the day she left New York until she foundered off Cape Hatteras.

VIII. In conclusion I would like to say, and I do so most cheerfully, that the Monitor made her appearance in Hampton Roads at a critical time—the night of the 8th of March, 1862—and although an untried vessel, of a new and peculiar construction, did on the next day what the old Federal fleet present declined to do—she fought the Merrimac.

If the claim for a reward was put upon this ground alone, no one would be more gratified to see it granted her gallant crew than myself; but to claim prize-money on the ground that the Monitor defeated and permanently disabled the Merrimac, thus saving Wash-



ington and New York, &c., &c., is, in view of the facts above cited, in my humble opinion, preposterous.

Very respectfully, &c.,

WM. H. PARKER.

NOTE.—The “Merrimac” was christened the “Virginia” by the Confederate authorities; but I have preferred in this article to give her the name she was best known by.

FEDERAL TESTIMONY AS TO THE MERRIMAC AND MONITOR.

NORFOLK, VA., December 27, 1882.

*To the Editor of the Landmark :*

Referring to my article on the claim of the crew of the Monitor for prize money, published in your valuable paper of the 12th inst., I desire to put on record the following extracts from the report of the late Captain G. J. Van Brunt, United States Navy, who commanded the United States frigate Minnesota in the engagement of March 8th and 9th, 1862.

It will be remembered that the Minnesota got aground on the 8th and remained there during the whole of the 9th. Under these circumstances it may well be imagined that Captain Van Brunt was an interested observer of the fight between the Merrimac and Monitor, and *closely noted the result!*

Here is what he says : (the italics are mine.)

UNITED STATES STEAMER MINNESOTA,  
March 10, 1862.

SIR—

\* \* \* \* \*

“As soon as she got off she (the Merrimac) stood down the bay, the little battery chasing her with all speed, when suddenly the Merrimac turned around and run full speed into her antagonist. For a moment I was anxious; but instantly I saw a shot plunge into the iron roof of the Merrimac, which surely must have damaged her. For some time after this the rebels concentrated their whole battery upon the tower and pilot-house of the Monitor, *and soon after the latter stood down for Fortress Monroe, and we thought it probable she had exhausted her supply of ammunition, or sustained some injury.*

“Soon after the Merrimac and the two other steamers headed for my ship, *and I then felt to the fullest extent my condition.* I was hard and immovably aground, and they could take position under my stern and rake me. I had expended most of my solid shot; my

ship was badly crippled, and my officers and men were worn out with fatigue, but even in this extreme dilemma I determined never to give up the ship to the rebels, and after consulting with my officers I ordered every preparation to be made to destroy the ship after all hope was gone of saving her.

"On ascending the poop-deck, I observed that the enemy's vessels had changed their course and were heading for Craney Island."

\* \* \* \* \*

I have the honor to be, your very obedient servant,

G. J. VAN BRUNT, *Captain U. S. N.*

Hon. *Gideon Welles*, Secretary of the Navy.

Assuming, Mr. Editor, the account of Captain Van Brunt to be correct, how does the claim that the Monitor whipped the Merrimac on that occasion stand? Respectfully,

WM. H. PARKER.

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#### The Army of Tennessee.

By COLONEL WM. PRESTON JOHNSTON.

[The following eloquent response to a toast at the splendid banquet of the Army of Tennessee Association, in New Orleans the 7th of April last, is a fitting eulogy on as brave men as the world ever saw, and we are glad of the privilege of putting it on our record. Colonel Johnston was received by the veterans with great enthusiasm and cheered to the echo when he took his seat.]

Colonel Johnston said :

*Soldiers of the Army of Tennessee*,—In rising, at your invitation, to respond to the sentiment just announced, I feel a deep embarrassment. In any other presence I could stand forth unabashed as the chronicler of your deeds and the eulogist of your martial virtues. There are many links that bind me to you. It was at Camp Borne, Tennessee, that I did my first service in helping to build up the frame work of your army ; and though I was soon transferred to the Army of Northern Virginia, I can never forget that your ranks were the arena which I chose as my field of service. Again, as the frequent intermediary staff officer of President Davis with the Generals of your army, I learned to know the Army of Tennessee in every bone and sinew and artery of its organization ; and those who knew

it best admired it most. But most of all, as the son and biographer of one of your leaders, whom it has pleased you to honor, I feel a fraternal sympathy with you in every pulsation of my heart. I have, therefore, much to bind me to you, and anywhere else could proudly recount the famous deeds you have done, as one who had a common interest with you. But here, among the very actors of the most terrific tragedy of modern times—here, face to face with heroes who I know wrought such miracles of valor, I confess I stand abashed. But your kindness and your magnanimity reassure me.

But, soldiers, I do not accept the honor done me to-day as personal to myself. I recognize in it a tribute to the memory of my beloved father, whom Louisiana always treated as a favored child. Louisiana was the State which gave him his military education and toward which his kindest feelings always flowed forth. And this city of New Orleans—Queen of the Southern Waters, the Venice of the West—was the city of all cities pre-eminently dear to his heart. Here he numbered many of his choicest friends. Here he was most cherished in life and most honored in death. I can never forget that New Orleans received his mortal remains into her bosom as he was borne from the battle upon his shield, and that her mourning mingled the antique grandeur and tearful tenderness of the Spartan mother. I remember how your women made constant and solemn decoration of his tomb in the years it was with you, and until it was borne away to his adopted State of Texas.

It is needless, then, to dwell upon the fraternal ties which bind me to you. Soldiers of the Army of Tennessee, we know that we are brothers.

How then, am I coldly and critically to measure your worth, to weigh your acts and to enumerate your services? I cannot do it. It is useless to try, and I will not attempt it. From Bowling Green and Columbus, where, with a skirmish line, you held at bay the hesitating hosts of the North through all the eventful contests of the mightiest struggle of modern times, your army so bore itself as to win an imperishable renown.

It has been my privilege to write a history of the opening scenes of the war in the west; and I believe I have so written it that the tongues of the combatants will attest its truth. It has been questioned whether on Sunday evening at Shiloh—twenty years ago to-day—you were able to grasp the results of victory. I appeal to the men who were at the front; and on this issue I challenge all comers to abide by your verdict.

But it is past. We did our duty, and whether victory crowned our arms, or the inextinguishable fires of hate cease not to pour upon us the consequences of defeat, yet it is well with us. We stand as the representatives of what has been poetically named "The Lost Cause." It is a good name, for we lost so much. The ruin around us, from which political vindictiveness and greed will not allow us to recover, still shows how much of material prosperity was overthrown by the doctrinaires who swayed the masses and controlled the policy of the North. But who shall count the tears, the broken hearts, the crushed hopes of this generous and gallant people? Much, indeed, was lost. But the central idea for which we fought is not lost; the right of self-government, the right to strike back when any alien hand attempts to put its shackles, or to impose its will, upon us or our communities. This is not lost. It is not dead, and since lovers of freedom live North as well as South, it will not die, but will grow and strengthen until the end. Louisiana, here in this city of New Orleans, has evinced this by the combined wisdom and manhood with which she broke the fetters that an impartial tyranny had placed upon her. Honor to the brave men who did it!

When the Southern Confederacy took the attitude of a combatant, it was with sword and shield. She chose to employ the Army of Northern Virginia as the sword of her right hand; while in her left the Western army guarded 1,000 miles of front. If glory gleamed from our flashing falchion in the east at Manassas, and Richmond, and Chancellorsville, and in the Valley, the shield of the west bore all the tests of as high a resolution, and of as noble endurance at Shiloh, and Perryville, and Murfreesboro, and Chickamauga, down to those last days when a remnant under Gibson held Canby and his 40,000 veterans in check at Spanish Fort.

If the Army of Northern Virginia was "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon"—sheathed by the mighty hand of Lee at Appomattox—verily, when the weeping eyes of our women were turned to where you guarded so long and well, the heart of the Confederacy, through the noise of the lamentation, a voice went up, crying, "This is, indeed, my shield and my buckler."

And so may it ever be. May you, veterans of the Army of Tennessee, by the arms of your vigorous manhood and the counsels of your mature age, ever prove a shield and a defense for your people.



## Notes and Queries.

*Our refutation of General Doubleday's slander of General Armistead* has elicited hearty thanks from many quarters. Among others a gallant soldier and distinguished citizen (once governor) of another State, who was Armistead's comrade in the Mexican War, writes: "Your complete vindication of General Armistead in your August and September issue, furnishes a valuable leaf in the history of the war between the States, and relieves from calumny the memory of as gallant a soldier, and as true a patriot, as ever drew sword in a just cause."

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*General Fitzhugh Lee invited to lecture in New England.*

The following letter from Dr. Hamlin (a nephew of ex-Vice President Hamlin) explains itself. Its frank, manly spirit, and the feelings which dictated it, will be appreciated and reciprocated by our Confederate soldiers and people:

BANGOR, MAINE, December 8, 1882.

*General*,—I am instructed by the Grand Army Post, No. 12, of this city, which numbers among its members about three hundred and fifty old soldiers, to invite you to deliver before them and the citizens of Bangor your lecture on the Battle of Chancellorsville, which we understand you are now delivering in Southern cities for the benefit of the Southern Historical Society.

We shall be pleased to listen to your description of the battle, and we shall be prepared to accept its truth; for the deeds of valor performed on either side during the war have now become the property of the nation.

Moreover, we might just as well admit them now as to leave them to posterity to admire.

The invitation extended to you is offered in good faith, and has no ulterior political object whatever. You will not be expected to arrange your lecture to suit our fancies, but to say whatever you think is proper and right.

If the proposition is acceptable to you, I think that we can make arrangements for you to deliver the same lecture on your return trip homeward at Portland, Providence, and perhaps, at other cities in New England.

\*                      \*                      \*                      \*                      \*

I think the old soldiers of the Grand Army would be very glad to lend their assistance in aiding you to obtain funds for the use of the Southern Historical Society; for the truth must prevail in the end.

Furthermore we hope this friendly offer on our part will be received in a true soldierly spirit.

Very respectfully,

AUG. C. HAMLIN,

*Chairman of Committee.*

*To General Fitzhugh Lee, Virginia.*

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## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

RENEWALS are now very much in order, and we beg our friends to forward us promptly the \$3.00 due us by so many of our subscribers. And while sending your own renewal, do try and send us also *at least one new subscription.*

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GENERAL GEO. D. JOHNSTON, after a splendid campaign in Mississippi, goes now to Arkansas in the interests of our Society, looking after "Permanent Endowment" as well as annual subscriptions. If this gallant soldier, accomplished gentleman, and "Prince of Agents" needed any commendation from us there is very much we could say. But to friends among whom he may go we will only say: "*Hear him for his cause,*" and *help him as you love the name and fame of our Confederate soldiers and people.*

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OUR GENERAL INDEX TO FIRST TEN VOLUMES OF SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, which we published in our December number, cost us a good deal of labor, and considerable extra expense for the printing; but we are sure our readers will appreciate it as a very important addition to the value of our volumes. A glance at it will show the invaluable work which the Society has already done, and will indicate the great work which yet remains to be accomplished.

We intended it as a New Year's offering to our subscribers, and an *earnest* of what we have in store for them in future—*always providing they do not forget the little matter of sending us their renewal fees.*

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GENERAL FITZ. LEE'S SOUTHERN TOUR, and the splendid ovation which he received has excited general attention and interest, and invitations for him to repeat the lecture are pouring in from every quarter.

We could write many pages more of the details of our charming trip, but we find our space this month, as last, too crowded for us to do more than give a bare summary of what it would be very pleasant to write out fully.

Our visit to SAVANNAH is fragrant with many hallowed memories, for, besides the lavish hospitality with which we were treated, there are few places in the country which so teem with historic associations as the beautiful "Forrest city."

Captain A. A. Winn, who had been very active in inviting General Lee to Savannah, called a meeting, to arrange for his visit, and at this meeting the following committee was appointed :

Henry R. Jackson, A. R. Lawton, Robert H. Anderson, John Screven, G. M. Sorrel, T. F. Screven, H. M. Branch, Peter Reilly, B. H. Richardson, David Waldhauer, George P. Walker, C. C. Hardwicke, J. F. Brooks, J. H. Estill, R. P. Myers, M. D., James L. Taylor, Charles H. Olmstead, Geo. W. Alley, C. H. Morel, W. S. Bogart, G. M. Ryals, A. H. Lane, Rufus E. Lester, W. S. Basinger, J. B. Read, M. D., Joel Kennard, A. McC. Duncan, E. P. Alexander, John F. Wheaton, LaFayette McLaws, Henry C. Wayne, George A. Mercer, John Schwarz, W. W. Gordon, Fred. M. Hull, A. A. Winn, H. M. Comer, T. B. Chisholm, W. G. Waller, John Talliaferro, J. D. Johnston, T. S. Wayne, C. L. Chestnut, John Flannery, Daniel Lahey, D. G. Purse, Wm. Duncan, C. W. Anderson, R. G. Gaillard, J. F. Gilmer, Cormack Hopkins, J. G. Thomas, M. D., C. C. Schley, M. D., Julian Myers, E. M. Anderson.

The committee had arranged a brilliant reception of General Lee at the depot—an open barouche drawn by four beautiful grays, a turnout of the military, etc.—but "the cavalry flanked them" by arriving some hours ahead of the appointed time and quietly finding at the Pulaski House the elegant rooms which the Messrs. Goodsell had set apart as our quarters. But the committee and other friends were not long in ascertaining that we had "stolen a march on them," and we were soon "surrounded and captured" by genial, courteous gentlemen who left no wish unattended to during our stay, and no effort unspared to make our visit a continued pleasure. Our drives, and walks (when we could steal off from the carriages which were in constant attendance), about the city and its beautiful suburbs—our visit to the Georgia Historical Society, the cemeteries, monuments, wharves, parks, cotton presses, &c., &c.—were rendered the more delightful by congenial company.

We have asked a competent hand to write us, for future publication, some sketches of points of historic interest about Savannah, and we cannot further allude to them now than to say that we were particularly struck with the superb bronze statue of the Confederate soldier on the Confederate monument, (the generous gift of the late G. W. J. DeRenne, Esq.)—the beautiful Pulaski monument, one of the finest in the world,—"*Hodgson Hall*," the Library of the Georgia Historical Society, which was the gift of Mrs. Telfair Hodgson as a memorial to her husband—and other points which we cannot now even mention. [By the way what more appropriate and beautiful monument to a deceased loved one can be erected than a Historical Society building? And is there not one somewhere who desires thus to connect the name of some loved one with a building for the *Southern Historical Society*?]

As we said in our last, General Lee's lecture at the Savannah theatre was

a splendid success. The brilliant audience—the eloquent introduction of Capt. Geo. A. Mercer,—the presence on the platform of General Lafayette McLaws, General E. P. Alexander, Mayor John F. Wheaton, Judge William D. Harden, General G. M. Sorrel, General R. H. Anderson, Colonel Chas. H. Olmstead, Major G. M. Ryals, Colonel Rufus E. Lester, Major A. A. Winn, Major Lachlan McIntosh, Dr. Wm. Charters, W. S. Bogart, Esq., and R. J. Larcombe, Esq.—and the enthusiastic and oft-repeated applause with which General Lee was greeted—all combined to make the scene an inspiring and long-to-be-remembered one, and fully justified the *Morning News* in saying that “the audience was thoroughly delighted, entertained, interested, and instructed by one of the most pleasing and graphic lectures ever delivered.”

The “Reception” at the City Hall, presided over by his Honor, Mayor Wheaton, (to whom we were indebted for many courtesies, none the less gracefully tendered, and cordially received, because he was a gallant Confederate soldier,) was a very pleasant affair.

The banquet of the Chatham Artillery (of whose armory and grand old history we will have much to say hereafter), was a magnificent affair in all of its details, from the beautiful carriage, and four spanking bays, which conveyed us to and from the armory to the last greetings in the “wee sma’ hours,” as the company rose, and with clasped hands, sang “Auld Lang Syne.”

Admirable speeches were made, in response to toasts, by General Lee, General A. R. Lawton, Corporal Walter G. Charlton, Captain Geo. A. Mercer, Colonel Clifford W. Anderson, Major B. J. Burgess, General McLaws, Sergeant J. R. Saussy, Major J. G. Ryals, General R. H. Anderson, Judge Harden, and others. But as a specimen of the spirit of the occasion we give in full the following eloquent response of W. S. Bogart, Esq., to the call made on him :

*Gentlemen of the Chatham Artillery:*—It has been my pleasure many times before to share in your entertainments, and as an honorary member retired from active service to enjoy your festivities, and to recall, so far as memory can, the pleasures and the pride of former days. But none of these happy occasions do I remember with more satisfaction, or with a greater sense of the fitness of things, than the present one, when we are recalling the memories of the past in the suggestive presence of one who has illustrated them so well. The surviving heroes of our patriotic struggles are few enough, and are yearly becoming fewer. Let me congratulate you then that you have in your hall to-night one of these gallant survivors as your welcome guest. Personally he may, until this visit, have been a stranger to most of us, but his name and his military life have been for years familiar with us all. He bears the cognomen of that noble hero, whose nephew he is, and whose fame is immortal. It will never be, or if it shall, not until memory and gratitude are both forgotten, that there shall be lacking in Savannah a welcome to a *Lee* of that Virginia stock, which gave us the “patriot



brothers" of the first Revolution, their great cousin, "Harry Lee of the Legion," and his greater son—in the Chevalier, "*sans peur et sans reproche*"—our second Washington. The knightly graces of this household, and the golden honors it has won in a century and a half will never be forgotten, but reproduced, as they have been, in each generation, and coupled with the personal merits of each individual inheritor, the law of "*noblesse oblige*" will ever preserve them. For gallantry in war, for manliness in peace, for faithfulness to principle, for eloquent vindication of patriotic motives, and for patient sufferance, yet with hearty indignation of wrong to his native State, from foes without and from traitors within, our distinguished guest is a worthy scion of the old stock.

Nor is it without a certain sense of fitness that the grandson of Washington's favorite cavalry officer, and the nephew of him whom we love even more than Washington—because he had Washington's virtues, and was nearer to us in years—should be your guest to-night. Both of these Southern heroes have, each in his own day, visited Savannah, have seen your battery in line, have complimented its personnel and its "dextrous" drill, and have shared the greetings of the oldest artillery corps of the South, now close approaching its Centennial anniversary. Fitting, then, it is, that this honored military body, representing in the past its founders in almost Revolutionary days (for its first service was to bury in yonder cemetery General Nathaniel Greene), and in the present, its gallant Captain and brave canoneers, in the sufferings and trials of our four years' civil war, should pay this tribute of hospitality to one who is so closely connected, by alliance or by blood, with these noblest Americans, and who, by his own brilliant deeds, illustrates so well the heritage he has received.

This distinguished soldier and his reverend friend, equally welcomed here—himself no untried specimen of a soldier, who followed the camp from Manassas to Appomattox—visit Savannah on a mission of high purpose and value. Having helped to make history in troublous days, they come to induce *us* to help preserve and perpetuate it. The gathering and the publishing the records of the war are the essential justification of our cause, and on these depend the honor, the patriotism and the right of our people in history. These records, then, become the weapons with which we are to fight over again, before the forum of the world's judgment, the great war of secession and independence. In that contest the Southern mind and the Southern tongue and pen will not be less brilliant but more successful than the Southern heart and the Southern sword. Let us do what we can to help this great purpose and end.

Fellow citizens and guests, I offer you the name and fame of *Fitzhugh Lee*, the worthy comrade in the saddle of Stuart and of Hampton, and the good deeds of *J. William Jones*, the Chaplain of "The Boys in Gray," whose life-work will perpetuate on the enduring page the memory of our heroes living and dead.

Our printers report our space all filled, and we must reluctantly leave out

what we had to say of Augusta, Athens, Rome, and Greenville, S. C., at all of which places we met a cordial greeting, and were placed under high obligations for courtesies freely extended.

But we must say, that Colonel C. C. Jones, Jr., and the committee in Augusta—Dr. Newton, Captain Charlton, and others, in Athens—Captain Bamwell, Colonel Magruder, and others, in Rome—General Capers, Colonel Montgomery, and others, in Greenville—all did their best to make our visits pleasant, and the lecture a success, and that the *Greenville News* but voiced the general feeling at all of these places when it said the morning of our arrival: "GENERAL LEE! Greenville welcomes you to-day with the heartiness born of loyalty to the cause you represent, of love for the name you bear, and of honor for the fame you won, when fame was gained with bared breast and blade, fearless heart, and patriotism that recked nothing of consequence."

Our programme is not yet definitely arranged, but we are purposing another tour very soon, when we can ask nothing more than that we may meet with like treatment and success.

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## Literary Notices.

SWINTON'S ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, revised by the author, and reissued by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

We are indebted to the publishers for this admirable edition of a book which has long been noted for its real ability, and whose author President Davis justly pronounces "the fairest and most careful of the Northern writers on the war."

We expect to have hereafter a full review of the book, and to point out some very serious errors into which the author has fallen; but meantime we advise our friends to buy the book.

The publishers, J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston, have sent us a copy of their beautifully gotten up "MEMOIR OF ADMIRAL JOHN A. DAHLGREN," by his widow, Mrs. M. V. Dahlgren.

The book is largely *autobiographical*, as it quotes fully from the diaries, letters, etc., of the distinguished Admiral, and touches on many matters of deepest interest, and historic importance, to which we shall hereafter give attention.

"*The Bivouac*," Louisville, Ky., for December, is an interesting and valuable number, and we again commend it as worthy of a wide circulation. We thank the editors for kindly reference to our PAPERS.



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Vol. XI. Richmond, Va., February-March, 1883. Nos. 2-3.

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The Battle of Chickamauga.

REPORT OF GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG.

[We propose to give during the year the official reports of the most prominent Confederate officers engaged in this great battle, and we naturally begin with that of the gallant soldier who commanded our army on that field.]

WARM SPRINGS, GEORGIA, December 28th, 1863.

GENERAL S. COOPER,

*A. G., C. S. A., Richmond, Virginia.*

SIR,—Most of the subordinate reports of the operations of our troops at the battle of Chickamauga having been received, are herewith forwarded, and for the better understanding of the movements preceding and following that important event, the following narrative is submitted:

On the 20th of August, it was ascertained certainly that the Federal army from Middle Tennessee, under General Rosecrans, had crossed the mountains to Stevenson and Bridgeport. His force of effective

infantry and artillery amounted to fully 70,000, divided into four corps. About the same time, General Burnside advanced from Kentucky towards Knoxville, East Tennessee, with a force estimated by the General commanding that department at over 25,000. In view of the great superiority of numbers brought against him, General Buckner concluded to evacuate Knoxville, and with a force of about 5,000 infantry and artillery and his cavalry, took position in the vicinity of Loudon. Two brigades of his command, Frazier's at Cumberland gap, and Jackson's in northeast Tennessee, were thus severed from us. The enemy having already obtained a lodgment in East Tennessee by another route, the continued occupation of Cumberland Gap became very hazardous to the garrison and comparatively unimportant to us. Its evacuation was accordingly ordered, but on the appeal of its commander, stating his resources and ability for defence, favorably endorsed by Major-General Buckner, the orders were suspended on the 31st August. The main body of our army was encamped near Chattanooga, whilst the cavalry force, much reduced and enfeebled by long service on short rations, was recruiting in the vicinity of Rome, Georgia. Immediately after crossing the mountains to the Tennessee, the enemy threw a corps by way of Sequatchie Valley to strike the rear of General Buckner's command, whilst Burnside occupied him in front. One division already ordered to his assistance, proving insufficient to meet the force concentrating on him, Buckner was directed to withdraw to the Hiawassee, with his infantry, artillery and supplies, and to hold his cavalry in front to check the enemy's advance. As soon as this change was made, the corps threatening his rear was withdrawn, and the enemy commenced a movement in force against our left and rear. On the last of August, it became known that he had crossed his main force over the Tennessee river, at and near Carpenter's ferry, the most accessible point from Stevenson. By a direct route he was now as near our main depot of supplies as we were, and our whole line of communication was exposed, whilst his was partially secured by mountains and the river. By the timely arrival of two small divisions from Mississippi, our effective force, exclusive of cavalry, was now a little over 35,000, with which it was determined to strike on the first favorable opportunity. Closely watched by our cavalry, which had been brought forward, it was soon ascertained that the enemy's general movement was towards our left and rear, in the direction of Dalton and Rome, keeping Lookout mountain between us. The nature of the country, and the want of supplies in it, with the presence of Burnside's force



on our right, rendered a movement on the enemy's rear with our inferior force extremely hazardous, if not impracticable. It was, therefore, determined to meet him in front, whenever he should emerge from the mountain gorges. To do this, and hold Chattanooga was impossible, without such a division of our small force as to endanger both parts. Accordingly, our troops were put in position on the 7th and 8th of September, and took position from Lee and Gordon's mill to Lafayette, on the road leading south from Chattanooga and fronting the east slope of Lookout mountain. The forces on the Hiawassee and at Chickamauga Station, took the route by Ringgold. A small cavalry force was left in observation at Chattanooga, and a brigade of infantry, strongly supported by cavalry, was left at Ringgold to hold the railroad and protect it from raids.

As soon as our movement was known to the enemy, his corps nearest Chattanooga, and which had been threatening Buckner's rear, was thrown into that place, and shortly thereafter commenced to move on our rear by the two roads to Lafayette and Ringgold. Two other corps were now in Wills's valley, one nearly opposite the head of McLemore's cove, a valley formed by Lookout mountain and a spur of the main ridge called Pigeon mountain, and the other at or near Colonel Winston's, opposite Alpine.

During the 9th, it was ascertained that a column, estimated at from four thousand to eight thousand, had crossed Lookout mountain into the cove by way of Stevens's and Cooper's gaps. Thrown off his guard by our rapid movement, apparently in retreat, when, in reality we had concentrated opposite his center, and deceived by the information from deserters and others sent into his lines, the enemy pressed on his columns to intercept us, and thus exposed himself in detail.

Major-General Hindman received verbal instructions on the 9th to prepare his division to move against this force, and was informed that another division from Lieutenant-General Hills's command, at Lafayette, would join him. That evening the following written orders were issued to Generals Hindman and Hill:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,  
LEE AND GORDON'S MILLS.  
11 $\frac{3}{4}$  P. M., September 9, 1863.

*Major-General Hindman, Commanding Division:*

GENERAL,—You will move your division immediately to Davis's cross-roads, on the road from Lafayette to Stevens's gap.

At this point you will put yourself in communication with the column of General Hill, ordered to move to the same point, and take command of the forces, or report to the officer commanding Hill's column, according to rank. If in command, you will move upon the enemy, reported to be 4,000 or 5,000 strong, encamped at the foot of Look-out mountain, at Stevens's gap. Another column of the enemy is reported to be at Cooper's gap—number not known.

I am, General, etc.,

KINLOCH FALCONER,  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,  
LEE AND GORDON'S MILL.  
11¼ P. M., September 9th, 1863.

*Lieutenant-General Hill, Commanding Corps:*

GENERAL,—I enclose orders given to General Hindman. General Bragg directs that you send or take, as your judgment dictates, Cleburne's division to unite with General Hindman, at Davis's cross-roads to-morrow morning. Hindman starts at twelve o'clock to-night, and he has thirteen miles to make. The commander of the column, thus united, will move upon the enemy encamped at the foot of Stevens's gap, said to be 4,000 or 5,000. If unforeseen circumstances should prevent your movement, notify Hindman. A cavalry force should accompany your column. Hindman has none. Open communication with Hindman with your cavalry in advance of the junction. He marches on the road from Dr. Anderson's to Davis's cross-roads.

I am, General, etc.,

KINLOCH FALCONER,  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

On the receipt of this order, during the night, General Hill replied that the movement required by him was impracticable, as General Cleburne was sick, and both the gaps, Dug's and Catlett's had been blocked by felling timber, which would require twenty-four hours for its removal. Not to lose this favorable opportunity, Hindman by a prompt movement being already in position, the following orders were issued at 8 A. M., on the 10th, for Major-General Buckner to move with his two divisions, and report to Hindman:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,  
LEE AND GORDON'S MILL.  
8 A. M., September 10th, 1863.

*Major-General Buckner, Anderson's:*

GENERAL,—I enclose orders issued last night to Generals Hill and Hindman. General Hill has found it impossible to carry out the part assigned to Cleburne's division. The General commanding desires that you will execute, without delay, the order issued to General Hill. You can move to Davis's cross-roads, by the direct road, from your present position at Anderson's, along which General Hindman has passed.

I am, General, etc.,

GEO. W. BRENT,  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

And both Hindman and Hill were notified. Hindman had halted his division at Morgan's, some three or four miles from Davis's cross-roads in the cove, and at this point Buckner joined him during the afternoon of the 10th. Reports fully confirming previous information in regard to the position of the enemy's forces, were received during the 10th, and it became certain that he was moving his three columns to form a junction upon us, at or near Lafayette. The corps near Colonel Winston's, moved on the mountain towards Alpine, a point twenty miles south of us. The one opposite the cove continued its movement, and threw forward its advance to Davis's cross-roads, and Crittenden moved from Chattanooga on the roads to Ringgold and Lee and Gordon's mills. To strike these isolated commands in succession was our obvious policy. To secure more prompt and decided action in the movement ordered against the enemy's centre, my headquarters were removed to Lafayette, where I arrived about half-past 11 P. M., on the 10th, and Lieutenant-General Polk was ordered forward with his remaining division to Anderson's, so as to cover Hindman's rear during the operations in the cove. At Lafayette, I met Major Nocquet, engineer officer on General Buckner's staff, sent by General Hindman after a junction of their commands, to confer with me, and suggest a change in the plan of operations. After hearing the reports of this officer, and obtaining from the active and energetic cavalry commander in front of our position, Brigadier-General Martin, the latest information of the enemy's movements and position, I verbally directed the Major to return to General Hind-

man, and say, that my plans could not be changed, and that he would carry out his orders. At the same time the following written orders were sent to the General by courier :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,  
LAFAYETTE, GA., 12 P. M., Sept. 10, 1863.

*Major-General Hindman, Commanding, etc.:*

GENERAL,—Headquarters are here, and the following is the information :

Crittenden's corps is advancing on us from Chattanooga. A large force from the south has advanced to within seven miles of this point. Polk is left at Anderson's to cover your rear. General Bragg orders you to attack and force your way through the enemy to this point at the earliest hour you can see him in the morning. Cleburne will attack in front the moment your guns are heard.

I am, General, etc.,

GEORGE W. BRENT,  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

Orders were also given for Walker's reserve corps to move promptly and join Cleburne's division at Dug gap, to unite in the attack. At the same time Cleburne was directed to remove all obstructions in the road in his front, which was promptly done, and by day-light he was ready to move. The obstructions in Catlett's gap were also ordered to be removed, to clear the road in Hindman's rear. Breckinridge's division, Hill's corps, was kept in position south of Lafayette to check any movement the enemy might make from that direction.

At daylight, I proceeded to join Cleburne at Dug gap, and found him waiting the opening of Hindman's guns to move on the enemy's flank and rear. Most of the day was spent in this position, waiting in great anxiety for the attack by Hindman's column. Several couriers and two staff officers were dispatched at different times, urging him to move with promptness and vigor. About the middle of the afternoon the first gun was heard, when the advance of Cleburne's division discovered the enemy had taken advantage of our delay and retreated to the mountain passes. The enemy now discovered his error and commenced to repair it by withdrawing his corps from the direction of Alpine, to unite with the one near McLe-more's cove, whilst that was gradually extended towards Lee and



Gordon's mills. Our movement having thus failed in its justly anticipated results, it was determined to turn upon the third corps of the enemy, approaching us from the direction of Chattanooga. The forces were accordingly withdrawn to Lafayette, and Polk's and Walker's corps were moved immediately in the direction of Lee and Gordon's mills. The one corps of the enemy in this direction was known to be divided—one division having been sent to Ringgold. Upon learning the dispositions of the enemy from our cavalry commander in that direction, on the afternoon of the 12th Lieutenant-General Polk, commanding the advance forces, was directed in the following note :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,  
LAFAYETTE, GA., 6 P. M., Sept. 12th.

*Lieutenant-General Polk :*

GENERAL,—I enclose you a dispatch from General Pegram. This presents you a fine opportunity of striking Crittenden in detail, and I hope you will avail yourself of it at daylight to-morrow. This division crushed, and the others are yours. We can then turn on the force in the cove. Wheeler's cavalry will move on Wilder so as to cover your right. I shall be delighted to hear of your success.

Very truly yours,  
BRAXTON BRAGG.

To attack at daylight on the 13th. Upon further information the order was renewed in two notes, at later hours of the same day as follows :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,  
LAFAYETTE, GA., 6 P. M., Sept. 12th, 1863.

*Lieutenant-General Polk, Commanding Corps :*

GENERAL,—I enclose you a dispatch marked "A," and I now give you the orders of the Commanding General, viz: to attack at day-dawn to-morrow the infantry column reported in said dispatch, at three-quarters of a mile beyond Peavine Church, on the road to Graysville, from Lafayette.

I am, General, etc.,

GEORGE W. BRENT,  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

HEADQUARTERS ARMY TENNESSEE,  
LAFAYETTE, GA., Sept. 12th, 1863.

*Lieutenant-General Polk, Commanding Corps:*

GENERAL,—The enemy is approaching from the south, and it is highly important that your attack in the morning should be quick and decided. Let no time be lost.

I am, General, etc ,

GEORGE W. BRENT.  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

At 11 P. M., a dispatch was received from the General, stating that he had taken a strong position for defence, and requesting that he should be heavily reinforced. He was promptly ordered not to defer his attack, his force being already numerically superior to the enemy, and was reminded that his success depended upon the promptness and rapidity of his movements. He was further informed that Buckner's corps would be moved within supporting distance the next morning.

Early on the 13th I proceeded to the front, ahead of Buckner's command, to find that no advance had been made on the enemy, and that his forces had formed a junction, and re-crossed the Chickamauga. Again disappointed, immediate measures were taken to place our trains and limited supplies in safe positions, when all our forces were concentrated along the Chickamauga, threatening the enemy in front. Major-General Wheeler, with two divisions of cavalry, occupied the positions on the extreme left, vacated by Hill's corps, and was directed to press the enemy in McLemore's cove, to divert his attention from our real movement. Brigadier-General Forrest, with his own and Pegram's division of cavalry, covered the movement on our front and right. Brigadier-General B. R. Johnston, whose brigade had been at Ringgold holding the railroad, was moved towards Reed's bridge, which brought him on the extreme right of the line. Walker's corps formed on his left, opposite Alexander's bridge. Buckner's next, near Ledford's ford. Polk's opposite Lee and Gordon's mills, and Hill's on the extreme left. With Johnston, moved two brigades, just arrived from Mississippi, and three of Longstreet's corps, all without artillery and transportation.

The following orders were issued on the night of the 17th for the forces to cross the Chickamauga, commencing the movement at 6 o'clock A. M., on the 18th, by the extreme right at Reed's bridge:

HEADQUARTER'S ARMY TENNESSEE,  
IN THE FIELD, LEET'S TAN-YARD, Sept. 18, 1863.

[Circular.]

I. Johnston's column (Hood's) on crossing at or near Reed's bridge will turn to the left by the most practicable route, and sweep up the Chickamauga towards Lee and Gordon's mills.

II. Walker, crossing at Alexander's bridge, will unite in this move, and push vigorously on the enemy's flank and rear in the same direction.

III. Buckner, crossing at Ledford's ford, will join in the movement to the left, and press the enemy up the stream from Polk's front at Lee and Gordon's mills.

IV. Polk will press his forces to the front of Lee and Gordon's mills, and if met by too much resistance to cross, will bear to the right and cross at Dalton's ford, or at Ledford's, as may be necessary, and join the attack wherever the enemy may be.

V. Hill will cover our left flank from an advance of the enemy from the cove, and, by pressing the cavalry in his front, ascertain if the enemy is reinforcing at Lee and Gordon's mills, in which event he will attack them in flank.

VI. Wheeler's cavalry will hold the gap in Pigeon mountain, and cover our rear and left and bring up the stragglers.

VII. All teams, etc., not with troops, should go towards Ringgold and Dalton, Georgia, beyond Taylor's ridge. All cooking should be done at the trains; rations, when cooked, will be forwarded to the troops.

VIII. The above movements will be executed with the utmost promptness and persistence.

By command of General Bragg,

GEORGE W. BRENT,  
*Assistant Adjutant-General.*

The resistance offered by the enemy's cavalry and the difficulties arising from the bad and narrow country roads, caused unexpected delays in the execution of these movements. Though the commander of the right column was several times urged to press forward, his crossing was not affected until late in the afternoon. At this time Major-General Hood, of Longstreet's corps, arrived and assumed command of the column, Brigadier-General Johnston resuming his

improvised division of three brigades. Alexander's bridge was hotly contested and finally broken up by the enemy, just as General Walker secured possession. He moved down stream, however, a short distance and crossed, as directed, at Byron's ford, and thus secured a junction with Hood after night.

The movement was resumed at daylight on the 19th, and Buckner's corps, with Cheatham's division, of Polk's, had crossed and formed, when a brisk engagement commenced with our cavalry, under Forrest on the extreme right. About nine o'clock a brigade from Walker was ordered to Forrest's support, and soon after Walker was ordered to attack with his whole force. Our line was now formed with Buckner's left resting on the Chickamauga, about one mile below Lee and Gordon's mills. On his right came Hood with his own and Johnston's divisions, with Walker on the extreme right, Cheatham's division being in reserve, the general direction being a little east of north. The attack ordered by our right was made by General Walker in his usual gallant style, and soon developed a largely superior force opposed. He drove them handsomely, however, and captured several batteries of artillery in most gallant charges. Before Cheatham's division, ordered to his support, could reach him, he had been pressed back to his first position, by the extended lines of the enemy assailing him on both flanks. The two commands united were soon enabled to force the enemy back again, and recover our advantage, though we were yet greatly outnumbered. These movements on our right were in a direction to leave an opening in our line between Cheatham and Hood. Stewart's division, forming Buckner's second line, was thrown to the right to fill this, and it soon became hotly engaged, as did Hood's whole front. The enemy, whose left was at Lee and Gordon's mills when our movement commenced, had rapidly transferred forces from his extreme right, changing his entire line, and seemed disposed to dispute, with all his ability, our effort to gain the main road to Chattanooga in his rear. Lieutenant-General Polk was ordered to move his remaining division across at the nearest ford, and to assume the command in person on our right. Hill's corps was also ordered to cross below Lee and Gordon's mills and join the line on the right.

Whilst these movements were being made, our right and centre were heavily and almost constantly engaged. Stewart, by a vigorous assault, broke the enemy's centre, and penetrated far into his lines, but was obliged to retire for want of sufficient force to meet the heavy enfilade fire which he encountered from the right. Hood, later



engaged, advanced from the first fire, and continued to drive the force in his front until night. Cleburne's division, of Hill's corps, which first reached the right, was ordered to attack immediately, in conjunction with the force already engaged. This veteran command, under its gallant chief, moved to its work after sunset, taking the enemy completely by surprise, driving him in great disorder for nearly a mile, and inflicting a very heavy loss. Night found us masters of the ground, after a series of very obstinate contests with largely superior numbers.

From captured prisoners and others we learned with certainty that we have encountered the enemy's whole force, which had been moving day and night since they first ascertained the direction of our march. Orders had been given for the rapid march to the field of all reinforcements arriving by railroad, and three additional brigades from this source joined us early next morning. The remaining forces on our extreme left, east of the Chickamauga, had been ordered up early in the afternoon, but reached the field too late to participate in the engagement of that day. They were ordered into line on their arrival, and disposed for a renewal of the action early the next morning. Information was received from Lieutenant-General Longstreet of his arrival at Ringgold and departure for the field. Five small brigades of his corps, about five thousand effective infantry, no artillery, reached us in time to participate in the action, three of them on the 19th and two more on the 20th.

Upon the close of the engagement on the evening of the 19th, the proper commanders were summoned to my camp fire, and there received specific information and instructions touching the disposition of the troops, and for the operations of the next morning. The whole force was divided for the next morning into two commands and assigned to the two senior Lieutenant-Generals—Longstreet and Polk. The former to the left, where all his own troops were stationed, the latter continuing his command of the right. Lieutenant-General Longstreet reached my headquarters about 11 P. M., and immediately received his instructions. After a few hours' rest at my camp fire, he moved at daylight to his line, just in front of my position. Lieutenant-General Polk was ordered to assail the enemy on our extreme right at day-dawn on the 20th, and to take up the attack in succession, rapidly to the left. The left wing was to await the attack by the right; take it up promptly when made, and the whole line was then to be pushed vigorously and persistently against the enemy throughout its extent. Before the dawn of day, myself and staff were ready

for the saddle, occupying a position immediately in rear of, and accessible to all parts of the line. With increasing anxiety and disappointment, I waited untill after sunrise without hearing a gun, and at length dispatched a staff-officer to Lieutenant-General Polk to ascertain the cause of the delay, and urge him to a prompt and speedy movement. This officer not finding the General with his troops, and learning where he had spent the night, proceeded across Alexander's bridge to the east side of the Chickamauga, and there delivered my message. Proceeding in person to the right wing, I found the troops not even prepared for the movement. Messengers were immediately dispatched for Lieutenant-General Polk, and he shortly after joined me, my orders were renewed, and the General was urged to their prompt execution, the more important as the ear was saluted throughout the night, with the sounds of the axe and fallen timber, as the enemy industriously labored to strengthen his position by hastily constructed barricades and breastworks. A reconnoissance made in the front of our extreme right, during this delay, crossed the main road to Chattanooga, and proved the important fact that this greatly desired position was open to our possession.

The reasons assigned for this unfortunate delay by the wing commander, appear in part in the reports of his subordinates. It is sufficient to say they are entirely unsatisfactory. It also appears from these reports that when the action was opened on the right, about 10 o'clock A. M., the troops were moved to the assault in detail, and by detachments, unsupported until nearly all parts of the right wing were in turn repulsed with heavy loss. Our troops were led with the greatest gallantry, and exhibited great coolness, bravery and heroic devotion. In no instance did they fail, when called on, to rally and return to the charge; but though invariably driving the enemy with great slaughter, at the points assailed, they were compelled in turn to yield to the greatly superior numbers constantly brought against them. The attack on the left, promptly made as ordered, met with less resistance, much of the enemy's strength having been transferred to our right, and was successfully and vigorously followed up. About 2 P. M., passing along the line to our left, I found we had been checked in our progress by encountering a strong position, strengthened by works, and obstinately defended. Unable to afford assistance from any other part of the field, written orders were immediately dispatched to Lieutenant-General Polk, to again assault the enemy in his front with his whole force, and to persist until he should dislodge him from his position. Directing the operations on our left to be continued, I

moved again to the right and soon dispatched a staff officer to General Polk, urging a prompt and vigorous execution of my written orders. About 4 P. M., this general assault was made and the attack was continued from right to left, until the enemy gave way at different points and, finally, about dark, yielded us his line. The contest was severe, but the impetuous charge of our troops could not be resisted when they were brought to bear in full force, even where the enemy possessed all the advantage of position and breastworks. The troops were halted, by their respective commanders, when the darkness of the night, and the density of the forest rendered further movements uncertain and dangerous, and the army bivouaced on the ground it had so gallantly won. Both flanks having advanced more rapidly than the centre, they were found confronting each other in lines nearly parallel, and within artillery range. Any advance by them, especially at night, over ground so thickly wooded, might have resulted in the most serious consequences.

The enemy, though driven from his lines, still confronted us, and desultory firing was heard until eight P. M. Other noises, indicating movements and dispositions for the morrow, continued until a late hour at night.

During the operations by the main forces, on the 19th and 20th, the cavalry, on the flanks, was actively and usefully employed, holding the enemy in observation and threatening or assailing him as occasion offered. From the report of Major-General Wheeler, commanding on the left, it will be seen what important service was rendered, both on the 20th and 21st, by his command, especially in the capture of prisoners and property, and in the dispersion of the enemy's cavalry. Brigadier-General Forrest's report will show equally gallant and valuable services by his command on our right.

Exhausted by two days' battle, with very limited supply of provisions, and almost destitute of water, some time in daylight was absolutely essential for our troops to supply these necessities and replenish their ammunition before renewing the contest. Availing myself of this necessary delay to inspect and readjust my lines, I moved, as soon as daylight served, on the 21st. On my arrival, about sunrise, near Lieutenant-General Polk's bivouac, I met the ever vigilant General Liddell, commanding a division in our front line, who was awaiting the General to report that his pickets this morning discovered the enemy had retreated during the night from his immediate front. Instructions were promptly given to push forward our whole line of skirmishers to the front, and I moved to the

left and extended these orders. All the cavalry at hand, including my personal guard, were ordered to the front. Members of my staff, in passing through the lines of our left wing with their escort, were warned of danger, and told that they were entering on the neutral ground between us and the enemy. But this proved to be an error, and our cavalry soon came upon the enemy's rear guard, where the main road passes through Missionary ridge. He had availed himself of the night to withdraw from our front, and his main body was already in position within his lines at Chattanooga. Any immediate pursuit by our infantry and artillery would have been fruitless, as it was not deemed practicable, with our weak and exhausted forces, to assail the enemy, now more than double our numbers, behind his entrenchments. Though we had defeated him and driven him from the field with heavy loss in men, arms and artillery, it had only been done by heavy sacrifices, in repeated, persistent and most gallant assaults upon superior numbers strongly posted and protected.

The conduct of our troops was excellent throughout the prolonged contest. Often repulsed where success seemed impossible, they never failed to rally and return to the charge, until the last combined and determined effort, in which the spirit of every man seemed to conspire for success, was crowned with the reward due to such gallantry in a just cause.

Our loss was in proportion to the prolonged and obstinate struggle. Two-fifths of our gallant troops had fallen, and the number of general and staff officers stricken down will best show how these troops were led. Major-General Hood, the model soldier and inspiring leader, fell after contributing largely to our success, and has suffered the irreparable loss of a leg. That his valuable life should be spared to us is, however, a source of thankfulness and gratitude. Major-General Hindman, highly distinguished for gallantry and good conduct, received a severe contusion, but persisted in keeping the saddle until he witnessed the success in which his command largely participated. Brigadier-Generals B. H. Helm, Preston Smith, and James Deshla died upon the field in the heroic discharge of duty. They were true patriots and gallant soldiers, and worthy of the high reputation they enjoyed. Brigadièr-Generals Adams, Gregg and McNair fell severely wounded whilst gallantly leading their commands in the thickest of the fight. It is gratifying to know they are convalescing and will be again found at the post of duty and danger.

Judging from appearances on the field, the enemy's losses must have exceeded our own largely, but we have no means of correctly es-



timating them. We captured over eight thousand prisoners, fifty-one pieces of artillery, fifteen thousand stand of small arms, and quantities of ammunition, with wagons, ambulances and teams, medicines, and hospital stores in large quantities. The accompanying maps, one, two, three and four, based on accurate surveys, will afford the necessary information for the correct understanding of the movements of both armies. The positions of the troops on the field are given mostly from the sketches of their respective commanders. The times selected for indication were the morning of the 19th, when the action commenced—the morning of the 20th and the evening of the 20th, at the close of the operations. There has been much delay in rendering some of the subordinate reports, and none have been received from Lieutenant-Generals Polk and Hill, and only two from brigades in Longstreet's corps. The absence of these has caused a delay in making up my own, and induced me to defer forwarding the others, hoping that all might be submitted together.

For the many deeds of daring and acts of heroic devotion exhibited on this field reference is made to the subordinate reports. It will be remarked that the private soldier is eminently distinguished, as he always will be, in an army where the rank and file is made up of the best citizens of the country.

The medical officers, both in the field and in the hospitals, earned the lasting gratitude of the soldier and deserve the highest commendation. The great number of wounded thrown suddenly upon their hands taxed every energy and every faculty. With means greatly inadequate, especially in transportation, they soon reduced confusion into order, and by assiduity and skill, afforded to the gallant sufferers that temporal relief for which they might look in vain to any other source. In this connection, it is a pleasing duty to acknowledge in grateful terms the deep indebtedness of the army to the Hospital Relief Associations, which so promptly and so generously pressed forward their much needed assistance. Under the admirable management of their officers in Atlanta, we were soon furnished with every necessary and comfort, and stores continued to arrive until notice was given that our wants were all supplied. The officers of my staff, personal and general, served me on this field and on the arduous marches preceding, with their usual zeal, intelligence and gallantry.

The whole cavalry force having been dispatched to press the enemy and cut off detachments, orders were given for the army to move to a point near the railroad and convenient to water, still interposing between the enemy and our large number of wounded, our trophies,

and our wounded prisoners, whose removal from the field occupied many days.

Our supplies of all kinds were greatly reduced, the railroad having been constantly occupied in transporting troops, prisoners, and our wounded, and the bridges having been destroyed to a point two miles south of Ringgold. These supplies were ordered to be replenished, and as soon as it was seen that we could be subsisted, the army was moved forward to seize and hold the only communication the enemy had with his supplies in the rear. His important road, and the shortest, by half, to his depot at Bridgeport, lay along the south bank of the Tennessee. The holding of this all-important route was confided to Lieutenant-General Longstreet's command, and its possession forced the enemy to a road double the length, over two ranges of mountains, by wagon transportation. At the same time, our cavalry, in large force, was thrown across the river to operate on this long and difficult route. These dispositions, faithfully sustained, ensured the enemy's speedy evacuation of Chattanooga for want of food and forage. Possessed of the shortest road to his depot, and the one by which reinforcements must reach him, we held him at our mercy, and his destruction was only a question of time. The disastrous loss of these advantages must be the subject of a future communication. The suggestion of a movement by our right, immediately after the battle, to the north of the Tennessee, and thence upon Nashville, requires notice only because it will find a place on the files of the department. Such a movement was utterly impossible for want of transportation. Nearly half our army consisted of reinforcements just before the battle, without a wagon or an artillery horse, and nearly, if not quite, a third of the artillery horses on the field had been lost. The railroad bridges, too, had been destroyed to a point south of Ringgold, and in all the road from Cleveland to Knoxville. To these insurmountable difficulties were added the entire absence of means to cross the river, except by fording at a few precarious points too deep for artillery, and the well known danger of sudden rises, by which all communication would be cut,—a contingency which did actually happen a few days after the visionary scheme was proposed. But the most serious objection to the proposition was its entire want of military propriety. It abandoned to the enemy our entire line of communication, and laid open to him our depots of supplies, whilst it placed us with a greatly inferior force beyond a difficult and, at times, impassable river, in a country affording no subsistence to men or animals. It also left open to the enemy, at a distance of only ten

miles, our battle field, with thousands of our wounded and his own and all the trophies and supplies we had won. All this was to be risked and given up for what? To gain the enemy's rear and cut him off from his depot of supplies by the route over the mountains, when the very movement abandoned to his unmolested use the better and more practicable route of half the length on the south side of the river. It is hardly necessary to say the proposition was not even entertained, whatever may have been the inferences drawn from subsequent movements.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

BRAXTON BRAGG, *General*.

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**Services of the "Virginia" (Merrimac).**

BY CAPT. CATESBY AP R. JONES.

[The following deeply interesting narrative of the gallant and accomplished executive officer of the Virginia was prepared for our Society not long before his lamented death. It will be found to dispose of most conclusively the claim of the Monitor for prize money.]

When on April 21st, 1861, the Virginians took possession of the abandoned navy-yard at Norfolk, they found that the Merrimac had been burnt and sunk. She was raised; and on June 23d following, the Hon. S. R. Mallory, Confederate Secretary of the Navy, ordered that she should be converted into an iron clad, on the plan proposed by Lieutenant John M. Brooke, C. S. Navy.

The hull was 275 feet long. About 160 feet of the central portion was covered by a roof of wood and iron, inclining about thirty-six degrees. The wood was two feet thick; it consisted of oak plank four inches by twelve inches, laid up and down next the iron, and two courses of pine; one longitudinal of eight inches thickness, the other twelve inches thick.

The intervening space on top was closed by permanent gratings of two-inch square iron two and one-half inches apart, leaving openings for four hatches, one near each end, and one forward and one abaft the smoke-stack. The roof did not project beyond the hull. There was no knuckle as in the Atlanta, Tennessee and our other iron clads

of later and improved construction. The ends of the shield were rounded.

The armor was four inches thick. It was fastened to its wooden backing by one and three-eighths inch bolts, countersunk and secured by iron nuts and washers. The plates were eight inches wide. Those first made were one inch thick, which was as thick as we could then punch cold iron. We succeeded soon in punching two inches, and the remaining plates, more than two-thirds, were two inches thick. They were rolled and punched at the Tredegar Works, Richmond. The outside course was up and down, the next longitudinal. Joints were broken where there were more than two courses.

The hull, extending two feet below the roof, was plated with one inch iron; it was intended that it should have had three inches.

The prow was of cast iron, wedge-shape, and weighed 1,500 pounds. It was about two feet under water, and projected two feet from the stem; it was not well fastened.

The rudder and propeller were unprotected.

The battery consisted of ten guns, four single-banded Brooke rifles and six nine-inch Dahlgren's shell guns. Two of the rifles, bow and stern pivots, were seven-inch, of 14,500 pounds; the other two were 6.4-inch (32 pounds calibre), of 9,000 pounds, one on each broadside. The nine-inch gun on each side nearest the furnaces was fitted for firing hot shot. A few nine-inch shot with extra windage were cast for hot shot. No other solid shot were on board during the fight.

The engines were the same the vessel had whilst in the United States Navy. They were radically defective, and had been condemned by the United States Government. Some changes had been made, notwithstanding which the engineers reported that they were unreliable. They performed very well during the fight, but afterwards failed several times, once whilst under fire.

There were many vexatious delays attending the fitting and equipment of the ship. Most of them arose from the want of skilled labor and lack of proper tools and appliances. Transporting the iron from Richmond also caused much delay: the railroads were taxed to supply the army.

The crew, 320 in number, were obtained with great difficulty. With few exceptions they were volunteers from the army; most of them were landsmen. Their deficiencies were as much as possible overcome by the zeal and intelligence of the officers; a list of them is appended. In the fight one of the nine-inch guns was manned by a detachment of the Norfolk United Artillery.



The vessel was by the Confederates called *Virginia*. She was put in commission during the last week of February, but continued crowded with mechanics until the eve of the fight. She was badly ventilated, very uncomfortable, and very unhealthy. There was an average of fifty or sixty at the hospital, in addition to the sick-list on board.

The Flag-Officer, Franklin Buchanan, was detained in Richmond in charge of an important bureau, from which he was only relieved a few days before the fight. There was no captain; the ship was commissioned and equipped by the Executive and Ordnance Officer, who had reported for duty in November. He had by special order selected her battery, and was also made responsible for its efficiency.

A trial was determined upon, although the vessel was in an incomplete condition. The lower part of the shield forward was only immersed a few inches, instead of two feet as was intended; and there was but one inch of iron on the hull. The port-shutters, &c., were unfinished.

The *Virginia* was unseaworthy, her engines were unreliable, and her draft, over twenty-two feet, prevented her from going to Washington. Her field of operation was therefore restricted to the bay and its immediate vicinity; there was no regular concerted movement with the army.\*

The frigates *Congress* and *Cumberland* temptingly invited an attack. It was fixed for Thursday night, March 6th, 1862; the pilots, of whom there were five, having been previously consulted. The sides were slushed, supposing that it would increase the tendency of the projectiles to glance. All preparations were made, including lights at obstructions. After dark the pilots declared that they could not pilot the ship during the night. They had a high sense of their responsibility. In justice to them it should be stated that it was not easy to pilot a vessel of our great draft under favorable circumstances, and that the difficulties were much increased by the absence of lights, buoys, &c., to which they had been accustomed.

The attack was postponed to Saturday, March 8th. The weather

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\*There was, however, an informal understanding between General Magruder, who commanded the Confederate forces on the Peninsula, and the Executive officer, to the effect that General Magruder should be kept advised by us, in order that his command might be concentrated near Hampton when our attack should be made. The movement was prevented in consequence of a large portion of the command having been detached just before the fight.

was favorable. We left the navy yard at 11 A. M., against the last half of the flood tide, steamed down the river past our batteries, through the obstructions, across Hampton Roads, to the mouth of James river, where off Newports News lay at anchor the frigates Cumberland and Congress, protected by strong batteries and gunboats. The action commenced about 3 P. M. by our firing the bow-gun † at the Cumberland, less than a mile distant. A powerful fire was immediately concentrated upon us from all the batteries afloat and ashore. The frigates Minnesota, Roanoke and St. Lawrence with other vessels, were seen coming from Old Point. We fired at the Congress on passing, but continued to head directly for the Cumberland, which vessel we had determined to run into, and in less than fifteen minutes from the firing of the first gun we rammed her just forward of the starboard fore chains. There were heavy spars about her bows, probably to ward off torpedoes, through which we had to break before reaching the side of the ship. The noise of the crashing timbers was distinctly heard above the din of battle. There was no sign of the hole above water. It must have been large, as the ship soon commenced to careen. The shock to us on striking was slight. We immediately backed the engines. The blow was not repeated. We here lost the prow, and had the stem slightly twisted. The Cumberland ‡ fought her guns gallantly as long as they were above water. She went down bravely, with her colors flying. One of her shells struck the still of the bow-port and exploded; the fragments killed two and wounded a number. Our after nine-inch gun was loaded and ready for firing, when its muzzle was struck by a shell, which broke it off and fired the gun. Another gun also had its muzzle shot off; it was broken so short that at each subsequent discharge its port was set on fire. The damage to the armor was slight. Their fire appeared to have been aimed at our ports. Had it been concentrated at the water-line we would have been seriously hurt, if not sunk. Owing to the ebb tide and our great draft we could not close with the Congress without first going up stream and then turning, which was

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†It killed and wounded ten men at the after pivot gun of the Cumberland. The second shot from the same gun killed and wounded twelve men at her forward pivot gun. Lieutenant Charles C. Simms pointed and fired the gun.

‡ She was a sailing frigate of 1,726 tons, mounting two ten-inch pivots and twenty-two nine-inch guns. Her crew numbered 376; her loss in killed and wounded was 121.

a tedious operation, besides subjecting us twice to the full fire of the batteries, some of which we silenced

We were accompanied from the yard by the gunboats Beaufort, Lieutenant-Commander W. H. Parker, and Raleigh, Lieutenant-Commander J. W. Alexander. As soon as the firing was heard up James river, the Patrick Henry, Commander John R. Tucker, Jamestown, Lieutenant Commander J. N. Barney, and the gunboat Teaser, Lieutenant-Commander W. A. Webb, under command of Captain John R. Tucker, stood down the river, joining us about four o'clock. All these vessels were gallantly fought and handled, and rendered valuable and effective service.

The prisoners from the Congress stated that when on board that ship it was seen that we were standing up the river, that three cheers were given under the impression that we had quit the fight. They were soon undeceived. When they saw us heading down stream, fearing the fate of the Cumberland, they slipped their cables, made sail, and ran ashore bows on. We took a position off her quarter, about two cables' length distant, and opened a deliberate fire. Very few of her guns bore on us, and they were soon disabled. The other batteries continued to play on us, as did the Minnesota, then aground about one and one-half miles off. The St. Lawrence also opened on us shortly after. There was great havoc on board the Congress. She was several times on fire. Her gallant commander, Lieutenant Joseph B. Smith,\* was struck in the breast by the fragment of a shell and instantly killed. The carnage was frightful. Nothing remained but to strike their colors, which they did. They hoisted the white flag, half-masted, at the main and at the spanker gaff. The Beaufort and Raleigh were ordered to burn her. They went alongside and secured several of her officers and some twenty of her men as prisoners. The officers urgently asked permission to assist their wounded out of the ship. It was granted. They did not return. A sharp fire of musketry from the shore killed some of the prisoners and forced the tugs to leave. A boat was sent from the Virginia to burn her, covered by the Teaser. A fire was opened on them from the shore, and also from the Congress, with both of her white flags flying, wounding Lieutenant Minor and others. We replied to this outrage upon the usages of civilized warfare by reopening on the Congress with hot shot and incendiary shell. Her crew escaped by boats, as did that of the Cumberland. Canister and grape would have pre-

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\* His sword was sent by flag of truce to his father, Admiral Joseph Smith.

vented it; but in neither case was any attempt made to stop them, though it has been otherwise stated, possibly from our firing on the shore or at the Congress.

We remained near the Congress to prevent her recapture. Had she been retaken, it might have been said that the Flag-Officer permitted it, knowing that his brother \* was an officer of that vessel.

A distant and unsatisfactory fire was at times had at the Minnesota. The gunboats also engaged her. We fired canister and grape occasionally in reply to musketry from the shore, which had become annoying.

About this time the Flag Officer was badly wounded by a rifle-ball, and had to be carried below. His bold daring and intrepid conduct won the admiration of all on board. The Executive and Ordnance officer, Lieutenant Catesby Ap R. Jones, succeeded to the command.

The action continued until dusk, when we were forced to seek an anchorage. The Congress was riddled and on fire. A transport steamer was blown up. A schooner was sunk and another captured. We had to leave without making a serious attack on the Minnesota, though we fired at her as we passed on the other side of the Middle Ground, and also at the St. Lawrence.† The latter frigate fired at us by broadsides, not a bad plan for small calibres against iron-clads, if concentrated. It was too dark to aim well. We anchored off our batteries at Sewell Point. The squadron followed.

The Congress‡ continued to burn; "she illuminated the heavens, and varied the scene by the firing of her own guns and the flight of her balls through the air," until shortly after midnight, "when her magazine exploded, and a column of burning matter appeared high in the air, to be followed by the stillness of death," [extract from report of General Mansfield, U. S. A.] One of the pilots chanced about 11 P. M. to be looking in the direction of the Congress, when there passed a strange looking craft, brought out in bold relief by the brilliant light of the burning ship, which he at once proclaimed to be the

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\* One of the sad attendants of civil war—divided families—was here illustrated. The Flag-Officer's brother was Paymaster of the Congress. The First and Second Lieutenants had each a brother in the United States army. The father of the Fourth Lieutenant was also in the United States army. The father of one of the Midshipmen was in the United States navy.

† A sailing frigate of fifty guns and 1,726 tons.

‡ A sailing frigate of 1,867 tons, mounting fifty guns. She had a crew of 434, of whom there were 120 killed and missing.



Ericsson. We were therefore not surprised in the morning to see the Monitor at anchor near the Minnesota. The latter ship was still aground. Some delay occurred from sending our wounded out of the ship; we had but one serviceable boat left. Admiral Buchanan was landed at Sewell Point.

At eight A. M. we got under way, as did the Patrick Henry, Jamestown and Teaser. We stood towards the Minnesota and opened fire on her. The pilots were to have placed us half-a-mile from her, but we were not at any time nearer than a mile. The Monitor† commenced firing when about a third of a mile distant. We soon approached, and were often within a ship's length; once while passing we fired a broadside at her only a few yards distant. She and her turret appeared to be under perfect control. Her light draft enabled her to move about us at pleasure. She once took position for a short time where we could not bring a gun to bear on her. Another of her movements caused us great anxiety; she made for our rudder and propeller, both of which could have been easily disabled. We could only see her guns when they were discharged; immediately afterward the turret revolved rapidly, and the guns were not again seen until they were again fired. We wondered how proper aim could be taken in the very short time the guns were in sight. The Virginia, however, was a large target, and generally so near that the Monitor's shot did not often miss. It did not appear to us that our shell had any effect upon the Monitor. We had no solid shot. Musketry was fired at the look-out holes. In spite of all the care of our pilots we ran ashore, where we remained over fifteen minutes. The Patrick Henry and Jamestown, with great risk to themselves, started to our assistance. The Monitor and Minnesota were in full play on us. A small rifle-gun on board the Minnesota, or on the steamer alongside of her, was fired with remarkable precision.

When we saw that our fire made no impression on the Monitor, we determined to run into her if possible. We found it a very difficult feat to do. Our great length and draft, in a comparatively narrow channel, with but little water to spare, made us sluggish in our movements, and hard to steer and turn. When the opportunity presented all steam was put on; there was not, however, sufficient time to gather full headway before striking. The blow was given with the broad

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† She was 173 feet long and 41 feet wide. She had a revolving circular iron turret eight inches thick, nine feet high and twenty feet inside diameter, in which were two eleven-inch guns. Her draft was ten feet.

wooden stem, the iron prow having been lost the day before. The Monitor received the blow in such a manner as to weaken its effect, and the damage was to her trifling. Shortly after an alarming leak in the bows was reported. It, however, did not long continue.

Whilst contending with the Monitor, we received the fire of the Minnesota,\* which we never failed to return whenever our guns could be brought to bear. We set her on fire and did her serious injury, though much less than we then supposed. Generally the distance was too great for effective firing. We blew up a steamer alongside of her.

The fight had continued over three hours. To us the Monitor appeared unharmed. We were therefore surprised to see her run off into shoal water where our great draft would not permit us to follow, and where our shell could not reach her. The loss of our prow and anchor, and consumption of coal, water, &c., had lightened us so that the lower part of the forward end of the shield was awash.

We for some time awaited the return of the Monitor to the Roads. After consultation it was decided that we should proceed to the navy-yard, in order that the vessel should be brought down in the water and completed. The pilots said if we did not then leave that we could not pass the bar until noon of the next day. We therefore at 12 M. quit the Roads and stood for Norfolk. Had there been any sign of the Monitor's willingness to renew the contest we would have remained to fight her. We left her in the shoal water to which she had withdrawn, and which she did not leave until after we had crossed the bar on our way to Norfolk.

The official report says: "Our loss is two killed and nineteen wounded. The stem is twisted and the ship leaks; we have lost the prow, starboard anchor, and all the boats; the armor is somewhat damaged, the steam-pipe and smoke-stack both riddled, the muzzles of two of the guns shot away. It was not easy to keep a flag flying; the flag-staffs were repeatedly shot away; the colors were hoisted to the smoke-stack, and several times cut down from it." None were killed or wounded in the fight with the Monitor. The only damage she did was to the armor. She fired forty-one shots. We were enabled to receive most of them obliquely. The effect of a shot striking obliquely on the shield was to break all the iron, and some-

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\* She was a screw steam frigate of 3,200 tons, mounting forty-three guns of eight, nine and ten-inch calibre. She fired 145 ten-inch, 349 nine-inch, and 35 eight-inch shot and shell, and 5,567 pounds of powder. Her draft was about the same as the Virginia.

times to displace several feet of the outside course; the wooden backing would not be broken through. When a shot struck directly at right angles, the wood would also be broken through, but not displaced. Generally the shot were much scattered; in three instances two or more struck near the same place, in each case causing more of the iron to be displaced, and the wood to bulge inside. A few struck near the water-line. The shield was never pierced; though it was evident that two shots striking in the same place would have made a large hole through everything.

The ship was docked; a prow of steel and wrought iron put on, and a course of two-inch iron on the hull below the roof extending in length 180 feet. Want of time and material prevented its completion. The damage to the armor was repaired; wrought-iron port-shutters were fitted, &c. The rifle guns were supplied with bolts of wrought and chilled iron. The ship was brought a foot deeper in the water, making her draft 23 feet.

Commodore Josiah Tatnall relieved Admiral Buchanan in command. On the 11th of April he took the Virginia down to Hampton Roads, expecting to have a desperate encounter with the Monitor. Greatly to our surprise, the Monitor refused to fight us. She closely hugged the shore under the guns of the fort, with her steam up. Hoping to provoke her to come out, the Jamestown\* was sent in, and captured several prizes, but the Monitor would not budge. It was proposed to take the vessel to York river, but it was decided in Richmond that she should remain near Norfolk for its protection.

Commodore Tatnall commanded the Virginia forty-five days, of which time there were only thirteen days that she was not in dock or in the hands of the navy-yard. Yet he succeeded in impressing the enemy that we were ready for active service. It was evident that the enemy very much overrated† our power and efficiency. The South also had the same exaggerated idea of the vessel.

On the 8th of May a squadron, including the Monitor, bombarded our batteries at Sewell Point. We immediately left the yard for the Roads. As we drew near, the Monitor and her consorts ceased bombarding, and retreated under the guns of the forts, keeping beyond the range of our guns. Men-of-war from below the forts, and vessels

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\* French and English men-of-war were present. The latter cheered our gunboat as she passed with the prizes.

† Some of the Northern papers estimated her to be equivalent to an army corps.

expressly fitted for running us down, joined the other vessels between the forts. It looked as if the fleet was about to make a fierce onslaught upon us. But we were again to be disappointed. The Monitor and the other vessels did not venture to meet us, although we advanced until projectiles from the Rip Raps fell more than half a mile beyond us. Our object, however, was accomplished; we had put an end to the bombardment, and we returned to our buoy.

Norfolk was evacuated on the 10th of May. In order that the ship might be carried up the James river, we commenced to lighten her, but ceased on the pilots saying they could not take her up. Her shield was then out of water; we were not in fighting condition. We therefore ran her ashore in the bight of Craney Island, landed the crew, and set the vessel on fire. The magazine exploded about half-past four on the morning of the 11th of May, 1862. The crew arrived at Drewry's Bluff the next day, and assisted in defeating the Monitor, Galena, and other vessels on the 15th of May.

Commodore Tatnall was tried by court-marshal for destroying the Virginia, and was "*honorably acquitted*" of all the charges. The court stated the facts, and their motives for acquitting him. Some of them are as follows: "That after the evacuation of Norfolk, West-over on James river became the most suitable position for her to occupy; that while in the act of lightening her for the purpose of taking her up to that point, the pilots for the first time declared their inability to take her up. . . . That when lightened she was made vulnerable to the attacks of the enemy. . . . The only alternative, in the opinion of the court, was to abandon and burn the ship then and there, which, in the judgment of the court, was deliberately and wisely done."

LIST OF OFFICERS OF THE C. S. IRON-CLAD "VIRGINIA," MARCH  
8TH, 1862.

*Flag-Officer*—Franklin Buchanan. *Lieutenants*—Catesby Ap R. Jones, Executive and Ordnance officer; Charles C. Simms, R. D. Minor (flag), Hunter Davidson, J. Taylor Wood, J. R. Eggleston, Walter Butt. *Midshipmen*—Foute, Marmaduke, Littlepage, Craig, Long, and Roots. *Paymaster*—James Semple. *Surgeon*—Dinwiddie Phillips. *Assistant-Surgeon*—Algernon S. Garnett. *Captain of Marines*—Reuben Thom. *Engineers*—H. A. Ramsey, *Acting Chief*; *Assistants*—Tynan, Campbell, Herring, Jack and White. *Boatswain*—Hasker. *Gunner*—Oliver. *Carpenter*—Lindsey. *Clerk*



—Arthur Sinclair, Jr. *Volunteer Aide*—Lieutenant Douglas Forrest, C. S. A.; Captain Kevil, commanding detachment of Norfolk United Artillery. *Signal Corps*—Sergeant Tabb.

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Campaign Against Steele in April, 1864.

REPORT OF GENERAL MARMADUKE.

HEADQUARTERS MARMADUKE'S DIVISION,  
IN THE FIELD, *May 28th, 1864.*

COLONEL,—In obedience to orders from the Major-General commanding, I have the honor to make the following report of the operations of my command in the campaign against the Federal forces under Major-General Steele, which was ended on the 30th ult. by their retreat across the Saline, and to their base, Little Rock.

At the time information was received of the advance of Steele's army from Little Rock southward on the military road, and of his arrival at Benton, my division, consisting of Cabell's Arkansas Cavalry brigade and Shelby's and Greene's (Marmaduke's) Missouri Cavalry brigades, numbering about thirty-two hundred (3,200) effectively armed and mounted men for duty, was stationed as follows: Cabell's brigade sixteen miles west of Washington, and sixty-six miles from Camden; Shelby's and Greene's brigades at Camden. To meet the movement of the enemy I made the following dispositions: March 22, Cabell's brigade was ordered to Tate's Bluff, twenty-three miles northwest of Camden, at the junction of the Little Missouri with the Ouachita river; March 25, Shelby's brigade was ordered to Princeton, but no forage being there, moved fifteen miles northeast of Princeton (47 miles from Camden), and on the 28th March, with Greene's brigade and a section of Blocker's battery under Lieutenant Zimmerman, I marched directly to Tate's Bluff. The several brigades could by this disposition co-operate against the enemy's front, or if need be, Cabell and Greene against his front, while Shelby was in position to march directly to and operate upon his rear. On my arrival at Tate's Bluff, March 30, finding no forage nor subsistence in its vicinity, and ascertaining that the enemy 9,500 strong, infantry, cavalry and artillery, had reached Rockport and were marching upon Arkadelphia, I ordered Shelby to cross the Ouachita river and move upon the enemy's rear, and Cabell's brigade

(which in view of the probability of the enemy advancing direct upon Washington, and the derth of forage and subsistence at Tate's Bluff, had been ordered to halt fifteen miles southwest of that point) to cross the Little Missouri by the military road and resist him in front, while Greene's brigade (the middle column) would cross the Little Missouri at Tate's Bluff and attack his left flank, and as he advanced southward from Arkadelphia co-operate with Cabell, each command to make short and desperate attacks, retire, and attack again, until the enemy reached the Little Missouri river, when all would concentrate to prevent the passage of that stream. Before the several brigades could cross the river and get into position, the enemy had entered Arkadelphia.

On the 1st of April, Steele with his whole force moved out of Arkadelphia, directing his march on the "military road" toward Washington. Late on the evening of the 1st the scouts in advance of Shelby's brigade had entered Arkadelphia, capturing a dozen stragglers, including one Captain, and closed up to the enemy's rear. But the main body of his brigade had not arrived. Cabell had, however, moved up to the Antoine, eighteen miles southwest of Arkadelphia, and his advance commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Fayth, struck the advance of the enemy, consisting of two regiments of cavalry, near Spoonville, ten miles southwest of Arkadelphia. Here several sharp fights occurred, in which the enemy suffered considerable loss and were driven back upon the main body. Greene, on the enemy's left had attacked and driven in with loss his flankers to the main body. On the night of the 1st Steele encamped near Spoonville, having marched only ten miles. Shelby encamped that night near Arkadelphia, Cabell on the Antoine, and Greene was at nightfall about eight miles east of Spoonville. The design of the enemy evidently was to co-operate with the Federal army under Banks, then moving against Shreveport. His shortest route to Shreveport was by way of Washington. The crossing of the Little Missouri river on the military road was a good one. The latest information from my scouts on the 1st (I was then with Greene's column) was that Steele had certainly advanced as far as Spoonville, on the direct Washington road. These facts taken into consideration, I ordered Colonel Greene to leave Lawther's regiment of his brigade on the enemy's left flank, and, marching that night, join Cabell at Cottingham's store, fourteen miles northeast of Washington and, three south of Little Missouri river on the military road. Before daylight on the morning of the 2d, I had joined Cabell at Antoine. At Spoonville

a good road makes off southward from the military road by way of Okalona to Elkin's Ferry, and by roads leading from it to several of the fords and ferries on Little Missouri river. Fearing that Steele might take this road and reach and occupy one of the fords below the military road crossing, on the morning of the 2d April, after leaving Monroe's regiment, Fayth's battalion, and a section of Hughey's battery, all under command of Colonel Monroe of Cabell's brigade, at the Antoine, I withdrew the balance of the regiment to Cottingham's store, where it could either reinforce Monroe when driven back to the river, or resist the occupation by the enemy of any of the fords below the military road.

No change appeared in the direction of the enemy's march on the 2d. His supposed advance came up with Colonel Monroe's force at the Antoine, and was driven back with loss; Monroe, according to instructions, then falling slowly back. At Wolf Creek he again halted and took position; the enemy again advanced, and this time Monroe by his excellent dispositions, the well directed fire of the small arms of his command, and of the section of Hughey's battery, drove him in wild disorder back upon his main body. At 2 o'clock P. M. the march of the enemy was partially developed—he had taken the road leading off by way of Okalona. Simultaneously, almost with this information, the small picket which had been stationed at Elkin's Ferry galloped up to inform me that the enemy had occupied that ford with a "small force." About 4 o'clock Greene arrived, having marched when he heard the firing between Monroe and the enemy in a northwesterly direction to the assistance of Cabell, as he supposed, but finding that the enemy was in strong force, and would in his then position overpower him, retired to Cottingham's store. By this time the enemy had occupied Elkin's Ferry with a strong force, and posted artillery to sweep any line attempting to drive them from it; and his main body was in supporting distance.

In the meanwhile, Shelby encountering the enemy's rear-guard, consisting of a brigade of infantry, regiment of cavalry, and a battery, had with the gallantry and dash, which ever accompany him and his brigade, charged in line of battle mounted—charged and charged again until the sun went down, and driven it to seek safety with the main body now encamped twelve miles from the scene of his first attack. Shelby then encamped. In this day's fight, foremost in the pursuit, fell mortally wounded second Lieutenant Trigg of my escort, who was sent by me to General Shelby with despatches, and having accomplished that duty, and the fight coming on, joined the advance,



and there fought with a valor worthy the emulation of the bravest. Captain Thorpe, of Elliott's battalion, the advance, charged with his company through a regiment of Federal infantry, scattering them to the four winds. He received a severe though not mortal wound in that charge.

Placing a sufficient force at Elkin's Ferry to hold in check any further advance until it could be reinforced, Cabell's and Greene's brigades were camped so as to reach in time any of the fords yet liable to be crossed by the main body of the Federal army. The 3d of April was passed by the enemy in closing up to the river with his main force. His point of crossing was not yet ascertained, and Burbridge's regiment of Greene's brigade, under Lieutenant-Colonel Preston, was thrown forward to make a forced reconnoissance at Elkin's Ferry. Late in the day, after having driven in the advanced posts on the south side of the river with sharp skirmishing, the enemy was discovered in heavy masses. Yet during that day his main body still remained on the north bank. His slow, changeful marches, his seeming indecision were inexplicable, until Shelby's cannon were heard in his rear. On the morning of the 3d, Shelby had again attacked his rear-guard, when finding that it was being heavily reinforced, and closing its flanks around his small force, he withdrew in good order. In these actions General Shelby fought his brigade entirely mounted, and, time and again, the irresistible charge of his line thoroughly demoralized and completely routed the long and serried lines of the enemy's infantry, causing them great loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, while Collins's battery did most effective service, and almost exceeded its usual superlative excellence in the accuracy of the fire and the devoted bravery of the company.

On the 4th, as afterward appeared, Steele commenced crossing his main army. Having concentrated Greene and Cabell in front of the ferry, posted the main portion of Cabell's brigade as a reserve on a naturally strong position at the edge of the bottom, with Greene's brigade, Colonel Greene commanding, one piece of Blocker's battery, under Lieutenant Zimmerman, Monroe's regiment, Colonel S. C. Monroe commanding, and a section of Hughey's battery under Lieutenant Miller, of Cabell's brigade, twelve hundred in all, I advanced and attacked the enemy, to finally determine if he intended to cross his whole force here, and to relieve Shelby. The troops were rapidly formed, and the attack quickly and vigorously made, which resulted in my driving the enemy two miles before he could mass his forces against me. Lieutenant Fackler of my staff was captured in



this affair. From the official reports of the enemy, captured afterwards, it appeared that I fought a greatly superior force, and killed and wounded a great number. I cannot pay too high a tribute to the alacrity, steadiness, and splendid bravery of Greene's brigade and Monroe's regiment, nor compliment the artillery of Lieutenants Zimmerman and Miller more fittingly than in the enemy's own language, who complained that our "artillerists must have measured the ground before the battle." The enemy's design of crossing here was now made fully manifest.

Shelby was enabled to join me on the evening of that day without molestation, and again my whole force was united. No forage being in the vicinity of the ferry, I was compelled to withdraw my main force on the morning of the 5th to the south side of Prairie d' Anne, on the Washington road, about sixteen miles from the ferry. Here I had breastworks of logs and small earthworks thrown up with which to deceive the enemy into the belief that I would here give him battle. This day my outpost, Greene's regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel Campbell, skirmished heavily with him, and again on the 6th. On the 7th the enemy continued to advance slowly, my advance, under Captain Porter, of Burbridge's regiment, skirmishing with him the entire day. General Price now arrived with Dockery and Crawford's brigades and Woods's battalion, and took command. Cabell's brigade was taken from me and placed in Fagan's division. On the 8th the enemy again advanced, driving Captain Porter with my outpost to the northeast edge of the prairie. Greene's brigade was then relieved from outpost duty by troops of Fagan's division.

On the evening of the 9th, the enemy having been reinforced by Thayer's division from Fort Smith, four thousand strong, cavalry, infantry and artillery, marched upon the outposts of our army under General Dockery, drove them in, and was preparing to flank General Shelby's camp when he evacuated it, and being ordered to keep in the enemy's front, threw his force into line of battle across the Elkin's Ferry and Washington and Camden roads, ordered Dockery to protect his flank, and attacked the advancing enemy. The picket fighting soon assumed heavy proportions. The enemy moved up and opened upon Shelby with fifteen pieces of artillery, and continued to advance, but the resistance was as dogged as their advance was overwhelming. The section of Collins's battery, under the immediate command of Captain Collins, with almost unexampled courage, held the artillery column of the enemy at bay, while the brigade swept from flank to flank, by the fierce fire of artillery and small arms, budged

not until the order for retiring came. At nightfall the enemy had advanced but half a mile south of his position in the morning. At midnight I withdrew Shelby. The enemy had now reached the point where the roads from Washington, Camden and Louisville join, looking northward. He wished to move to Camden, but he could not leave a force so near on the Washington road to attack his rear, and he feared to attack the fortified position on the southwest edge of the prairie. Two days he spent, the 10th and 11th, in preparing for battle. On the 12th, with his whole force in line of battle, a glorious sight in the open prairie, he moved upon the works, flanking them on the left, to find them abandoned. The works had served their purpose admirably, deceiving the enemy, and forcing him to waste his time and keep his army starving in a barren country for nearly three days. Greene's brigade was again in action, skirmishing in the enemy's front, and bringing up the rear of our army with its usual cool, desperate courage.

On the night of the 12th my division encamped on Prairie de Rhoan, and for the first time in fourteen nights enjoyed uninterrupted quiet. On the morning of the 13th, at 10 A. M., we were again *en route* to reach the enemy's front and oppose his advance on Camden. At 4 P. M., on the 14th, we were in his front, fourteen miles from Camden, at the junction of the Prairie d' Anne and Camp Bragg and Camden and Washington roads, having marched sixty miles. That evening, night and the next day, were spent in continued fighting. Late on the evening of the 15th, finding that the enemy was determined to reach Camden that night, and that further resistance was unwise and unprofitable, and having sent Captain John C. Moore, my A. A. General to Camden to destroy such government property there as would benefit the enemy, and leaving Colonel Lawther's regiment with orders to contest the enemy's advance, and after being driven from Camden to move out on the Shreveport wire-road and watch the enemy on that approach—I crossed my command from the Prairie d' Anne and Washington road to the Camp Bragg and Camden road, and encamped eight miles from Camden. Colonel Lawther fought the enemy's advance in gallant style to the town, and encamped as directed. That night the enemy occupied Camden.

Such were the operations of my command up to the entrance of Steele's army into Camden. For over three weeks no day passed without hard marching and fighting; few nights in which it had rest. Its rations consisted mainly of jerked beef, with occasionally corn meal. During that time no complaint was ever heard; their courage

was high and confident; their conduct in battle admirable and worthy the highest praise—indeed in and out of battle it was noble. For the last six days we were assisted by other troops; during the remainder of the time we were opposed alone to the enemy, and General Steele's army of 13,000 men consumed twelve days in marching about as many miles.

The enemy was now encamped in and around Camden. On the 16th Shelby's brigade was ordered to Miller's Bluff to watch the river, and I then had only Greene's brigade of about 500 effective men with me. On the 16th Greene drove in the enemy's pickets on the Prairie d'Anne road. They were driven in on the 17th on various roads by portions of that brigade. On the morning of the 17th Colonel Greene's scouts informed me that a large train, two hundred and twenty-five wagons, with a guard of three regiments, two of infantry and one of cavalry, and two pieces of artillery, had moved out on the Prairie d'Anne road from Camden. I wrote to General Fagan for assistance, as I had only five hundred men. He sent me immediately Cabell's and Crawford's brigades. That night I marched to attack this train, but was met with information that the guard had been reinforced by two regiments of infantry and two pieces of artillery, making their force now 2,500 and four pieces of artillery. With the reinforcement of Cabell and Crawford my force was but 1,500, and as I was certain the train could not return until next morning, I wrote to General Fagan for more assistance, and requested him to send my letter to General Price for his approval. The plan was for Greene, Cabell and Crawford to intersect the road ten miles from Camden, for the other troops to enter the road at Poison Springs, fifteen miles from Camden, at 8 o'clock next morning. This plan was agreed upon. With Greene's, Cabell's and Crawford's brigades I marched early, and about 10 o'clock met the enemy's advanced pickets at Poison Springs, drove it back with my escort and staff, and occupied an advantageous position on the brow of a hill, deployed my escort as skirmishers on the slope, and held the enemy in check until Cabell and Crawford came up, dismounted and deployed in front of the enemy. Greene was held in reserve dismounted. At this time General Maxey's troops, chiefly Indians, and Wood's battalion arrived. General Maxey being my senior in rank, I reported to him, asking his plan of battle and stating how I had disposed my troops. He answered that as I had planned the whole movement I should take charge and make the fight. This I did, requesting him to post his command at right angles with my line, enfilading the



enemy's line in my front, and to open the fight. My purpose was to cause them to "change front" toward Maxey, and while they were executing this movement, to attack their flank with the main line. Wood's battalion was dismounted by my order and posted on my extreme right; both flanks were guarded by cavalry. Maxey's troops attacked and drew the enemy's attention and front towards him. Cabell's and Crawford's brigades, under General Cabell, advanced cheering and were driving the enemy when Greene's brigade rushed to the charge, and the enemy was soon broken and their retreat shortly became a rout. After driving then two miles I ordered Wood's battalion to mount and move rapidly to the front in pursuit of the enemy. General Maxey, who from this time assumed command, countermanded this order and put Wood to work at the train to assist in getting off the wagons. At this juncture I received an order from General Maxey to withdraw the whole force from the pursuit. Federal loss in this engagement from 400 to 600 left dead on the field, about 100 wounded, and 120 prisoners. Four pieces of artillery, 195 wagons—six mules each—and many hundred small arms were brought off, and thirty wagons were burned. I cannot but think that at least 1,000 prisoners would have been added to the list had the pursuit been continued. Cabell, inimitable almost in personal gallantry, led his command and first broke the enemy's columns, and assisted by Greene, who brought up his line under a heavy fire as steadily as on parade, crushed the enemy, who turned and fled in total confusion. On the evening of the 18th we were again in camp. Cabell's and Crawford's brigades reported back to General Fagan, and with Greene's brigade I marched on the 19th, to the Wire Road, twelve miles from Camden. At the same time General Shelby's brigade was detached temporarily from my command and ordered to General Fagan for duty. From the 20th to the 26th inclusive, my command was encamped, picketing to the front, and had various small but successful encounters with the enemy. On the 26th I was ordered to report direct to General Smith. On the 27th, the evacuation of Camden by General Steele having been discovered, my command marched to Whitehall on the Ouachita river, where Wood's battalion was ordered to report to me, swam the river, came up with the retreating enemy, and fought him until General Smith arrived with the infantry, and the battle of Jenkins's Ferry was fought, in which engagement the brigade was commanded by Colonel Greene.

During this long and arduous campaign, fought as most of it was under my own eye, I take pleasure in speaking of the officer-like con-



duct and the many acts of splendid bravery of my officers and men. To speak of the quick perception and reckless boldness of Shelby, the cool and chivalrous bearing of Cabell, or the perseverance, thoughtfulness, and steady courage of Greene, is telling an oft-told tale. The list is too long to narrate, but, I say it with pride, of all the officers and men in my division, not one have I seen or heard of who shrank from the performance of any duty, however dangerous.

In conclusion, I desire to express my happiness at the conduct of the whole division, and my belief that posterity will do them the honor they so well deserve. At present I cannot give my losses in killed, wounded and missing, as several of the commands which were under me are temporarily or permanently absent; but I am of opinion that my loss compared with that of the enemy is as *one to twenty*.

JOHN S. MARMADUKE,  
*Major-General Commanding.*

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**Recollections of Libby Prison.**

BY REV. J. L. BURROWS, D. D.

[*Read before the Louisville Southern Historical Association.*]

The Libby prison was a large brick tobacco factory, three stories high, owned and used by the manufacturer whose name it bears. It was opened by the Confederate authorities as a hotel for the reception of Federal troops, who persisted in marching "on to Richmond," after the first battle of Manassas, and who, instead of being required wearily to tramp into the capital of the "Old Dominion," were generously allowed to make the journey in railway cars.

The first installment of Federal troops, gathered from the panic-stricken field of Manassas (or Bull Run), about 1,000 in number, rather reluctantly filed into its chambers within a week after the 21st of July, 1861. Some four hundred others, wounded, were elsewhere provided for in extemporized hospitals. The accommodations furnished these gentlemen were not equal to those ordinarily found in a first-class hotel. They had not been expected in such numbers, and due preparation had not been made for their reception. There was not a Confederate official in the land who had any experience in taking care of prisoners of war. They were therefore necessarily subjected to many inconveniences and privations, which a suddenly improvised commissariat and superintending staff could not at once remedy.

They slept upon the floor on their blankets, if they had been thoughtful enough to bring any, and ate their rations from their fingers, or spread them out on boxes or barrel-heads. Knives, forks and spoons were not abundantly supplied. But all this was better than sleeping on the bare ground without blankets and masticating scant and course rations while on the march, as multitudes of soldiers in both armies were often compelled to do.

Something like order, however, was soon arranged, and the prisoners, by orders of the Confederate authorities, were as well fed and better sheltered than the soldiers of the Confederate armies in the field.

Prisons are always uncomfortable places for subjective, if not for objective, reasons. I never have happened to meet one from either side who, while prisoner of war, was satisfied with his accommodations or victuals. It is not in human nature to be contented under physical restraints, and it is among the privileges and luxuries of prisoners to grumble; and he is a hard-hearted jailer who will attempt to deprive them of these alleviations. Feather-beds are hard and tenderloin steaks are tough behind iron gratings, and the kindest and most liberal commissary never satisfied prisoners. No external conditions can soothe the spirit's chafings; and as these men did not have soft couches, nor juicy roasts, they had a right to croak, and they exercised it.

Among those earliest introduced into Libby prison was Congressman Ely, of Rochester, N. Y., who, with other civilians, had taken a holiday excursion in carriages to witness a battle and congratulate the Federal victors. He amused himself by writing a diary of his observations and experiences, which he afterwards published in a volume ill-natured enough to be amusing, and in which so humble a personage as myself was singled out for special censure. All that I am conscious of having done to deserve this honorable mention, was, in a good-humored way, to reply to arguments urged to convince me that the Southern States had no right to secede, and that the United States Government was justifiable in sending armies to suppress the insurrection. Of course the prisoners having little else to do, were fond of talking, and so I imagined that I was gratifying them by responding and improvising a cheerful debate to help them while away the time which hung so heavily on their hands. I sometimes ventured to keep the ball rolling in a spirit of pure benevolence, perhaps just tinctured with a grain or two of impure reconciliation with their lot. If I ever uttered an ill-natured or abusive or churlish word to a prisoner

I would sorrowfully repent of it if I could only remember it. It may be that occasionally I did not sufficiently allow for the irritable sensitiveness of men whose anticipations had been so suddenly and disastrously checked. The sensitiveness put its own somber interpretation upon words which were never meant to offend. For example, one of the chaplains, a clergyman of my own faith, asked me if I could lend him a volume of Hamilton's *Logic*. The next day I carried it to him, and presented it to him with the remark that it required brains to master Hamilton's *Philosophy*. He published afterward in a northern paper that Dr. B. had insulted him by intimating that he (the chaplain) had not brains enough to comprehend Hamilton's *Philosophy*. He did not tell his readers, however, that he had accepted the volume, though tendered with so rude an insult. It was simply an irascible interpretation of what, in another mood, he would have accepted as a compliment.

Among the Manassas prisoners were ten field officers. One of these was the notorious Michael Corcoran, Colonel of the Sixty-ninth New York regiment. He had been, as far as his known biography reports, proprietor of a drinking saloon in the Bowery of New York city, and was quite prominent among the political manipulators of the Tweed school. He aided in enlisting a regiment of New York roughs, of which he was elected Colonel. He led his regiment to the field of Manassas, and thence led or followed many of his boys in a forced march "on to Richmond." Walking through the prison one day, in company with a gentlemanly Federal officer, he asked me if I would be introduced to Colonel Corcoran. "Where is he?" I asked. He pointed out a rough, coarse-looking man in his shirt sleeves, sitting in a corner, with a crowd of cronies around him playing cards on the head of a barrel, accompanying the shuffle of the cards with boisterous oaths and coarse jests. "Excuse me," I said, "I will not interrupt the gentlemen in their sports." I never was introduced to him, and never, that I can call to memory, interchanged a word with him.

Soon after the war I visited some of my kinfolds in Albany, New York, and from some of my old friends met a rather cool reception. I soon found out that the reason for the cold shoulder was a communication to an interviewer, made by the redoubtable Colonel, and published in one of the daily papers, setting forth, among other instances of his sagacity and valor, that an impertinent minister, named Burrows, had preached a discourse in Libby prison, in which he fiercely abused the prisoners for invading the sacred soil of Virginia, and intimating



that they all ought to have been shot on the field instead of being allowed to occupy such luxurious quarters. This assault, according to his own showing, so aroused the ire of the doughty Colonel, that, regardless of consequences, he sprang to his feet, leaped to the pulpit, shook his fist in the preacher's face, and declared his instant determination, if such insult were repeated, to kick the parson down stairs at the risk of his life. Of course he thus announced himself as a slashing fire-eater, to be admired and worshipped as an intrepid hero by the credulous interviewer and some of his readers.

It seemed a pity to spoil a fiction so sensational and narrated "with circumstance," but a card published in the papers, over my own signature, set the matter right with the good people of Albany, by assuring them that I had never preached in Libby prison on any subject while Colonel Corcoran was there; that I had never spoken to him nor he to me on any subject, and that the whole statement was a vapoing canard woven out of the spider-web stuff of a braggart's flimsy brain. The close of Colonel Corcoran's life, as I have learned, was characteristic. In December 1863, having meanwhile been exchanged and having joined his regiment, while drunk he mounted a spirited horse near Fairfax Courthouse, and spurring and curbing the steed into madness, he was violently thrown from his back and had his neck broken.

The prisoners very naturally, like Sterne's starling, wanted to get out, and occasionally some would escape by digging tunnels, evading guards, bribing sentinels, scaling the roof and other ingenious devices. They were very anxious to fix up a schedule for exchanges, and wrote piteous appeals to officials at Washington and to friends everywhere to induce the Federal Government to consent to a system of exchanges. But to exchange prisoners would be to recognize belligerent rights to the Confederacy, and that the United States Government seemed very unwilling at that time to do. I need not enter into the particulars of that controversy. It has been proven with the clearness of demonstration, that the Confederate authorities were willing and anxious to exchange man for man, officer for officer, at every period during the whole war, and sometimes when a large balance of prisoners was upon their side, to let all go, upon the usual parole not to serve until regularly exchanged. The obstacles to exchanges were uniformly created by the United States authorities. The prisoners of Libby soon came to understand this, and while some dolefully declared themselves willing to suffer if their Government thought best, the multitude muttered curses both loud and deep against the



officials who prevented their liberation. They claimed that they were kept prisoners by their own Government. The controversy was forced to a crisis by the action of the Federal authorities in relation to captured privateersmen. During the summer of 1861, the privateers fitted out by authority of the Confederate Government became quite troublesome by interfering with the commerce of the United States. A number of merchantmen were taken and sent into confederate or neutral ports or destroyed. In anticipation of such a mode of carrying on the war, President Lincoln on April 18, 1861, had issued a proclamation declaring that all persons taken on privateers that had molested a vessel of the United States should "be held amenable to the laws of the United States for the prevention and punishment of piracy."

The schooner *Savannah*, formerly a United States pilot boat, on a cruise from Charleston harbor, was captured by the United States brig *Perry*, and Captain Baker and fourteen of the crew were sent in irons to New York to be tried as pirates. It was proposed to hang them. Great commotion was excited in Libby prison on the 9th of November, 1861, by an order to General Winder to select thirteen of the Federal officers of highest rank, and confine them in cells, to be dealt with in the same manner as the crew of the *Savannah* should be. The name of Colonel Corcoran was the first drawn out of the urn, to be held as a hostage for Captain Smith, of the privateer *Jefferson Davis*, who had been condemned to be hung in Philadelphia. Colonel Corcoran was given to understand that he would be hung on the day after authentic information was received that Captain Smith had been put to death. Thirteen others, drawn by lot, were placed in close confinement to await the issue of the hanging of the crew of the *Savannah*. They were as finally settled—Captains Ricketts and McQuade, who had drawn fatal numbers, on account of their wounds being substituted by others—Colonels Lee, Cogswell, Wilcox, Woodruff and Woods; Lieutenant-Colonels Bowman and Neff; Majors Potter, Revere and Vogdes; Captains Rockwood, Bowman and Keffer. None of the privateers were executed, and the hostages were subsequently released and exchanged.

An interesting episode took place in relation to Colonel E. Raymond Lee, of Boston, in connection with these transactions. A few days before he had been designated, at the request of the prisoners, to go North on parole to procure clothing, blankets, etc., for their use during the approaching winter. The papers had been prepared, and he expected to leave on his humane errand the next morning. But

on that ominous morning the order for the lot selection came. Colonel Lee was one of the hostages. General Winder, a West Point classmate and personal friend of Colonel Lee, with a sad heart entered the prison and said to him :

"Colonel, everything is changed. I come to tell you that I am ordered to place you and thirteen other officers of highest rank in close confinement as hostages for an equal number of so-called pirates. I am sorry to say, Colonel, that if these men hang so must you."

Colonel Lee met the disappointment like a brave man, simply saying : "I left home thinking it possible that I might die on a battlefield ; but if my country thinks that I can serve best by dying at the hangman's hands, I can meet even that death without a shudder." The stringent measure checked the thirst for the "pirates'" blood, and the hostages, a few weeks later, were released and exchanged. As Colonel Lee was leaving Captain Warner—the humane and efficient commissary of the prison—who had won the confidence and esteem of the prisoners by his assiduous and kindly endeavors to promote their comfort—intrusted to Colonel Lee \$80 in specie, to be transmitted to his (Captain Warner's) wife, then living in Central City, Illinois. He learned by letters through the lines that his wife had not received the money. After the war the Captain, being in Boston, called on Colonel Lee, was received with great kindness and hospitality. He accompanied the Captain to a Boston bank, and drew out the identical leathern purse with its inclosure of \$78 in gold, and four silver half dollars, explaining that by a mistake in memoranda it had been forwarded to Central City, Ohio, instead of Illinois, whence it had been returned by express to the Colonel, and deposited in bank awaiting the owner's claim.

Many interesting incidents connected with my visits to the prisoners occur to me while writing. I remember a handsome boy, about sixteen years old, brought in wounded from Ball's Bluff, I think. His leg had been amputated above the knee. To my inquiries he answered, "I ran away from Rochester, N. Y., to get into the army. I had a happy home ; was a Sunday-school boy, and always went to church, and only to think I have lost my leg, and may be I'll die and never get home again." He was among the first exchanged.

Another poor boy I call to mind too weak to talk much, and yet who did talk a little and hopefully, had both arms and both legs amputated. In a few days death ended his sufferings.

Something like yellow fever for a few weeks was endemic among

the prisoners, and among our own troops too. The city Alms-house, a splendid building by the way, was appropriated as a hospital for these cases. Sitting one day by the cot of a New York soldier, upon whose brow death had stamped his seal, I kneeled to pray for his departing soul, when a gush of black vomit struck me full in the face and breast, and the prayer was interrupted by the poor fellow's apologies and assurances that he could not help it. I wiped his face more tenderly than I did my own and held his hand for half an hour later, when his spirit passed away.

A prisoner for a few weeks who excited considerable interest and amusement was Miss Dr. Mary Walker. She had a room to herself in Castle Thunder, and sometimes was permitted to stroll into the streets, where her display of Bloomer costume, blouse, trowsers and boots secured her a following of astonished and admiring boys. She was quite chatty, and seemed rather to enjoy the notoriety of her position. She claimed to be a surgeon in the Federal army, and, I believe, had some sort of commission, or permission perhaps as hospital nurse to travel with the army.

Captain Gibbs, commandant of Castle Thunder, had generally at his heels "the monstrous savage Russian bloodhound" as he was very unjustly stigmatized by the Federal soldiers who took him prisoner at the evacuation and who turned some profitable pennies by exhibiting him in New York and New England as a specimen of the cruel devices of Southern officials to worry and torture prisoners.

There was absolutely nothing formidable about the dog but his size, which was immense. He was one of the best-natured hounds whose head I ever patted, and one of the most cowardly. If a fise or a black-and-tan terrier barked at him as he stood majestic in the office-door, he would tuck his tail between his legs and skulk for a safer place. I never heard that he bit anything but the bones that were thrown him, and he was quite a playfellow with the prisoners when permitted to stalk among them.

In 1863—my memoranda are lost—I was sent for to visit a prisoner in solitary confinement named Webster, who was about to be tried by court-martial as a spy. He was quite reticent as to his antecedents until after the trial, which resulted in a death sentence. Then he talked with me quite freely about his career. He had been recognized by some of the guards as having been an enlisted Confederate soldier at Island No. 10, on the Mississippi river, which had been captured in April, 1862. He acknowledged, what had clearly been proven on the trial, that he had enlisted in a Confederate regiment for the purpose of examining and reporting the state of the defences on Island No.



10. He had secretly made full drawings of the fortifications and forwarded them, or by escaping carried them to the Federal leaders. He was a well-educated, athletic, handsome young man, and was said to have been a nephew or relative of John Brown. On the morning appointed for his execution I visited him early, and, after conversing and praying with him, proposed to introduce one of the United States chaplains, of whom several were then in Libby prison, to be with him in his last hours. I obtained permission and authority from General Winder and brought to his cell one of those chaplains. I remained in the hall to bid him farewell, and when I took his hand he said to me: "You have been very kind to me, and I thank you for it. I have only one more request to make of any man on earth, and that is that you will go with me, pray for me at the scaffold, and stay with me to the last." I was surprised and very reluctant to witness a scene so horrible, but of course could not refuse the wish of a dying man. The Federal chaplain was returned to his quarters, and I rode with him in a carriage to the Fair-Grounds, the place of execution. He talked with me quite calmly, charged me with some messages to his family, begged me to accept a ring which he took from his finger; said he did not feel as though he was to be executed for any mean or disgraceful crime; that he was trying to serve his country at the suggestion of his officers, and knew well the danger to which he had exposed himself, and was prepared to meet it. He was as brave a man as I ever met, and with perfect self-possession mounted the scaffold, and, glancing at the rope and the distance to the ground, quietly said to the marshal, who was fastening the cord to the cross-beam: "Please make the fall longer!" I trembled more than he did, and so did many brave hearts among his guards when the drop fell.

These are a few of the memories photographed upon my brain in connection with my experiences in Libby Prison which will obtrude themselves, unwelcome as nightmare visions, in some of my brooding hours.

And now fresh from Thanksgiving festivities, can we not all join hearts in the poet's benignant invocation:

"Blow, bugles of battle, the marches of peace;  
East, West, North and South let the long quarrel cease;  
Sing the song of great joy that the angels began;  
Sing of glory to God and of good will to man!  
Hark! joining in chorus,  
The heavens bend o'er us!  
The dark night is ending and dawn has begun."



[After concluding his paper Dr. Burrows stated that a clipping from a newspaper had been sent to him after he had prepared his paper, giving an incident of considerable interest, which he desired to read to the meeting, and on being informed by the President that the meeting would be pleased to hear it, he read the following extract from a letter written by M. Quad in the *Detroit Free Press* of a recent date]:

“One of the occupants of the Castle, in the winter of 1864-5, was a Federal named James Hancock, claiming to be a scout attached to Grant's army. He was captured under circumstances which seemed to prove him a spy, and while waiting for his case to be investigated he was sent to Castle Thunder. Hancock was a jolly, rollicking fellow, having wonderful facial expression and great powers of mimicry. One evening, while singing a song for the amusement of his fellow-prisoners, he suddenly stopped, threw up his hands, staggered, and fell like a bag of sand to the floor. There was great confusion at once, and as some of the men inspected the body and pronounced it without life, the guards were notified of what had occurred. The post surgeon was called in to see whether it was a faint or a case of sudden death. He had just come in from a long, cold ride, and his examination was a hasty one.

“‘Dead as a door-nail!’ he said, as he rose up, and in the course of twenty minutes the body was deposited in a wagon and started for the hospital, to be there laid in a cheap coffin and forwarded to the burying place. When the driver reached the end of the journey he was gone! There was no tail-board to his vehicle, and thinking he might have jolted the body out on the way, he drove back and made inquiry of several persons if they had seen a lost corpse anywhere.

“Hancock's ‘sudden death’ was a part of his plan to escape. While he had great nerve and an iron will, he could not have passed the surgeon under favorable circumstances. On the way to the hospital he dropped out of the wagon and joined the pedestrians on the walk. When the driver returned to the Castle, and told his story, a detail of men was at once sent out to capture the tricky prisoner, and the alarm was given all over Richmond. To leave the city was to be picked up by a patrol; to remain was to be hunted down.

“Hancock had money sewed in the lining of his vest, and he walked straight to the best hotel, registered himself as from Georgia, and put in a good night's sleep. In the morning he procured a change of clothing, and sauntered around with the greatest unconcern, carrying the idea to some that he was in Richmond on a Gov-

ernment contract, and to others that he was in the secret service of the Confederacy. Shortly after dinner he was arrested on Main street by a squad of provost troops, who had his description to a dot. But, lo! no sooner had they put hands on him than the prisoner was seen to be cross-eyed, and to have his mouth drawn to one side. The men were bewildered, and Hancock was feeling 'for letters to prove his identity,' when the hotel clerk happened to pass, and at once secured his liberty.

"Four days after his escape from the Castle the scout found himself without funds, and while in the corridor of the post-office he was again arrested. This time he drew his mouth to the right, brought a squint to his left eye and pretended to be very deaf. He was, however, taken to the Castle, and there a wonderful thing occurred. Guards who knew Hancock's face perfectly well, were so confused by his squint that no man dared give a certain answer. Prisoners who had been with him for four months were equally at fault, and it was finally decided to lock him up and investigate his references. For seven long days the scout kept his squint, and then he got tired of it and resumed his accustomed phiz. The minute he did this he was recognized by everybody, and the Confederates admired his nerve and perseverance fully as much as did his fellow-prisoners. The close of the war gave him his liberty with the rest, but ten days longer would have seen him shot as a spy."

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**Reminiscences of Floyd's Operations in West Virginia in 1861.**

*By DR. THOMAS J. RIDDLE, Private in the Goochland Artillery.*

As drops compose the mighty ocean, so the aggregation of isolated facts make up correct history for future research. This must be my apology for presenting this paper to public notice. Though a youth of sixteen summers, when the tocsin of war sounded I entered the service of my native State, Virginia. On the 25th of August, 1861, my company, Guy's battery, consisting of upwards of one hundred men and four pieces of artillery, were ordered to join General J. B. Floyd's command in Southwest Virginia as soon as practicable. We took the Central cars (now the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway), and were conveyed to its terminus at Jackson river by the next evening. Here we encamped that night. The next morning we commenced our line of march by Covington, the White Sulphur Springs, Lewis-

burg, Meadow Bluff, and across the Big Sewel Mountain, thence to Carnifax Ferry, where we joined General Floyd's brigade, about the 8th of September, just a few days before the *Battle of Carnifax Ferry*. General Floyd anticipated an engagement with the enemy at an early day. Consequently he wanted reinforcements as soon as possible, and we lost no time in reaching his command.

As my company had never had the privilege of participating in battle, they were enthusiastic and very eager for the conflict. Upon forming Floyd's brigade, our battery was at once placed in position, and temporary breastworks erected, which occupied a prominent place, commanding an open field for about a mile direct, and half mile probably in width, with woods on both our right and left flanks. To make an attack upon us, the enemy had to come directly through this open field. In a day or two, however, September 10th, about 2½ P. M., our videts were driven in hurriedly, and the enemy at once made his appearance in full force. My company had now prepared for action in reality, ready to give the enemy a warm reception. It is proper to state just here, that Floyd's command did not exceed nineteen hundred available men. It consisted of Guy's battery, four pieces, Jackson's battery, two pieces, all six-pounders, a few cavalry companies, and the remainder of infantry.

The enemy came bravely forward, and the battle raged furiously from 2½ o'clock, P. M., until darkness caused a cessation of hostilities, which was, doubtless, agreeable and acceptable to both parties.

The enemy fought with undaunted courage and bravery, making successive charges on our works.

In the engagement Colonel Lytle (afterwards a Major-General), who commanded an Ohio regiment, led the first charges. (He was killed subsequently in the battle, I think, of Chickamauga, Tenn.) This brave officer was seriously wounded while leading a charge on us. His fine black stud came over our works with part of the Colonel's equipments, with a mortal wound in his chest, which rendered him worthless. During the battle, General Floyd, who was just in the rear of my battery, received a slight flesh wound in one of his arms.

The enemy's loss in this engagement was considered heavy. In the charges on our battery their loss must necessarily have been great. Double the quantity of grape and canister were thrown into their ranks with fearful results—avenues were made through their ranks at times, yet they for awhile continued to close ranks, and forward, to meet shell and shot, until, doubtless, they were convinced that it was a useless sacrifice of life to persist in the assault.



In this battle our loss was comparatively small, which was due, in a great measure, to our respective positions on the field, our position being the most advantageous one of the two. While we had the advantage in position, yet we labored under the disadvantage in numbers. It was estimated that the enemy had upwards of five thousand men on the field under General Rosecrans, while our command did not exceed nineteen hundred men, as above stated. That night, after the battle was over, about 12 o'clock, owing to our small force, and the reported reinforcements of the enemy, General Floyd very wisely ordered a retreat as quietly as possible. Many of us were asleep behind our breastworks when the evacuation was ordered, broken down from fatigue and excitement, and nothing disturbed our slumber save the groans of the wounded, not far from our fortifications, until an officer of the guard awoke us, saying that we had orders to evacuate our position as soon as possible. Orders were obeyed accordingly as with as little difficulty as could be expected under the circumstances.

Fortunately for us a bridge had just been completed across Gauley river that evening, upon which we passed over successfully to the opposite side. Carnifax Ferry is about one and a half miles from the battle ground, and to reach that point a very rugged and rough road has to be traveled (and especially in the dark as we did), winding as it does on the mountain, and should you go too far to the right or left as it might be, you would in all probability be precipitated hundreds of feet.

The retreat was considered one of the most remarkable of the war; in coming down this dangerous road to the ferry that dark night, we only lost one caison, besides a good deal of baggage, which went over a precipice. It was conceded by the command that had it not been for "Guy's" battery, Floyd's brigade would have been captured at the battle of Carnifax Ferry; and General Floyd recognized this fact, and expressed himself as grateful to us for his brigade's successful escape on that memorable occasion.

On the next morning just about sunrise the enemy commenced shelling our breastworks actively—not knowing we had abandoned our position about twelve o'clock that night, and that we were several miles on the other side of the river. After cannonading for several hours, and receiving no response, the works were at once taken possession of, although they did not pursue us further than the river. After marching several miles, we met General H. A. Wise's Legion, on their way to reinforce General Floyd's command. So



quietly and expeditiously was this retreat conducted that General Wise's command did not seem to know anything about it until that morning. Both commands now took up a line of march for "Dogwood Gap," not many miles distant—we arrived at this place the next day. After remaining here two days, about twelve o'clock at night, the long roll sounded, and we were ordered to strike tents at once, and prepare to fall back, as it was reported that General Cox, with a large force, was rapidly advancing upon us; we lost no time in executing these orders, and were soon on the march. Floyd's command fell back to "Meadow Bluff," which consumed several days. Here we encamped for about two weeks. General Wise's brigade fell back to Little Sewel Mountain—the General fortified his position, and said that he "would remain there until that hot place froze over." In a short while General Rosencrans, with his command of Federal troops came up and took their position, on Big Sewel Mountain, only a few miles from General Wise's position, all in sight.

About the 1st of October, General Floyd was ordered to reinforce General Wise at Little Sewel. These orders were executed in a few days. My command encamped at the eastern base of Little Sewel in anticipation daily of an engagement with the enemy. We remained here nearly two weeks. On a bright October morning, while walking down the mountain slope, I met a Confederate officer, who attracted my attention very much by his personal appearance. He was a noble looking soldier, had the eye of an eagle; he was riding a fine gray steed, and there was something about this officer that challenged my admiration and esteem. He rode up and spoke to me, and asked me where was General Wise's brigade. I informed him; he thanked me and rode in the direction I had given him. Upon meeting one of my officers I asked who was that noble looking officer just passed our camp; he replied that it was General Robert E. Lee, who at that time was little known to the Confederacy, but was destined to become one of the greatest captains the world ever saw, and whose name will ever live upon the brightest page of the historian. After remaining at Little Sewell mountain upwards of two weeks, General Lee made preparations to attack General Rosecrans; contrary, doubtless, to General Lee's expectations, on the morning the attack was to be made, General Rosecrans had very quietly evacuated Big Sewell, and only left a few broken down horses and wagons, and a few tents pitched to make it appear that he still occupied his position. This was considered a very ingenious piece of strategy, as General Lee was much disappointed when he found

that General Rosecrans had so quietly and adroitly eluded him on the previous night.

In a day or two after this occurrence General Floyd's command was ordered to Cotton Mountain, probably a hundred miles distant. Floyd's command was now reinforced, and consisted of the following troops: Twenty-first Virginia regiment, Thirty-sixth Virginia regiment, Forty-fifth Virginia regiment, Fiftieth Virginia regiment, and Fifty-first Virginia regiment; the Thirteenth Georgia, Georgia battalion of cavalry, Twentieth Mississippi regiment, a company of Louisiana sharpshooters, Captain John H. Guy's artillery company, and Captains Jackson's and Adams's batteries, and a few cavalry companies. From Little Sewell to Cotton Mountain we had to march through a very rugged section of country, and were compelled to take a very circuitous route in order to reach this place. It was with great difficulty that we succeeded in conveying our cannon up and over some of the mountains we had to cross. Our horses being in such a weakened condition, we had to hitch twelve to one piece of cannon and put our shoulders to the wheels. However, we reached Cotton Mountain after no little trouble, and went into camp near its southern base.

A few days after remaining here it was reported that the enemy would attempt to cross New river on a certain morning. Two pieces of artillery from my battery were placed in position on a road leading from the ferry, about two hundred yards distant; but the enemy did not attempt to cross; their pickets fired into us, though did no damage. In a day or two General Floyd ordered a piece of cannon from my battery to be placed upon the summit of Cotton Mountain and to shell the enemy on the opposite side of the river, as he could be seen distinctly in the vicinity of Colonel Tompkins's residence. It was with great difficulty that we succeeded in conveying the cannon on the top of this mountain, which was accomplished by means of ropes, bushes, &c.

After placing our piece in position, we opened fire on the enemy, and a response was soon received. An artillery duel was kept up ten days, with little damage to either side, the distance was too great to do much execution, though the enemy was very much interfered with in consequence of transporting supplies down the river at times, when we would give them a few shells from above.

My command remained in this section of country nearly three weeks, the latter part of which time we had cold, rainy weather, being without tents, and nearly out of rations, save raw beef, and

flour without salt to season, and only an improvised piece of board to prepare these supplies on for our palates. The Confederacy was not destitute of provisions at this time, but my command was upwards of one hundred miles from any depot, the nearest was Dublin, Va., and the roads were almost impassable; consequently transportation was well nigh impossible—I mean a sufficient supply for three or four thousand men. Our troops suffered a great deal from sickness, which was due to inadequate diet and exposure. General Floyd, under these unpropitious circumstances, was necessarily compelled to fall back where supplies were more accessible, though possibly he left sooner than he had anticipated, owing to an authentic report that a large force of Federal troops were attempting to cut him off and surround him; this was about the middle of November. We began to fall back as rapidly as possible, leaving one evening and marching some ten or twelve miles before stopping.

After passing a mile beyond Nicholas Courthouse we went into camp. . This was about 12 o'clock at night. At 4 o'clock the next morning we resumed our march, and made fifteen or twenty miles that day, and encamped about one mile this side of McCoy's Mill in an open field. It is believed that if General Floyd's command had been an hour later in leaving camp near Nicholas Courthouse his forces would have been cut off, as the enemy, in full force, soon came in the vicinity of the Courthouse just after Floyd left. It was said that the General commanding the Federal forces was much surprised and disappointed in not capturing Floyd and his command, and was astonished at the successful retreat of his enemy.

We were pursued by the Federals slowly; and on leaving our camp near McCoy's Mill on the morning of the third day the enemy arrived within a short distance of us, and opened fire on us with artillery. This was very unexpected by most of us. However, we at once placed a piece of cannon in position and returned the fire. There was considerable excitement and confusion at this particular time. Colonel Chrowe, of the Georgia Battalion of Cavalry, had an engagement with the enemy near McCoy's Mill, in a skirt of woods. In this fight the Colonel was killed. This little skirmish only lasted an hour or two, resulting in very small loss on either side.

General Floyd continued his march to Raleigh Courthouse, which consumed some two or three days. It was raining the whole time, and the roads were in a terrible condition. The command suffered severely. A few horses and wagons were lost on the retreat, as it

was impossible to bring them with us. Of course they were so disabled to render them useless to any one.

The enemy followed us a short distance from McCoy's Mill. Floyd continued to fall back several miles the other side of Raleigh Courthouse, just beyond a considerable creek which rose in winter to a great extent. Here we rested a few days, then resumed our line of march to Peterstown, not far from the Gray Sulphur Springs, at which place we expected to go into winter-quarters and recuperate for the spring campaign. We at once begun to erect our quarters, though in a few days orders came for the command to go to Dublin, Pulaski county, Va. The men were much elated on receiving such welcome tidings. They certainly had been for several months in the most rugged and seemingly forsaken section of country that I ever saw.

We had suffered both for food and raiment; the latter part of November was very bad on us, it rained, snowed and froze the most of the time.

About the 5th of December, 1861, my command proceeded to Dublin depot, and reached our destination on the 9th inst. In a short while, however, orders were received for General Floyd and his brigade to report to General Albert Sidney Johnston, whose command was then in the vicinity of Bowling Green, Ky.

On the 26th day of December, my company of artillery left on the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, *en route* for General Johnston's army.

Thus ends a brief history of my experience in the campaign of 1861, in Southwestern Virginia, under General Jno. B. Floyd's command.

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#### Confederate Artillery Service.

*By GEN. E. P. ALEXANDER, late Chief of Artillery of Longstreet's Corps.*

[The following interesting and valuable paper was written in 1866 as an appendix to a proposed history of Longstreet's corps by its able and accomplished Chief of Artillery.]

As the Confederate artillery labored throughout the war under disadvantages which have scarcely been known outside of its own ranks, and which can hardly be fully appreciated except by those who have served with that arm, I have thought it better to give in this form a connected account of the difficulties encountered, and the gradual improvements made in this branch of the service.



The drawbacks upon its efficiency at the beginning of the war were very serious, and came both from its organization and from its equipment. The faults of its organization were recognized, and gradually overcome, within eighteen months. The deficiencies of equipment, the result of causes many of which were beyond control, continued with but partial mitigation to the end of the war. The batteries were generally composed of but four guns, which is not an economical arrangement; but as no objection was made to it, either at army headquarters or at the War Department, and as the scarcity both of horses and ordnance equipment made it difficult to get, and more so to maintain a six-gun battery, it resulted in that few six-gun batteries were put in the field, and nearly every one of these was eventually reduced to four guns.

During the first year of the war each brigade of infantry had a battery attached, which was under the orders of the brigade-commander; while the remaining batteries with the army were organized into one or more regiments, or battalions, under the command of the Chief of Artillery on the staff of the Commanding General.

The infantry at this period was organized in divisions, the commanding officer of which each had, or was supposed to have, on his staff a Chief of Artillery, who was to exercise a general supervision over the brigade-batteries of the division.

This organization was very inefficient, for the following reasons. The brigade-batteries depended for their rations, forage, and all supplies, upon the brigade-staff, and received from brigade-headquarters all orders, and thus acquired an independence of the division Chief of Artillery, which was often fostered by the Brigadier-Generals resenting any interference with parts of their commands by junior officers, and took from the Chiefs of Artillery the feeling of entire responsibility which every officer should feel for the condition and action of his command. In action the Brigadier could not give proper supervision both to his infantry and artillery; and the Chief of Artillery with the best intentions could himself manage the batteries but inefficiently, as they were so scattered in position along the line of battle. Now it is well known that, for artillery to produce its legitimate effects, its fire should be concentrated; and it is plain that under the above organization there could be but little concentration of batteries, except by bringing in the general reserve, which was commanded by the Chief of Artillery of the army. This body, however, not being in intimate relations with the infantry, who always develop the situation, and being invariably put on the march

either behind the infantry commands or on some road to itself, was never promptly available on an emergency. Indeed, if the history of the general reserve artillery during its entire existence be investigated, it will be found that although excellent in material, and comparatively so in equipment, the service that it rendered was greatly disproportionate to its strength. It resulted, therefore, that although the numerical strength of the Confederate artillery was as great in the first year of the war as ever afterwards, its weight in the scale of actual conflict is never seen to affect the result, until the second battle of Manassas. For instance, during the Seven Days' battles around Richmond, General Lee's artillery numbered about three hundred guns (nearly four guns to every thousand men), ninety-eight of these being in the general reserve; but in the history of the fighting this powerful organization has only left the faintest traces of its existence. Now the wretched character of the ammunition which filled its chests may well be charged with many of its shortcomings; but an examination of the official reports of the battles will show, that scattered, and either uncommanded or too much commanded, as it was, there was an entire absence of that *ensemble* of action necessary to the efficiency of all arms, but peculiarly so to the artillery; and that when fought at all, it was put in only in inefficient dribbles. I select two or three examples where the most important consequences were involved.

On the morning of the 30th of June, 1862, General Jackson, leading four divisions in pursuit, struck the enemy's rear-guard at White Oak Swamp about 9.30 A. M., and decided to force the crossing with artillery. It was 1.45 P. M. before twenty-eight guns could be concentrated and opened.\* The only battery of the enemy in sight was at once driven off, but in a short while eighteen guns were opened in reply from behind a wood, and a brisk contest was maintained until dark, when the enemy withdrew, having kept Jackson's whole force out of the critical action fought by Longstreet and A. P. Hill late in the afternoon at Frazier's Farm. The superior ammunition and guns of the enemy made this contest about an equal one; but even had the Confederate equipment fully equalled the Federal, the odds were by no means sufficient to warrant the expectation of any very speedy and decisive result. At one thousand yards' range, a well-manned artillery can hold its ground for a long time against double its force

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\* Official Report of Colonel Crutchfield. *Reports of Army of Northern Virginia*, p. 525.

of ordinary field-guns, especially if the ground affords the least cover. In this case the distance was fully a thousand yards, and a very dense wood entirely concealed each party from the other's view. All the firing was therefore at random, and the damage sustained was trifling on each side, if we except the disabling of one gun in the Federal battery exposed to view at the commencement of the affair. If it was deemed impossible to use the infantry to force a crossing, at least seventy-five guns (that number might have easily been had) should have been crowded in the Confederate line to hope to accomplish anything by such a random fire.

At the same time that this affair was going on, General Huger's division, numbering about eleven thousand muskets, and accompanied by thirty-seven guns, while pressing down the Charles City road was checked about two miles from Frazier's Farm, where Longstreet and Hill were already engaged, by a "powerful battery of rifled guns" posted on high open ground. General Huger says, "General Mahone advanced a battery of artillery (Moorman's), and a sharp artillery fire was kept up for some time. The enemy's fire was very severe, and we had many men killed and wounded." General Mahone says, "Two pieces of Moorman's battery were put in position and opened fire on his position, which was returned by the enemy with energy and effect." The contrast between the results accomplished by the artillery forces of the two armies is very striking in these two instances, and is even more so in the battle of Malvern Hill, which, it is well known, was decided by the powerful artillery concentrated by the enemy. General Lee had designed that a very heavy artillery fire should precede the infantry attack, and ample time (from 10 A. M. to 5 P. M.) had been allowed for all dispositions to be made. The execution of this design is best described by General D. H. Hill in his official report: "Instead of ordering up one or two hundred pieces of artillery to play on the Yankees, a single battery (Moorman's) was ordered up and knocked to pieces in a few moments. One or two others shared the same fate of being beaten in detail. Not knowing how to act under these circumstances, I wrote to General Jackson that the firing from our batteries was of the most farcical character."

The serious defects of the artillery organization were, however, not entirely unappreciated, even before the experience of the Seven Days. On the 22nd of June, General Lee had issued an order which would have materially improved its condition, had there been time for its operation to become effective. It did not do away with the institution



of the brigade-batteries, but its tendency was encouraging, toward the formation of one battalion of the artillery in each division, by imposing specific duties and responsibilities on the Chiefs of Artillery of the divisions, who before existed and acted only at the discretion of their division-commanders, and were often charged with the additional duties of chief of ordnance. Under the influence of this order and the experience of the battles, the brigade-batteries, though not abolished by order, were during the summer gradually absorbed into division-battalions, numbering from three to six batteries each, and commanded by the division Chief. These battalions first appeared on the field as such at Second Manassas, and the service rendered by them there is notorious. They were no less efficient at Sharpsburg and Fredericksburg, and the utility of the organization being now proven, it was no longer left to division-commanders to effect, (in some divisions it had even yet been but partially done, owing to a lack of field-officers of artillery,) but it was formally adopted by order, and general orders from the War Department directed a similar organization in all the armies of the Confederacy.\* General Lee's order effecting this organization was issued on the 15th of February, 1863. It divided the artillery of each of his two army corps into six battalions, all of which were to be entirely under the command of the Chief of Artillery of the corps, and the whole force to be superintended by and to report to the Chief of Artillery of the army, who also personally commanded a small reserve of two battalions. In the Second Corps four of these battalions numbered four batteries each, one numbered five, and one six. In the First Corps five battalions numbered four batteries each, and one six. The two battalions of the general reserve numbered three each. This organization was well tested in the battle of Chancellorsville, where, in spite of the difficulties of the Wilderness, the coöperation of the artillery with the infantry was never excelled in promptness and vigor. When the Third Army Corps (A. P. Hill's) was formed, in June, 1863, the general reserve was broken up, and its two battalions, with one from each of the other corps and a newly organized battalion, were transferred to it, so that at the commencement of the Gettysburg campaign each

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\* This was the intent of ¶ 2, General Order No. 7, Adjutant-General's Office, Richmond, January 19, 1863, though the language is ill-chosen, viz: "Hereafter, all field-artillery belonging to any separate army will be parked together under the direction of the general or other chief officer of artillery having control of the same, to be distributed when required according to the judgment of the Commanding General of such army."



of the three corps (composed of three divisions of infantry each) had with it five battalions of artillery, averaging eighteen guns each.† In the Second and Third Corps a Chief of Artillery was appointed at once to the exclusive command of the whole force, but in the First Corps no regular appointment of a Chief was made until the spring of 1864, the ranking battalion-commander present, meanwhile, bearing the title and assuming the office responsibilities of the entire command.

This organization was maintained until the close of the war, and fuller experience with it only developed its merits and suggested no practical improvements. A theoretical drawback, perhaps, existed in the fact that the Chief of Artillery of each corps really had two independent commanders, namely, his corps commander and the army Chief of Artillery, between whom their might arise conflict of orders. The objection would be very material if the Chief of Artillery should be considered like the Chief of Cavalry as the actual commander of that arm; but it vanishes when he is regarded simply as a staff-officer of the Commanding General's, charged with the supervision of that rather peculiar branch of the service, and only giving orders through the corps commander, except in matters of mere routine and report. The original orders directing the organization were not explicit upon this point, but common-sense and circumstances soon gave the proper turn to the matter, and not the slightest discord ever occurred.

When first organized, the battalion suffered for lack of field and staff-officers, owing to the fact that they were not organizations authorized by law, and consequently no appointments could be made for them. Field-officers of artillery were indeed authorized by Congress at the rate of a Brigadier-General to every eighty guns, a Colonel to every forty, a Lieutenant-Colonel to every twenty-five, and a Major to every twelve, which should have amply supplied officers of these grades. The promotions, however, were either never made in full, or else the officers appointed were sent to other duties, for during the whole of 1863 the majority of the battalions had but one field-officer, which was often insufficient. The staff-officers for the battalions, and for the Chiefs of Artillery, were provided generally by details from the batteries, which, though somewhat detrimental to the latter, operated well enough, except for quarter-master and commissary duties, for which bonded officers of these departments are absolutely required.

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† In Longstreet's corps one battalion carried twenty-six guns, three carried eighteen each, and one carried but twelve; total, ninety-two.

Supernumerary officers of these and the medical departments were, however, gradually collected, and the battalions being then organized and supplied exactly as regiments, everything worked smoothly. It was at one time attempted to furnish all quarter-master, commissary and ordnance supplies through officers of these departments attached to the staff of the Chief of Artillery of the army, but the system was found so inconvenient that it was soon abandoned, and these supplies were drawn through the same channels by which the infantry of each corps were supplied. Each battalion organized from the united resources of its batteries a "forge train," under control of the ordnance officer, which was ample for all blacksmithing and harness repairs, and more economical and efficient than when each battery had to depend only on itself. No ordnance-wagons accompanied the battalions, the total supply of reserve ammunition being concentrated into one train under the ordnance-officer on the staff of the Chief of Artillery of the corps. These trains never exceeded one wagon to three guns, which was sufficient when within a day's march of a depot of supplies, but compelled the greatest saving in the use of ammunition when on active campaigns. Indeed, the limited resources of the Confederacy, the scarcity of skilled workmen and workshops, and the enormous consumption, kept the supply of ammunition always low. The Ordnance Department in Richmond were never able to accumulate any reserve worth mentioning even in the intervals between campaigns, and during active operations the Army of Northern Virginia lived, as it were, from hand to mouth. The great majority of the batteries took the field without having ever fired a round in practice, and passed through the war without aiming a gun at any target but the enemy. The order "save your ammunition" was reiterated on every battle-field, and many an awful pounding had to be borne in silence from the Yankee guns, while every shot was reserved for their infantry.

The scarcity of ammunition was, however, the least difficulty connected with it, for its quality was the greatest incubus under which the artillery labored. When the war commenced a small amount of smooth-bore ammunition was on hand in the Southern arsenals, which was of good quality, and was used in the early affairs and issued to the batteries first put in the field. This ammunition was all put up with the Bormann fuse, and this fuse being adopted by the Confederate Ordnance Department, a factory was established for its manufacture. Large quantities of ammunition fitted with these fuses were sent to the field in the summer of 1861, and complaints of its bad

quality were immediately made. Careful test being made of it, it was found that fully four-fifths of the shell exploded prematurely, and very many of them in the gun. The machinery for their manufacture was overhauled, and a fresh supply made and sent to the field, where the old ones were removed and the new were substituted, but no improvements was discernable. The trouble was found to be in the hermetical sealing of the under-side of the horse-shoe channel containing the fuse composition. Although this was seemingly accomplished at the factory, the shock of the discharge would unseat the horse-shoe-shaped plug which closed this channel, and allow the flame from the composition to reach the charge of the shell without burning around to the magazine of the fuse. Attempts were made to correct the evil by the use of white-lead, putty and leather under the fuse, and in the winter of 1861 these correctives were applied to every shell in the army with partial but not universal success. Repeated attempts were made to improve the manufacture, but they accomplished nothing, and until after the battle of Chancellorsville the Bormann fuse continued in use, and premature explosions of shell were so frequent that the artillery could only be used over the heads of the infantry with such danger and demoralization to the latter that it was seldom attempted. Earnest requests were made of the Ordnance Department to substitute for the Bormann fuse, the common paper-fuses, to be cut to the required length and fixed on the field, as being not only more economical and more certain, but, as allowing, what is often very desirable, a greater range than five seconds, which is the limit of the Bormann fuse. These requests, repeated and urged in January, 1863, on the strength of casualties occurring from our own guns among the infantry in front during the battle of Fredericksburg, were at length successful in accomplishing the substitution. The ammunition already on hand, however, had to be used up, and its imperfections affected the fire even as late as Gettysburg. The paper-fuse was found to answer much better, and no further complaints of ammunition came from the smooth-bores.

The difficulties which beset the rifled guns and their ammunition were, however, even greater than those under which the smooth-bores suffered so long, and they were never so nearly solved. With the exception of a single battery of six ten-pounder Parrott rifles and one or two imported Blakely guns, the Confederates possessed no rifled field-pieces at the commencement of the war. Several foundries, however, undertook their manufacture at an early day, under the direction of the Ordnance Departments of Confederate or State gov-



ernments, and soon turned out a number, generally of three inches calibre, and with five or seven grooves. They were all adapted to the same ammunition, but were not of uniform length or shape, and varied in weight from a thousand to twelve hundred pounds. Several of these guns were used at the first battle of Manassas, and three of them were engaged in the first "artillery duel" at Blackburn's Ford on the 18th of July, 1861. The projectiles furnished for them at that time were of two kinds, known as the Burton and the Archer, both of which were expected to receive the rotary motion from a leaden ring or sabot which the discharge forced into the grooves. They differed about two pounds in weight, and the charges for them differed three ounces; but as the latter could not be easily distinguished from each other, they were used indiscriminately. In the excitement of the battle these projectiles were supposed to possess superior accuracy and effect to the Parrott projectiles used by the enemy, and very favorable reports were made of them, and their manufacture was increased. It was some months before cooler occasions exposed the error and the utter worthlessness of the projectiles. They never took the grooves, and consequently their range was less than that of the smooth-bores, their inaccuracy was excessive; and in addition to this not one shell in twenty exploded. Their manufacture was discontinued early in 1862, and a new projectile, having a saucer-shaped copper sabot attached by bolts after the shell was cast, was substituted for it.\* This shell was a slight improvement on Burton's and Archer's, as it sometimes took the grooves and then its flight was excellent. It failed, however, about three times out of four from breaking its connection with the copper sabot, and it very frequently exploded in the gun; while of those which flew correctly, not one-fourth exploded at all. It may readily be imagined that practice with them was very uncertain, even at a fixed target whose distance was known. Against an enemy in the field it was of little

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\* This shell, called the Mullane or Tennessee shell, was the invention of Dr. Read of Tuscaloosa, Ala., the well-known inventor of what are usually but improperly called Parrott shell. Parrott made the best guns adapted to these shell, and the gun properly goes by his name, but Dr. Read's invention of the shell cannot be questioned. His first patent was granted Oct. 28, 1856, and specifies cupped cylinders fastened on to the shell by screws, rivets, &c. A patent was refused the Mullane shell by the Confederate Patent Office, on the ground that it was anticipated by this patent of Dr. Read. The modifications and improvements on this shell, described further on, also all fell under Dr. Read's patent.



real value. Attempts were made to insure the ignition of the fuse by filing notches in the copper sabot to allow the flame of the discharge to pass, but they did not succeed. This was the condition of the three-inch rifled guns during the whole of 1862, and these projectiles were used also in the beautiful United States "three-inch Ordnance Rifles," of which about forty were captured during the year. In 1863 several improvements were attempted in the method of attaching the copper to the shell, and the saucer-shaped sabot was finally exchanged for a band or ring of copper, cast around the base of the shell, which form was continued until the close of the war. It considerably resembled the heavy Parrott projectiles, and was the best field rifle-shell the Confederates ever made, but was always liable to explode in the gun, to "tumble," or not to explode at all. The last defect was partially corrected by the use of "McAvoy's Fuse Igniter," a very simple and ingenious little contrivance attached to the fuse when loading, and later by fuses with strands of quick-match for "priming." The first two defects were very serious and of very frequent occurrence, not only with the three-inch rifles, but still more so with the Parrott guns. The "tumbling" was due to imperfect connection between the copper ring and the shell, which in its turn was due to the inferior quality of iron necessarily used (the best iron was saved for gun metal), to unskilled workmen, and to the fact that the demand greatly exceeded the supply, and even those which a careful inspection would have condemned were better than none.

The causes of the premature explosions were never fully understood. They were generally attributed to defects in the casting, which either allowed the flame of the discharge to enter the shell, or by weakening the shell caused it to crush under the shock of the discharge and the "twist" given by the grooves of the gun.

As a single illustration of the extent to which these defects of the Parrott projectiles sometimes went: at the siege of Knoxville, Captain Parker's battery of four captured Parrott rifles fired one hundred and twenty shell at the enemy's batteries and pontoon-bridge, of which only two failed to "tumble," or to burst prematurely. Of the most valuable kind of rifle ammunition, shrapnel, the Confederates made none, on account of the scarcity of lead. Of the next most useful kind, percussion shell, (invaluable for getting the range,) few were to be had until the last year of the war. The fuse then used, Girardey's, was excellent, probably better than any of the enemy's patterns, and it possessed the peculiar excellence of being carried

loose in the chest and applied to any shell at the moment it was needed, so that just as many shells could be made "percussion" as the gunner wished. This perfection of the fuse, however, was only reached during the fall of 1864, and before that period the percussion-shell had a fuse-plug specially fitted to it at the arsenal, and the supply furnished was very small.

The scarcity and bad quality of our rifle-ammunition gave security to the enemy on many occasions where he could have been seriously annoyed, if not materially damaged. When Bragg invested Chattanooga, in October 1863, the Confederate guns with good ammunition could have reached every foot of Grant's crowded camps, and with an abundance of it could have made them untenable. The effort which was made only showed how much demoralization and harm an effective shelling might have accomplished. In many other instances the Confederate artillery was amiable and forbearing by force of necessity, one illustration of which will be sufficient. At Bermuda Hundreds the enemy erected a signal-tower of open frame-work, about a hundred and twenty feet high, from the top of which the Confederate lines were impudently overlooked. What could be seen from it was very little, and it probably was never the cause of any harm; but as it was only 2,500 yards from Confederate ground, the artillery were very anxious to demolish it, and preparations were made to do so. A thousand rounds of good percussion-shell would doubtless have accomplished it easily, but some experimental firing in preparation for the attempt showed so very great a proportion of defective shell that it was abandoned.

A few of the favorite English rifled guns were brought through the blockade, and used in the Army of Northern Virginia, comprising the Clay, Whitworth, Blakely, and Armstrong shunt-pattern. The Clay gun was a breech-loader, and was called an improvement upon the breech-loading Armstrong, which was manufactured for the English Government only, and could not be obtained. Its grooving and projectiles were very similar to the breech-loading Armstrong, and its breech-loading arrangements appeared simpler and of greater strength. On trial, however, it failed in every particular. Every projectile fired "tumbled" and fell nearer the gun than the target, and at the seventh round the solid breech-piece was cracked through and the gun disabled.

One muzzle-loading six-pounder and six breech-loading twelve-pounder Whitworths were distributed through the army, and often rendered valuable service by their great range and accuracy. They

fired solid shot almost exclusively; but they were perfectly reliable, and their projectiles never failed to fly in the most beautiful trajectory imaginable. Their breech-loading arrangements, however, often worked with difficulty, and every one of the six was at some time disabled by the breaking of some of its parts, but all were repaired again and kept in service. As a general field-piece its efficiency was impaired by its weight and the very cumbrous English carriage on which it was mounted, and while a few with an army may often be valuable, the United States three-inch rifle is much more generally serviceable with good ammunition. The Blakely guns were twelve-pounder rifles, muzzle-loaders, and fired very well with English ammunition ("built-up" shells with leaden bases), but with the Confederate substitute, they experienced the same difficulties which attended this ammunition in all guns. The only advantage to be claimed for this gun is its lightness, but this was found to involve the very serious evil that no field-carriage could be made to withstand its recoil. It was continually splitting the trails or racking to pieces its carriages, though made of unusual strength and weight. Of the Armstrong shunt-guns, six were obtained just before the close of the war, and they were never tried in the field. They were muzzle-loaders, and nothing could exceed their accuracy and the perfection of the ammunition. Their heavy English carriages were more unwieldy than those of the American rifles, but taking all things into consideration, the guns are probably the most effective field-rifles yet made.

Besides these English rifles, a few captured James rifles (brass six-pounder smooth-bores, grooved to fire the James projectile), and some old iron four-pounders grooved, were tried in the field for a short while, but were found to be very poor, and as a multiplicity of calibres rendered the supplying of ammunition very difficult, they were soon turned in. In fact, the variety of calibres comprised in the artillery was throughout the war a very great inconvenience, and materially affected the efficiency of the ordnance-service both in the quantity of ammunition carried and the facility with which it was supplied. At the commencement of the war this variety was often almost ludicrously illustrated by single batteries of four guns, of four different calibres, and it was only after the battalions were well organized in the winter of 1862 that anything was done to simplify this matter.

The heavy guns which defended the James river against the enemy's fleet were principally the ordinary eight-inch and ten-inch columbiads,



and "Brooke's rifles" of six and four-tenths and seven inches calibre. These rifles only needed telescopic sights (which could not be made in the Confederacy) to be perfect arms of their class, their trajectories being more uniform than the sighting of the guns could be made by the eye. In addition to these rifles Captain Brooke also furnished some heavily banded smooth-bores of ten and eleven inches calibre, to fire wrought iron balls with very high charges against the iron-clads, which would doubtless have been extremely effective at short ranges.

On several occasions during 1863 and 1864 where mortar-fire was desirable in the field, the twelve and twenty-four pounder howitzers were used for the purpose very successfully, by sinking the trails in trenches to give the elevation, while the axles were run up on inclined skids a few inches to lift the wheels from the ground and lessen the strain of the recoil. The skids would not be necessary where the desired range is not great. During the siege of Petersburg a number of iron twelve and twenty-four pounder Coehorn mortars were made and rendered excellent service. Wooden mortars were also made and tried for short ranges, but even when they did not split, the ranges were so irregular that they could not be made useful.

In the location of batteries to defend lines of intrenchment, the campaign of 1864 gave the Confederate artillerists and engineers much experience, and a few of the deductions therefrom may not be out of place.

Embrasures for the protection of the guns and men became unpopular, and were considered very objectionable, except for the rare cases where guns are to be reserved entirely for a flank defence of important points. The objections to them are that they restrict the field of fire, and thus render it difficult to conform the defence to unforeseen attacks. They are liable to be choked by the enemy's shot, and can only be repaired with much exposure of the men, and they do not accomplish their intended object, the protection of the men and guns. Sharpshooters' balls coming obliquely through the embrasures, or glancing off the gun or carriage, and artillery projectiles piercing the angles of the cheeks, make the limits of the dangerous space in rear of the embrasures very vague, and men are often unnecessarily exposed and hit without being aware of their danger. The barbette-gun not only has a greater field of view, but is more rapidly made ready, can be concealed from view until wanted, can only be silenced by being hit, offers a less conspicuous mark than an embrasure, and can be worked with less exposure of the artillerists.



To accomplish this, trenches were dug in front of the gun and on each side about a yard from the wheels, in which the artillerists stood while loading and manœuvring the gun, their heads being below the parapet, and only the hands of those ramming being exposed. The dangerous space was well defined and easy to be avoided, and only the head of the gunner while in the act of aiming was at all endangered. Mantlets for the gunners' protection while aiming were proposed, and some were constructed of thick oak-plank to rest upon the axles and trunnions, and they were used to some extent. The material of which they were composed, however, prevented their general adoption; for wooden mantlets would cause the explosion of a percussion-shell if struck by one, and would themselves make dangerous splinters. Barbette-guns are easily withdrawn from the enemy's view and fire, and yet kept ready for instant use.

Magazines were seldom built except where the guns were exposed to a mortar-fire; dismounted limber-chests covered with tarpaulins being used instead without disadvantage. A very important adjunct to each battery was found to be a "look out" upon each flank. The "looking out" is the most important part of the battery service, not only that no time may be lost on any appearance of the enemy, but that the aiming of the gunners may be superintended and corrected; and to insure its being well done it should be made as safe as possible.

Except in the siege of Petersburg the Army of Northern Virginia seldom built second lines of intrenchments in rear of the first; not from any doubt of their value, but because they rarely had the force to spare from the front line. Even when the second line at Petersburg was built it was principally intended as a means of covered communication which could not be otherwise obtained, and in was only occupied by a few guns in rear of the most exposed points of the first line, which were designed to check the enemy should he penetrate them. Where the ammunition is safe to be fired over the heads of the first line, it would doubtless be an excellent plan to put all of the rifled guns in detached batteries in rear of exposed points, where they would have an excellent effect in checking an enemy who should penetrate and either seek to advance or sweep down the lines. An instance of the effect of such batteries may be found in the battle of the Crater, at Petersburg, July 30th 1864, which is indeed about the only case where the Confederate lines ever had even detached batteries in rear of a point gotten possession of by the enemy. Flanner's battery in the Jerusalem plank-road five hundred yards directly in rear of the Crater, and Wright's,

about the same distance towards the left, checked every effort of the enemy to advance upon Cemetery Hill according to his programme, or to move down the lines on either side of the Crater for some hours, and until an infantry force was collected to retake it. Each battery took in flank any advance upon the other, and the enemy was kept under shelter of the earth thrown up by the explosion. A somewhat similar position of batteries first checked the Yankee advance after the capture of Fort Harrison, Sept. 29th, 1864, and the Confederate assault on Fort Steadman on the 25th of March 1865 was discomfited in the same way. Indeed the Federal intrenchments very frequently comprised a second line of redoubts, if not of infantry parapet, in rear of the first, and its very moral effect often prevented attempts upon the first which promised well.

Lest some of the statements of this article should be misunderstood to reflect in any way upon the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department, it is but just to close it, not only by disclaiming any such intention, but with the express statement that the energy, enterprise and intelligence which characterized the administration of this bureau were of the highest order, and that the results accomplished by it make a record of which its officers may well be proud. On assuming its duties at the commencement of the war, its admirable chief, General J. Gorgas, might well have hesitated at the task before him. The emergencies and demands of the war were already upon him, and the immense supplies which it became his duty to provide were of a character which the South had neither the factories nor the skilled workmen to produce. With scarcely a single assistant instructed in the peculiar and technical details which are the first elements of an ordnance officer's attainments, and without even an office organization for the transaction of business, the whole machinery of a department was to be organized, which, to illustrate with the history of a single article, should induce the formation of saltpetre from the atmosphere by slow chemical affinities; separate and refine it from impurities by most delicate processes; provide for it, and combine with it sulphur and charcoal in the dangerous operations of the powder manufactory; transport it safely to the arsenal and put it up in safe and convenient cartridges; transport it to the field of battle, and have it at hand where the particular gun to which it is adapted shall receive it ready for use at the moment it is required. And in addition to these operations, the same department, to prevent waste and loss, and to know and anticipate the wants of the army, must institute a system of reports and accounts, which shall not only keep its chief

informed of the supplies in the magazine of every gun, and in the cartridge-box of every soldier in the whole Confederacy, but which shall trace every ounce of saltpetre in all of its various shapes, and hold to a rigid accountability every man who handles it from the moment that it is washed from the nitre-bed until its use upon the battle-field. With indefatigable energy General Gorgas formed and put in motion this whole machinery, selecting his important subordinates with such excellent judgment that the efficiency of the ordnance service was not only always equal to the demand upon it, but, in spite of continually increasing demands and decreasing resources, (from the gradual loss of blockade-running facilities and of valuable territory,) and in spite of serious interferences with the skilled labor of the arsenals and workshops by continued conscriptions, its efficiency continually increased, and all of its functions were faithfully performed as long as there was an army to need them. It is true that the Confederate armies were never in condition to use ammunition as lavishly as the enemy frequently did, but the supply never failed to be equal to the actual emergency, and no disaster was ever to be attributed to its scantiness. Wherever insufficiency was apprehended and economy imposed, in fact the scarcity arose far more from the lack of transportation to carry it with the army than from inability of the arsenals to furnish it.

E. P. ALEXANDER.

**Sketch of Third Battery of Maryland Artillery.**

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM L. RITTER.

PAPER NO. 4.

Thursday evening July 16th, 1863, the Confederate works at Jackson, Mississippi, were abandoned, Lieutenant Ritter's section being the last to leave them. Next day, the 17th, Brandon was reached, and on the 20th Morton. Here the section was paid off, after considerable insistence, not having received any money for a number of months. On the 24th of August the battery was attached to Preston's battalion of reserve artillery, and on the 5th of September, ordered to Demopolis, Alabama, for repairs.

In new uniforms, well dressed, well drilled, and well equipped, on the 12th of October the battery took part in a review had for General Johnston, and was chosen to fire a salute of eleven guns in his honor ;



as also one afterwards on the 15th, in honor of the arrival of President Davis.

At this place an effort was made to consolidate Moore's and Ritter's sections, but it failed, as the sequel will show. Lieutenant Ritter had now been on detached service for some time, and being anxious to return to his old command, on the 2d August, 1863, he wrote to Brigadier-General A. W. Reynolds, and also to Major-General Carter L. Stevenson, asking their influence to that end. He made an application likewise to General Joseph E. Johnston, sending it through the regular channel. He heard from none of these except the one sent to General Stevenson. That officer approved of the application, and sent it to General Hardee's headquarters in Mississippi, who referred it to General Johnston. General Johnston's Adjutant, thinking the section had accompanied General Walker's division to Chickamauga, sent the application to General Walker for further action. But this not being the case, General Walker endorsed on the paper that the section was not with his division, having been left at Morton, Miss., and sent to General Bragg. The application was returned to General Stevenson, through General Longstreet's headquarters. General Stevenson sent it by Lieutenant Stillwell of Corput's battery, to General Johnston's headquarters at Meridian, Miss. The General's Adjutant referred him to General Hardee, who told him he had nothing to do with the section; but at the same time instructed Colonel Wickliffe, by telegraph, not to let the section leave Demopolis, as a battery had already been taken from his department, and he did not intend any other should leave. This information was received from Colonel Wickliffe, who also told the Lieutenant that it was General Hardee's determination to consolidate the two sections, and promote Lieutenant Ritter to Captain.

On the return of Lieutenant Stillwell from Meridian, Miss., he met General Johnston in Demopolis, who expressed a desire to see the commander of the section that evening at Mrs. Whitfield's residence, where he was stopping. Ritter in company with Stillwell, went there and met the General at the gate, as he was leaving for Mississippi. Being introduced by Lieutenant Stillwell, Ritter stated his business. The General asked him a great many questions with regard to his section, how long it had been on detached service, where it had been, &c. He said that as soon as he returned to his office, he would order the section to its original command. On the 19th of October the order came, and the next morning Lieutenant



Ritter and his men proceeded to the depot, and took the cars for Selma, having turned over the guns and horses to the quarter-master. From Selma to Montgomery, and thence to Atlanta, Georgia, where they arrived on the 23d. The next day they rejoined the battery at Decatur, Ga., having been absent from the old command over six months.

#### THE RE-ORGANIZATION.

The number of men in the battery had been much reduced by its losses in Louisiana and Mississippi, so that Captain Rowan applied to the Secretary of War for seventy-five conscripts. While at Decatur the guns, horses and equipments of a four gun battery were received, and Dr. Thomas J. Rogers was assigned to the battery as surgeon. On the 29th of October, it was ordered to Sweet Water, East Tennessee, to rejoin Stevenson's division; whence, on the 5th of November, the whole division marched to reinforce General Bragg at Missionary Ridge. On the 12th, twenty-seven men were transferred to the battery from the Fortieth, Forty-first, Forty-third, Fifty-second and Fifty-sixth Georgia regiments to act as drivers. The battery encamped at the foot of Lookout Mountain on the 13th, and on the 23d joined Johnston's battalion, which was then encamped across Lookout Creek, near Missionary Ridge.

On the morning of the 23d of November, the enemy, under cover of a heavy fog, moved up and attacked the left wing of General Bragg's army, at the foot of Lookout Mountain, and drove it back rapidly, the line at that point being weak and the attack unexpected. The evacuation of Lookout Mountain followed and Bragg withdrew to Missionary Ridge.

Early the following morning Johnston's battalion was ordered to the extreme right of the Confederate line, and reached the position assigned it at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. Two of the batteries, Corput's and Carnes's, were ordered to the front at once, while the Third Maryland was held in reserve. In the struggle which ensued, the enemy was three times repulsed by Stevenson's division, losing a number of prisoners and the colors of three regiments. Their attack on the center was more successful, our troops at that point of the line giving way and retreating precipitately. The Orderly Sergeant of the Third Maryland, Johnny Hooper, who had been back with the wagons two miles in the rear, came up about dusk with the information that the center of the army was retreating, followed closely by the enemy, and that if we did not soon leave the field we should be

captured. Nothing, of course, could be done without orders from General Stevenson, whose division was yet on the Ridge, fighting the enemy. About 7 P. M. he moved off the field, and sent orders to the Third Maryland to march to Chickamauga station, crossing Chickamauga river at the railroad bridge.

#### AN ARTILLERIST'S TROUBLES.

Then followed a series of troubles peculiar to the artillery service. On account of the darkness and the crookedness and roughness of the road, one of the gun carriages ran against a tree, and occasioned an unwelcome delay, as the enemy was in pursuit and not far behind. The piece had to be unlimbered, the gun-carriage run back, the piece limbered up again, and a cautious drive around the tree made. This mishap having been overcome, others followed. The battery had not gone far before another gun ran against a stump; and soon after, in crossing the branch near Stone Bridge, a wheel slipped into a deep chuck-hole on the side of the road. The canoneers had to unlimber again, to pull the piece out. Owing to the detentions the rest of the battery got a mile ahead. The Captain sent back four horses to assist in pulling the piece up the hill, near the bridge; and instructed the officer in charge of the bridge not to fire it till the last gun had crossed. The bridge had just been fired, however, and was already in flames when the gun crossed over.

Again, when near the railroad, the battery encountered a boggy place, in which Lieutenant Ritter's piece stuck fast. The horses were untrained and balky, and refused to pull, while the drivers could not well see which way to move, because of the darkness. A sergeant was sent to Captain Rowan requesting him to send a mule team. About day-light the mules came, the gun carriage was soon out of the mud, and at the station.

Ordering the mule team to go on with the gun, Lieutenant Ritter remained behind with the horses, to bring up the forge from which the mules had been taken. His troubles began anew. Although the forge had been lightened by the removal of all the iron, still the horses, when hitched to it, would not budge a step. He was determined not to lose the forge, and rode on to inform Captain Rowan of the situation, and ask for four mules.

The Captain referred him to General Pettus who had that morning lost some wagons, and probably had mules to spare. His quartermaster turned over the mules, but without stretchers, so that only

two of them could be used. These two were hitched to the forge, and the six horses placed in front. One of the canoneers was asked to drive, but replied that he "knew nothing about mules." Not having leisure just then to attend to the question of military discipline raised by this reply, Lieutenant Ritter told the man to take his horse and ride, and that he himself, though no expert in the art, would drive the mules.

The infantry rear-guard was at this time passing by, and told, Ritter that he had better abandon his forge; that the enemy was coming up, and he would certainly be captured, as he would be between the lines. Being bent on succeeding in the task he had assigned himself, he mounted his team, and by a little perseverance, all difficulties were overcome.

Ringgold was reached on the night of the 25th, and the next day at 5 P. M., the battery encamped near Dalton.

General Bragg was here superseded in the command of the army by General Joseph E. Johnston.

#### IN WINTER QUARTERS.

The command proceeded to Sugar Valley on the 27th of November, to go into quarters for the winter, and during all the early part of December the men were engaged in building houses for themselves and stables for the horses. The officers, Captain Rowan, Lieutenants Ritter, Giles and Doucater, and Surgeon Rogers built themselves a cabin twelve by sixteen feet, with a fireplace and chimney, window and door. After their long campaigning, this was a delightful change.

On the 20th of January, 1864, the whole battalion, for easier access to long forage, was ordered to Kingston, where it again built winter quarters. Between the 1st and 10th of January sixty men were received from the State of Georgia, and the battery was shortly afterwards joined by fifteen volunteer recruits. This accession necessitated drill, which was had twice a day. The camp here was in a wood near Hightower Creek, a beautiful stream emptying into Etowah river.

The Third Maryland was, on the 23d of March, ordered to Dalton to rejoin the battalion which had been sent thither, to aid in repelling the enemy, now pressing that point. The command remained encamped near Dalton till the 6th of May.

On the reorganization of the Artillery of the Army of Tennessee,

Johnston's battalion, to which the Third Maryland belonged, was put in Smith's regiment, but was soon afterwards transferred to Beckham's regiment, of Hood's corps. The artillery was made an independent body, no longer subject to the orders of division commanders, and constituted a brigade under General Shoup.

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Reminiscences of Service in Charleston Harbor in 1863.

BY COLONEL CHARLES H. OLMSTEAD.

[The following paper was read by its gallant and accomplished author before the Georgia Historical Society, March 3d, 1879, and we are sure our readers will thank us for giving them an opportunity of enjoying its perusal. We only regret that the crowded condition of our pages compels us to divide it.]

In preparing the following paper, it has been my desire only to record what its title suggests—personal reminiscences.

Leaving to other and abler pens the task of writing an accurate history of the scenes and events to which reference is now about to be made, I shall confine myself simply to the task of setting down such things as came under my personal observation, or within the scope of my individual knowledge.

I do this the more confidently, remembering the marked interest that invariably attaches to the testimony of an eye-witness, and also bearing in mind (for my own comfort) that this interest will always incline his hearers to leniency in judging literary demerits. It is probable, too, that some of my old comrades will be pleased at this recurrence to an eventful period in their lives, while a younger generation in the ranks may be glad to have placed before them a record, not of the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but of its privations, its hardships, its perils, and, it may be added, its lessons of self-abnegation and of devotion to duty.

Early in the month of July, 1863, while stationed very comfortably at the Isle of Hope, a courier, "spurring in hot haste," brought orders from department headquarters that set our camp at once in a turmoil of eager and excited preparation. The Thirty-second Georgia, Colonel George P. Harrison, Jr., the Twelfth and Eighteenth Georgia battalions, Lieutenant-Colonel H. D. Capers and Major W. S. Basinger, and a battalion from the First Volunteer regiment of Georgia,



were ordered to proceed with the least possible delay to Savannah, there to take cars for Charleston.

A private note at the same time brought the intelligence that that city, so long threatened, and indeed, once already assailed by sea, was now to undergo a vigorous and combined attack from both land and naval forces. The day was an eventful one to us without this additional stimulant. In the morning we had received the sad news of the fall of Vicksburg, and the consequent opening of the Mississippi river to the Federal fleet, from the mountains to the sea, a disaster that secured to the enemy the grand object of his most strenuous exertions, while it severed the young Confederacy in twain and deprived our armies east of the river of all the aid and comfort in the way of material supplies and gallant recruits, that had been so long and so freely drawn from the west bank. We had just learned, too, of the check received by General Lee at the battle of Gettysburg, and now came the summons to tell that our turn had come for a little squeeze in the folds of the traditional "Anaconda," that the New York *Herald* had so graphically depicted as encircling the South.

The men received the orders with enthusiasm—indeed, when was it otherwise with the Southern soldier. Thoroughly conversant, as they all were, with the details of the war, they could not but be depressed by the news of such grave reverses to our arms as the morning's mail had brought them, and they gladly welcomed the relief that active service promised from the tedium of camp life, and the necessity of thinking upon melancholy subjects.

Our march began in the midst of a terrific thunder-storm, that had the effect, not only of cooling down any overplus of excitement, but also of rendering the road to the city almost a quagmire throughout its entire length.

There are pleasanter ways of spending a summer's evening than in trudging for eight miles, through mud and rain, in heavy marching order; but upon this, as on similar occasions during the war, I was deeply impressed by the uncomplaining patience and cheerfulness with which the men endured hardships that few would care to face now, but which, then, were regarded as mere matters of course—distasteful, certainly—but not worth talking about.

The storm delayed our march considerably, and upon reaching the depot we found that the Thirty-second regiment, which had been stationed at a point nearer the city, had already taken train for Charleston.

We, too, were soon *en route*, and early in the forenoon of the fol-

lowing day—July 10, 1863—the three battalions were safely in bivouac at the terminus of the Savannah and Charleston railroad. Here we were met by a staff-officer, who informed us that we were to reinforce the garrison of Battery Wagner, on Morris Island, and that at dusk the necessary transportation would be furnished to take us down to the fort. He also told us that the enemy, under cover of a tremendous fire of artillery, from batteries on Folly Island, which had been unmasked during the night, had effected a lodgment on the south end of Morris Island, and had driven our forces back upon “Wagner,” which fortification would, doubtless, be attacked on the next day. We learned, also, that another force was threatening James Island, and that the Thirty-second had been sent, with other troops, to meet that danger. Events proved that this last was a feint, to distract attention from the main attack.

All day we remained quietly at this place, endeavoring to make out the various points of interest in the beautiful harbor spread before us, and watching the little clouds of smoke that ascended from the parapets of Fort Sumter, as its guns were slowly fired at the enemy. It was a lovely day, clear and bright, without a cloud in the sky. The vegetation about us, freshened by the rain of the previous evening, added sweet odors to the soft sea-breeze that came up the bay. Upon our left the city of Charleston “sat like a queen,” her roof tops and spires glittering in the sunlight, while afar down, over an expanse of shining water, could be seen the ships of the fleet swinging lazily at their anchors.

The picture was beautiful, and for one, I would have found it difficult to realize that beneath it all were the grim front and iron hand of war, but for the dull rumble of the constantly recurring shot from Sumter. That was “the fly in the ointment of the apothecary,” that “the spectre at the feast,” that the refrain ever ringing in our ears and suggesting the unwelcome thought—“it looks peaceful enough now, but just wait until to-morrow.”

About nightfall we embarked in a steamer that had been sent for us and, after many delays, were safely landed at Cumming’s Point, on the northern end of Morris Island. The line was formed at once, and we set out for Battery Wagner, reporting to its commander, Colonel Graham, of the Twenty-First South Carolina regiment, at about 11 o’clock at night.

At the risk of being somewhat tedious, I must here devote a few lines to the topography of this famous Island. It is a long, narrow strip of sand, running almost due north and south for about four

miles, varying in breadth from, say one hundred yards at the narrowest point to half a mile at the broadest. Upon the west side the Island is separated from James Island by Vincent's Creek and by broad marshes intersected by numerous salt water creeks, while its eastern shore is washed throughout its entire length by the waters of the Atlantic Ocean. At the south end were the batteries from which our troops had been driven in the morning. Light House Inlet separated this point from Folly Island, and across this Inlet the enemy had suddenly thrown their forces, under cover of a furious fire of artillery, as has already been stated. At the northern extremity of the island, known as Cumming's Point, was located Battery Gregg, and about three-quarters of a mile to the south of this, Battery Wagner stretched entirely across the island from the sea on the left, to Vincent's Creek on the right, the battery facing due south. It was an irregular work. On the extreme left, a heavy traverse and curtain protected the sally port and gave a flanking fire down the beach, to any force that might assail the main work. Then came a salient, one face of which commanded the ship channel, then a broken line, arranged for flanking fires, extending to the marsh. The parapets were solid, and a broad, deep, dry moat added boldness to their profile. Within the parade were bomb-proofs and lightly constructed barracks for the small garrison that had heretofore occupied the work. The armament consisted of one 10-inch Columbiad and some 32-pounders in the sea face, and four or five lighter guns, chiefly howitzers on the land-side. A short distance in front of the right of the line an inward bend of Vincent's creek narrowed the island in such manner as to render it obligatory upon an attacking force to deliver its assault only against the left half of the fort, and also affording scant opportunity for the deployment of such a column. In point of fact this peculiar feature in the topography proved of great service to us, and correspondingly troublesome to the enemy in the operations that followed. The surface of the island is but little raised above the level of the sea and presents a glaring stretch of white sandy hillocks, which were sparsely dotted with the coarse grasses of the coast, and which changed their contour in every high wind.

There is but to add that the main channel by which ships enter Charleston harbor runs within easy gunshot of Morris Island from one end of it to the other, then crosses to the northward and passes between Fort Moultrie on Sullivan's Island, and Fort Sumter, built upon a shoal about midway between the two islands.

From this rapid sketch, reference being had to the map, it will be



readily appreciated that from the base held by the enemy, a *front* attack upon Charleston could begin here and nowhere else ; and that, as the defences of the inner harbor were at that time imperfect, the immediate fall of Wagner would gravely impair the safety of Charleston also. But that little mound of sand had its history to make, a story that will ever bring a flush of honest pride to the face of every man who participated in the long defence.

As soon as we had reported to Colonel Graham, the troops were put into position, the Eighteenth battalion in the salient, the Twelfth upon its right, and the First Georgia on the left, occupying the flanking curtain and the sea face, to which allusion has been made. The guns were all manned by South Carolina artillery and the right and centre of the fort were held by infantry from the same State. The men were cautioned that an attack was expected at daylight, and then, tired out, they slept on their arms upon the ramp, ready at a moment's call for action. Captain C. Werner, of the German Volunteers, was appointed officer of the night, and in a few minutes every sound was hushed save the swash of the waves upon the beach, and the occasional challenge of a sentinel from his post.

My own resting place was upon the parapet, and looking up to the cloudless heavens above, the solemn glory of the night impressed itself upon my last waking thoughts.

At the first peep of dawn, on the 11th, we were wakened by a few straggling shots in our front, followed by a ringing cheer and three distinct volleys of musketry from our picket line. The anticipated assault was upon us. In an instant, the garrison was aroused, and as the men had slept in position they had only to spring to their feet, and we were ready. Now we could see our pickets, their duty having been faithfully performed, retiring rapidly towards our right, in accordance with the instructions they had received, so as to uncover the advancing columns of the enemy. And, then, through the dim, gray light of the morning we could distinguish a dark, blue mass of men moving up the beach towards us, at the double quick, cheering as they came.

Then came the thunder of our first gun (what old soldier is there who does not recall *its* startling effect), then another and another, then the deafening rattle of small arms, mingled with yells and cheers, and we were fairly in the midst of battle. The issue was never doubtful for a moment. The attacking column attempted to deploy after passing the narrow neck in front, but entirely failed to do so ; while the dense formation rendered it an easy mark for both infantry and



artillery. Still it pressed gallantly on, and some few of the foremost men reached the scarp of the work, only to find themselves unsupported by their comrades, and with no alternative than to yield themselves prisoners. One brave fellow I saw, however, who had not the thought of yielding in him. Alone he reached the top of the parapet, immediately in front of a 32-pounder, double charged with grape shot. The officer in command (Lieutenant Gilchrist, of South Carolina, if memory serves me), struck by his bearing, called to him to come in before the gun was fired. His only reply was to put his musket to his shoulder, and a bullet whizzed by Gilchrist's head. The explosion of the gun followed, and a blue and mangled body, all that remained of a brave man and a good soldier, was hurled across the ditch.

The engagement was of short duration; the attack had failed, and soon the broken column was in full retreat, rapidly, and without any semblance of order, leaving some hundreds of their number, stretched dead and wounded on the sands, or prisoners in the fort.

Our own loss was insignificant in numbers, but the First regiment was sorely bereaved in the death of Captain Werner. This gallant officer was slain early in the fight. He died in the discharge of duty, nobly battling for the land of his adoption. His voice, calling his comrades to arms, had been the first to greet our ears as the morning broke, and now it was hushed forever. Modest, simple, and unpretending in his manners, he had won a warm place in the affections of the command, while his perfect reliability under all circumstances enforced the respect and admiration of all who knew him. Savannah was called upon to mourn the loss of many sons in those terrible years, but none of them had taken up arms in her defense sooner, none suffered privation and imprisonment for her more patiently, and none died more gallantly than Claus Werner.

The loss in the Eighteenth Georgia was heavier than in any other organization, as it had occupied the salient, against which the assault was principally directed.

Lieutenant Frederick Tupper was severely wounded, and among the killed was young Edward Postell, who now sleeps in Laurel Grove, side by side with a noble brother, who, like himself, as the marble record testifies, "died in battle."

Immediately after the action, a singular instance of the ups and downs and uncertainties of warfare, was brought to our attention. Among the first troops to enter Fort Pulaski, at its capture in the previous year, was the Seventh Connecticut regiment, then

commanded by Colonel Alfred H. Terry (subsequently Major-General). Both officers and men had behaved towards us with great kindness during the few days that we remained at the fort after its capture and we had become personally acquainted with quite a number of them. *Now*, we were the victors, and among the prisoners brought in at our end of the line, were many of our old friends of the Seventh Connecticut, who recognized and called us by name.

The news of the attack created much excitement in Charleston, and during the morning many visitors, both military and civilian, came to the island, some to assure themselves of the continued strength of our position; others to gratify a pardonable curiosity. Among the former was Brigadier-General Ripley, the district commander, who was much elated at the successful issue of the fight, and who wished to examine, personally, the ground in front of the fort.

Now, at one point in our front, torpedoes had been planted the day before, and to prevent any of the garrison from treading upon them, a sentinel was placed to warn them off. At that time the man who held this post was private Donnolly, of Company G, First Georgia, a native of the Emerald Isle, as his name would indicate, and a true son of his mother. Of any knowledge of ordinary military manœuvres he was calmly innocent. On one occasion a Lieutenant of the company asked him, impatiently:

"Donnolly, why *don't* you keep step? All the men are complaining about you." And received the reply:

"Faith, its divil a one of 'em can kape shtep wid me!"

Past this hero General Ripley spurred his horse, and was riding straight for the dangerous ground, when he was suddenly brought to a halt by a loud "Shtop!" uttered in the most emphatic tone, and the emphasis receiving additional point from Donnolly's attitude, as he stood with his musket at full cock, at the shoulder, and squinted along the barrel, taking dead aim at the General. For a moment there was strong probability of a vacancy among the Brigadiers of the Confederate army, but an officer rushed forward, struck up the gun, and explained to General Ripley the reason for his being halted.

Subsequently, our sentinel was asked:

"Donnolly, what were you going to do?"

"I was going to shot him."

"And why?"

"To kape him from being blown up with the saltpaters, to be sure."

Donnolly's comrades, in view of his little infirmities of drill, had

always insisted upon his having a place in the rear rank, but on this day he was heard to say, with much satisfaction :

“There’s moighty little throuble getting in the front rank now.”

#### Stonewall Jackson.

*A Lecture delivered in Baltimore, in November, 1872, by REV. DR. R. L. DABNEY.*

[Anything from the able pen of Dr. Dabney concerning Stonewall Jackson would be read with interest. His position as Chief of Staff, his intimate personal relations with the great chieftain, and his study of his character and his campaigns when acting as his chosen biographer, peculiarly fit Dr. Dabney to tell the story of Jackson’s life, or to delineate his character. We are confident, therefore, that our readers will thank us for giving them the following paper, even though there may be dissent from some of the views presented. We print it just as it was originally delivered, only regretting that we are compelled by the press upon our pages to divide it into two parts.]

I am expected to speak to-night of Stonewall Jackson. The subject sounds remote, antiquated, in these last days. How seldom does that name, once on every tongue, mix itself now-a-days, with the current speech of men? Is it not already a fossil name, almost? I must ask you, in order to inspect it again, to lift off sundry superincumbent *strata* of your recent living memories and interests, to dig down to it. Great is the contrast wrought by the nine calendar years which have intervened since the glory of conquering Jackson, and the sequel “Jackson is dead,” were blown by fame’s trumpet from Chancellorsville over all lands, and thrilled the *præcordia* in every Southern bosom. Then, the benumbing shock which the words struck into our hearts, taught us how great and heroic this man had made himself, how essential to our cause, how foremost in all our hopes. And when his great Superior said [with a magnanimity which matches Jackson’s heroism], “Tell him he has lost his left arm; but I have lost my right arm;” all men felt, “Yea! Lee has lost his right arm; the cause has lost its right arm.” And the thickening disasters which that loss soon entailed, taught them, educated them, for a time, to appreciate Jackson’s as the transcendant fame of all our war. It sounded in every true heart; it echoed in us from the thunder of the final downfall. But now, who recalls it to his speech?

Why this? Was that fame an empty *simulacrum*, worthy only to be a nine-day's wonder, or was his devotion a blunder? Or are our people changed, so as to be no longer able to appreciate that devotion? We hope not, for it were a sad thing for them, betokening moral death, decay and putrescence, that they should become incapable of a heart homage to this name. We hope not.

But it is already antiquated; for the world moves fast in these times. Many things have happened in these times, to stir, to fatigue, to wring our hearts; great wrongs to be endured passively until endurance obtused the sensibility, multiplied tragical wails of friends sinking in the abyss of poverty and obscure despair; a social revolution; a veritable *cataclysmus*, which has swept away our old, fair, happy world, with its pleasant homes fragrant with ancestral virtues and graces, and has left us a new world, as yet chiefly a world of quicksand and slime; with no olive tree, alas, as yet growing. Yes; we have lived long in these nine evil years; to us they are a century of experiences. We are *old*, very old, superannuated perhaps, those of us who remember Jackson, and the days when he fought for freedom. Will you not then bear with our garrulity a little, should we even babble of our hero? For it is a pleasant thing to recall those old days of wearing the grey, with a Jackson to lead us to assured victory, when we were *men* as yet; with rights and freedom of our own, slipping then indeed from our too inept hands, yet enough our own still to fight for; when we had hope, and endeavour and high enterprise, inspired by our leader's example; and hardship and danger *for the cause*, endured cheerily, as a sport; when we had a country, loved all the more proudly that she was insulted and bleeding. The memory of those days is bright; but it is attended by a contrast most black and grim. Over against that splendid past, there glooms the shadow of the Mammon Molock, named by mockery, 'reconstruction,' with its most noisome scalawag odour reeking of the pit. The joy of this reminiscence must be then a mixed joy, and the duty assigned me, while sacred and not unpleasing—never shall it be unpleasing to us to celebrate the fame of Jackson; for *him* the shadow touches not—yet a duty difficult and sad.

I remember well, that naught except a circumstance is deemed by you to have endowed this hand with any fitness to refresh the characters of that fame; the circumstance of a brief association with his person during the most glorious part of his career. You would fain hear from me what manner of man he appeared to one who was next to him, the ordinary mouthpiece of his will, the sharer of his bivouac



and his morsel, who got the nearest glimpses through the portals of that reserve, which no man might enter, who watched closely, and he may even venture to affirm, intelligently, the outworkings of the secret power within. This so reasonable desire of yours I propose to satisfy, not by presuming to name and catalogue his attributes, analytically, by my judgment, or conceit, as may be—for this would be to regard you as pupils, rather than patrons—nor yet, by studying the cumulation of superlative, laudatory epithets,—for this would imply that I deemed you not only pupils, but gullible—but by painting before you some select, significant action of Jackson's own, wherein you may judge for yourselves as freely as other spectators, what manner of man this was. And I exhort you to expect in this description no grace, save the homely one of *clear truth*: homely it may be and most ungarnished, yet truly what my eyes saw and my ears heard. For is not this the quality most worthy of him who would portray *Jackson*? And should the narrative have, with its other unskilfulness, that of a certain *egotism*, I pray you bear in mind, that the necessity of this emerges in a manner from my task. For what is my qualification therefor? save that it was my *fortune*, along *with* many worthier men in the ranks *to behold* (not my *merit to do*) some of these wonders whereof you would fain hear; and when you ask for the testimony of the eye-witness, the humble *Ego* must needs speak in the egotistical first person.

And first, that I should ever have been invited to be next his person at all, was characteristic of Jackson. He, who was an *alumnus* of the military academy at West Point, and nothing but a professional military man all his life, was least bound in professional trammels. This trait he signified, in part, by his selection of successive chiefs for his staff, none of whom had even snuffed the classical air of West Point or Lexington, my intended predecessor and actual successor (J. A. Armstrong and C. J. Faulkner), and the next successor (A. S. Pendleton), but chiefly by the selection of me, a man of peace, and soldier of the Prince of Peace, innocent, even in youth, of any tincture of military knowledge. Herein was indeed a strange thing; that I, the parson, tied to him by no blood tie, or interest, and by acquaintanceship only slightest and most transient; that I, at home nursing myself into partial convalescence from tedious fever, contracted in the performance of my spiritual functions among the soldiers of the previous campaign; that I, conscious only of unfitness, in body and mind, for any direct help to the cause, save a most sore apprehension of its need of all righteous help, and true

love to it; that such an one as I should, in the spring of 1862, be invited by him to that post. Verily, had not all known "this is a man that doth not jest," it should have seemed to me a jest. But the wisest men, speaking most in God's fear, replied to me: "See that thou be not rash to shut this door, if it be that God hath opened unto thee." And *I feared to shut it*, until he, by whom the call was uttered, should know how unfit I was to enter in. Further than this, in very truth, my mind went not.

But if you would hear on what wise Jackson was wont to speak, these are the *ipsissima verba*:

"NEAR MT. JACKSON, April 8th, 1862.

"*My dear Doctor* :

"The extra session of our Legislature will prevent Mr. Jas. D. Armstrong, of the Virginia Senate, from joining me as my A. A. General. If the position would be acceptable to you, please take the accompanying recommendation to Richmond, get the appointment, and join me at once, provided you can make your arrangements to remain with me during the remainder of the war. Your rank will be that of Major. Your duties will require early rising and industry. Please let me hear from you at once.

"Very truly your friend,

"T. J. JACKSON."

Now, is not the fashion of these words a very revelation to him who will consider of the fashion of the man? He has time to tell that which is essential, but no word more. He makes it known, that his war *means work*, and is no diletantism, or amateur soldiering. Nor is it the warfare of gallant barbarians, wherein much castramentall laziness or even license can redeem itself by some burst of daring and animal phrensy; but "early rising and industry." "Now, wilt thou, or wilt thou not?" And, if yes, then let thy act follow thy assent without dallying. But yet, only on one condition must this "*yes*" be said to such as him, to remain unchanged "during the remainder of the war." He who would aspire to work and fight as Jackson's next assistant, must be one who would not look back after he had just put his hand to the plough; but one, who like his master, came to stay with his work until it was ended, except, perchance, God should first end him.

Thus then went I, to show Jackson why I might not enter into this door of service, and yet seem no recreant (in staying out) to my

country's needs. I found him at a place, gateway of the mountains that befriended him, named of the vicinage Conrad's Store; the Shenandoah flood before him, and beyond, multitudinous enemies thronging—held at bay, checkmated, gnashing vainly upon him; while he, in the midst of din and marching battalions, going to the watch-post, and splashing squadrons, splashing through mire most villainous, and of snow-wracks and sleet of the ungenial spring, "Winter lingering in the lap of spring,"—stood calm, patient, modest, yet serious, as though abashed at the meanest man's reverence for him; but at sternest peril unabashed. After most thoughtful, yea, feminine care of food and fire for me, he took me apart saying, "I am glad that you have come." But I told him that I was come, I feared, uselessly, only to reveal my unfitness, and retire; already half-broken by camp-disease, and enervated by student's toil. "But Providence," replied he, "will preserve your health, if he designs to use you." I was unused to arms, and ignorant of all military art. "You can learn," said he. "When would you have me assume my office?" "Rest to-day, and study the 'Articles of War,' and begin to-morrow." "But I have neither outfit, nor arms, nor horse, for immediate service." "My quartermaster shall lend them, until you procure your own." "But I have a graver disqualification, which candor requires me to disclose to you, first of mortals: I am not sanguine of success; our leaders and legislators do not seem to me to comprehend the crisis, nor our people to respond to it; and, in truth, the impulse which I feel to fly out of my sacred calling, to my country's succour, is chiefly the conviction that her need is so desperate. The effect on me is the reverse of that which the old saw ascribes to the rats when they believe the ship is sinking." "But," saith he, laughing; "If the rats will only run this way, the ship will not sink." Thus was I overruled.

You will remember that theory of his character, which most men were pleased to adopt, when he was first entrusted with command: "This man," said they, "is true, and brave, and religious; but narrow and mechanical. He is the man to lead a fighting battalion, under the direction of a head that can think; but strategy, prudence, science, are not in him. His very reserve and reluctance to confer result from his own consciousness, that he has no faculty of speech nor power of thought, to debate with other men." Had I been capable of so misjudging his silence and modesty, as to adopt this theory, his career must ere this have blown it all into thin air; the first Manassas and Kernstown, and the retreat before Banks had already done

*that*, for all save fools. All who served under him had already learned that there was in him abundant thought and counsel, deep and sagacious. He asked questions of all; sought counsel of none; gave no account to any man of his matters." Once only, did council of war ever sit for him, to help him to "make up his mind." And it was then, by their inferior sagacity, made up so little to his liking, that he asked such aid no more. Power of speech there was in him also, as I witnessed; such truly eloquent speech, as uttered quickly the very heart of his thought, and could fire the heart of the listener. But he deemed that the controversy he waged was no longer parliamentary; that the only logic seemly for us at that stage, was the *ultima ratio Regum*. To such respondent as the times then appointed unto him, the cannon peal, and the charging yell of the "men in grey," were the reply, which to him seemed eloquent: all else was emptier than silence.

But instead of leading you to a brief review of his whole career, which would perforce be trite, because hurried, I would describe to you some one of the exploits of his genius, which best illustrates it. One of these I suppose to be Port Republic. Let me, then, present it to you.

To comprehend the battles of Port Republic, you must recall the events which ushered them in; the defeat of Milroy at McDowell in the early May of 1862, that of Banks at Winchester; the concentration of Generals Fremont and Shields towards Strasbourg to entrap Jackson at that place; his narrow escape, and retreat up the great Valley to Harrisonburg. He brought with him, perhaps, a force of twelve thousand men, footsore from forced marches, and decimated by their own victories. No more succours could come to Jackson from the east; the coil of the snake around Lee and the Capital was becoming too close for him to assist others; and all that the government expected of Jackson was, to retreat indefinitely, fortunate if he could at once escape complete destruction, and detain the pursuers from a concentration against Richmond. Such was the outlook of affairs upon the 8th of June. On the 11th of June, both the pursuers were in full retreat, broken and shattered, fleeing to shelter themselves near the banks of the Potomac, while Jackson was standing intact, his hands full of trophies, and ready to turn to the help of Lee in his distant death-grapple with McClellan. Such was the achievement. Let us see how his genius wrought it out.

The skill of the strategist is in availing himself of the natural features of the country, which may be helpful to him. In this case these



features were mainly the Blue Ridge mountains, dividing the great Valley from Piedmont, Virginia; the Shenandoah river, a noble stream at all times, and then everywhere unfordable because of its swollen state; and the Great Valley Turnpike, a paved road extending parallel to the mountain and river, from the Potomac to Staunton. From a point east of Strasburg to another point east of Harrisonburg extends the Masanuttin mountain, a ridge of fifty miles length, parallel to the Blue Ridge, and dividing the Great Valley into two valleys. Down the eastern of these, usually called the Page county valley, the main river passes, down the other passes the great road. Up this road, west of the Masanuttin mountain was Jackson now retreating, in his deliberate, stubborn fashion, while Fremont's 18,000 pursued him. Up another road parallel, but on the eastern side both of that mountain and of the main river, marched Shields, with his 8,000 picked troops. Neither had any pontoon train, for Banks had burned his in his impotent flight in May. Why did not Shields, upon coming over from the Piedmont to Front Royal, for the purpose of intercepting Jackson in the lower valley, at once cross the Shenandoah and place himself in effectual concert with his partner, Fremont? He had possession of a bridge at Front Royal. They were endeavoring to practice a little lesson in the art of war, which they fancied they had learned from the great teacher, Jackson, which they desired to improve, because it was learned, as they sorely felt, at the cost of greivous stripes, and indignities worse than those of the dunce-block. But their teacher would show them again, that they were not yet instructed enough to descend from that "bad eminence." Let me explain this first lesson.

The Blue-Ridge, parallel to the great Valley road, is penetrated only at certain "gaps," by roads practicable for armies. On the east of it lay the teeming Piedmont land, untouched by ravage as yet, and looking towards the capital and the main army of the Confederacy. This mountain, if Jackson chose to resort to it, was both his fastness and his "base of operations"; for the openings of its gaps offered him natural strongholds, unassailable by an enemy, with free communication at his rear for drawing supplies or for retreating. When Banks first pursued him up the Valley, he had turned aside at Harrisonburg to the eastward, and seated himself behind the river at Conrad's Store in the mouth of Swift Run Gap. And then Banks began to get his first glimpse of his lesson in strategy. He found that his coveted way (up the great Valley road) *was now parallel to*

*his enemy's base.* Even into his brain did the inconvenience of such line of advance now insinuate itself, and he paused at Harrisonburg. Paused awkwardly, with the road open to his coveted prize, Staunton, the strategical key of the commonwealth, with not a man in gray there to affright his doughty pickets: the quarry trembling for the expected swoop of the vulture. Forward, General Banks. *Carpe diem*; the road is open. But Banks would not forward—could not! There was a poised eagle upon the vulture's flank, with talons and beak ready to tear out the vitals beneath his left wing. Shall Banks face to the left and drag the eagle from his aerie, and then advance? Let him try that. Then, there is the water-flood in front to be crossed, only by one long, narrow bridge, which would be manifestly a bridge of Lodi, but not with obtuse, kraut-consuming Austrians behind it. And there is the mountain, opening its dread jaws, right and left, to devour the assailant. No, Banks cannot even *try* that! What then shall he try? Alas, poor man, he knows not what, he must consider, sitting meanwhile upon that most pleasant village of Harrisonburg, amidst its green meadows. Is not the village now his veritable dunce-stool for the time, where he shall sit, reluctant, uneasy, "swelling and snubbing," until it appear whether he can learn his horn-book or not? And it was while he was there sitting, the horn-book not mastered, that Jackson like the tornado, made his first astounding gyration, his first thunder-clap at McDowell, away on the western mountain, his second echoing to it from Front Royal on the far east, his crowning, rending crash at Winchester. And Masters Banks and Shields find themselves with incomprehensible smoke and dust, clean outside the school-room, yea, the play-ground, they scarcely know how, (they "stood not on the order of their going,") with eyes very widely glaring, yet with but little light of speculation in them.

This was lesson number first. And now say my masters to each other, "This lesson which cost us so dear, learned by buffetings so rude, yea, even kicks, with the bitter chorus of inextinguishable laughter of rivals, shall we not profit by it? Shall we not use it in our turn? Yea, we will not be always dunces: we will let people see that we can say, at least, that lesson again. The lion will retreat surlily, after he brake the toils at Strasburg, up the great Valley road, growling defiance, huge ribs of the prey between his jaws. Fremont shall closely pursue his rear with 18,000, and Shields shall advance abreast, between him and the mountain, with 8,000, to head

him off from his rock-fastness. We shall circumvent him in the open field; we shall confound him on the right hand and the left; the one shall amuse him in front, when he stands at bay, and the other shall smite him by guile under the ribs; and we shall take his spoils." And, therefore, it was that Shields crossed not the river below, at Strasburg, but remained apart from his mate.

They forgot that it is the prerogative of genius, to have no need to repeat itself; its resources are ever new; it can invent, can *create* upon occasion. It is dull dunce-hood, which only knows how to repeat the lesson that has been well beaten into it. The Southern Lion, then, marches surlily up the great Valley, turning at bay here and there, when the whelps dog his heels too insolently, with a glare and a growl instructive to them to observe a wholesome interval; while Ashby, ubiquitous, peers everywhere over the Masanuttin, upon the advance of Shields—burns bridge after bridge, Mount Jackson bridge, White House bridge, Columbia bridge, entailing continued insulation upon him. The mighty hunt reaches Harrisonburg. Will it turn again eastward to the mountain? Shields shall see; he reaches Conrad's store. There is the old lair, the munition of rocks, but no Jackson seeking to crouch in it; only the bridge leading to it, (and which alone could lead him out of it) just in flames. Evidently Jackson will teach some other lesson this time, and Shields and Fremont must learn it, at what cost they may. He will turn eastward again, and resort to the river and the mountains, whose floods and forests he will make fight for him, even as "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," but under conditions wholly novel.

Now that you may comprehend Jackson, I must endeavor to make you *see* this region of Port Republic, as nearly as may be. Behold then the side road from Harrisonburg to that village, passing over sundry miles of those high hills, common to calcareous regions, [lofty as the highest viewed from the northernmost end of your Druid Hill Park,] mostly parallel to each other, and at right angles to the road, clad also frequently with woodlands upon their summits, the vales between filled with farms. Close at the foot of the last of these ridges flows the shining river, here running almost due east, as does the great mountain parallel to it, three miles away. Look thitherward, and between you and that green rampart you see, first the water, then smooth meadows far below you, spreading wider to the left, away to Lewiston, until their breadth expands almost to a mile; while underneath you stretches the long bridge, and nestles the white

village amidst the level fields. Beyond the forest begins, thick, tangled and bosky, pierced by more narrow, serpentine, but easy roadways, than your eye would suspect, and spreads away, rising into hills as it recedes towards the true mountain foot. Just below the village comes a sparkling tributary, South river, deemed scarcely worthy of a bridge, and mingles its waters at the angle of the little green with its elder sister; while the one broad thoroughfare leads up the village and away to the southwest to Staunton, and the other, fording the lesser stream to the left, plunges into the forest to seek Brown's Gap. Look now, far away to the east, where river and mountain begin to lose themselves in the summer haze. You perceive that the tangled wilderness, after embaying one more modest farm below Lewiston, closes in upon the bank of the stream, ending for many miles, champaign and tillage, and allowing but one narrow highway to Conrad's Store, fifteen miles away. Such is your landscape from your elevated outlook northwest of the river: and this is the chess-board upon which the master hand is to move knights and castles, not his own merely, but also his adversary's.

Saturday, the 7th of June, Jackson led all his troops to those high hills northwest of the river, posting half of them three miles back, under Ewell, to confront Fremont, and the remainder upon the heights overlooking Port Republic, while he himself crossed the bridge and lodged in that village. That evening Fremont sat down before Ewell, and Shields, perceiving that he must seek Jackson still farther, pushed his army up the narrow forest road from Conrad's Store, and showed its head at Lewiston. Thus, Jackson's army and Fremont's were upon the one side of the river, Shields's and the village upon the other. To cross it there remained now but the one passage, which lay under the muzzles of Jackson's cannon, for all the bridges above and below had been burned.

Fremont and Shields would now, therefore, apply the old strategy, which red tape once deemed appropriate for the superior numbers. They would *surround* Jackson on sundry sides, with divided forces, from different directions, and thus crush him. The lessons of the old Napoleon had not been enough to teach them: this new Virginian Napoleon will, perhaps, illuminate their obtuseness, but with light too sulphurous for their delectation. This old plan, attempted against a wakeful and rapid adversary, capable of striking successive blows, only invites him 'to divide and conquer.' This Jackson will now teach them in his own time, and it shall be lesson number second.



They shall never strike together: nay, Shields shall never strike at all, but be stricken: thus hath the master of the game already decided.

Shall Jackson, then, hold Shields at arms' length, and strike the larger prey, Fremont, first? This the impassable river and the dominant position of his artillery overlooking the bridge, enabled him to do. He might have driven back Shields's co-operative advance in the meadows beneath, by a storm of shells, while he assailed his partner three miles away; and Shields might have beguiled the day, by looking helplessly over at the smoke surging up over the tree-tops, and listening to the thunder of the battle rolling back to Harrisonburg with Fremont's defeat; or, by reckoning when his own time would come, if that better pleased him. Shall Jackson, then, strike Fremont first? "Yes," said Ewell: "Strike the larger game first." But Jackson said, "No. The risk is less to deal first with the weaker. In a battle with Shields, should disaster perchance befall us, we shall be near our trains, and our way of retreat; and true courage, however much prudent audacity it may venture, never boasts itself invulnerable. But if an inauspicious attack were made on Fremont, the defeated Confederates would have behind them a deep river, to be crossed only by one narrow bridge, and a line of retreat threatened by Shields's unbroken force. Again, Shields defeated, had but one difficult and narrow line of retreat, between the flood and the mountain, and might be probably destroyed. Fremont, if defeated, had an open country and many roads by which to retire; and could not be far pursued, with Shields's force still unbroken threatening our rear." Thus argued Jackson, but only to himself, then; he was wont to give no account of his measures to others.

Shall Jackson, then, prepare to deal with his weaker adversary, by withdrawing all his army to the Southern side, burning the bridge behind him, and thus leaving Fremont an idle spectator of Shields's overthrow? Again, No; and for two reasons: First, this would permit Fremont to crown all those dominating heights on the north side, with *his* artillery, so that Shields, though still separated from his friends by the water, might enjoy the effectual shelter of their guns. And second, supposing Shields dealt with satisfactorily, then it might be desired to pay the same polite attentions to Fremont; and Jackson meant not to deprive himself too soon of the means of access to him. Shields, then, shall be first attended to, on the south side; but yet the bridge not destroyed, nor the heights beyond surrendered.

“Stonewall Jackson’s Way.”

A SONG BY DR. JOHN WILLIAMSON PALMER.

[This famous camp song was originally published from what purported to be “a MS. found on the person of a dead Confederate soldier,” and its authorship has never, so far as we know, been claimed by any one until recently Dr. John Williamson Palmer, in a letter to the *New York World* avows the authorship and claims that he “made this song at Oakland, Alleghany Co. Md., to the tune of the guns of Antietam, which he could hear as he wrote.”

Dr. Palmer is a native of Baltimore, and a writer of no mean repute, and his letter seems to settle the authorship. He gives the following as the original and correct version of the song.]

Come, stack arms, men; pile on the rails;  
     Stir up the camp fire bright!  
 No growling if the canteen fails;  
     We’ll make a roaring night.  
 Here Shenandoah brawls along,  
 There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong—  
 To swell the brigade’s rousing song  
     Of Stonewall Jackson’s way.

We see him now; that queer slouched hat  
     Cocked o’er his eye askew;  
 The shrewd, dry smile, the speech so pat,  
     So calm, so blunt, so true!  
 The Blue-light Elder knows them well;  
 Says he: “That’s Banks: he’s fond of shell.  
 Lord save his soul! we’ll give him”—Well!  
     That’s Stonewall Jackson’s way.

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!  
     Ole massa’s goin’ to pray.  
 Strangle the fool! that dares to scoff;  
     Attention! it’s his way.  
 Appealing from his native sod,  
*In forma pauperis*, to God,  
 “Lay bare thine arms! Stretch forth thy rod;  
     Amen!”—that’s Stonewall’s way.

He’s in the saddle now. Fall in!  
     Steady, the whole brigade!  
 Hill’s at the ford, cut off. We’ll win  
     His way out, ball and blade.

What matter if our shoes are worn?  
 What matter if our feet are torn?  
 Quick step! We're with him before dawn.  
     That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists  
     Of morning; and, by George!  
 Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists,  
     Hemmed in an ugly gorge.  
 Pope and his Yankees whipped before,  
 "Bayonets and Grape!" hear Stonewall roar.  
 Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score  
     In Stonewall Jackson's way!

Ah, maiden! wait and watch, and yearn  
     For news of Stonewall's band.  
 Ah, widow! read with eyes that burn  
     That ring upon thy hand.  
 Ah, wife! sew on, pray on, hope on;  
 Thy life shall not be all forlorn,  
 The foe had better ne'er been born  
     That gets in Stonewall's way!

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## Notes and Queries.

*Field Notes at Chancellorsville from Stuart and Jackson.*

LEXINGTON, KY., January 27, 1883.

REV. J. WM. JONES, Richmond, Va.:

*My Dear Sir*,—Mrs. Thos. R. Price, of Richmond, Va., has recently submitted to my perusal some letters and papers left by her son, Major R. Channing Price, General Stuart's Adjutant-General, who was killed in battle near Chancellorsville, on 1st May, 1863. Among these I find one of the last field dispatches written by Stonewall Jackson.

General Stuart writes to General Jackson as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS CAVALRY DIVISION,  
 12 M., May 1st, 1863.

*General*,—I am on a road running from Spotsylvania C. H. to Silvers, which is on Plank Road, three miles below Chancellorsville. General Fitz. Lee is still further to the left and extends scouts to Plank Road (Orange), and has the Turnpike watched beyond

to see if any large movement takes place that way. I will close in on the flank and help all I can when the ball opens. I will communicate through Wickham and Owens to you.

May God grant us victory.

Yours truly,

J. E. B. STUART,  
*Major-General.*

Upon the back of this dispatch General Jackson writes, evidently while on horseback, and with a badly pointed lead pencil:

"12½ P. M., May 1st, '63.

*General:*

I trust that God will grant us a great victory.  
Keep closed on Chancellorsville.

Yours very truly,

T. J. JACKSON,  
*Lieutenant-General.*

*Major-General J. E. B. Stuart."*

What a commentary upon the lives of these two great men!

Yours very truly,

H. B. McCLELLAN.

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*The "Macon Light Artillery" at Fredericksburg.*

Our gallant friend, Major N. M. Hodgkins, sends us the following note:

MACON, GA., November 17th, 1882.

Rev. J. WM. JONES, *Secretary*

*Southern Historical Society, Richmond, Va.:*

My Dear Sir,—In your last (October and November), General E. P. Alexander, in his admirable paper (No. 2) relative to "the battle of Fredericksburg," says:

"Their advance exposed their left flank to a raking fire from the artillery on Lee's hill, which with good ammunition ought to have routed them without the aid of infantry. As it was some single shots were made which were even terrible to look at. Gaps were cut in their ranks visible at the distance of a mile, and a long cut of the unfinished Orange railroad was several times raked through by the thirty-pound Parrot, which enfiladed it from Lee's Hill, while filled with troops." \* \* \* General A., in his "notes," says, "This gun



exploded during the afternoon at the thirty-ninth discharge, but fortunately did no harm, though Generals Lee, Longstreet, and others were standing very near it."

Now, what I desire to state is, this gun was one of a section of the Macon Light Artillery, of Macon, Georgia, referred to in General A's first paper, wherein he says, "Among the guns in position on Lee's hill were two thirty-pound Parrotts, under Lieutenant Anderson, which had just been sent from Richmond," and which "did beautiful practice until they burst, one at the thirty-ninth round, and the other at the fifty-fourth."

In connection with this I will state, that during this engagement an officer bore a message from General Lee, complimenting the command upon its effective fire. In returning, and in sight of the men, this officer was killed by a fragment of shell. Now, who was this officer? We have had his name given as Captain King. We have alluded to this incident in a former publication, and wish to give his name if we can.

The Macon Light Artillery afterwards formed a part of Colonel John C. Haskell's command in North Carolina. Colonel Edgar F. Moseley in Virginia, and Major Jos. G. Blount, of Georgia, commanded the batallion at the surrender, composed of Young's, Cummings's, Mitlers, and the Macon Light Artillery.

Very respectfully,

N. M. HODGKINS.

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*The hero of Fredericksburg* of whom General Alexander spoke in his admirable paper in our November (1882) number, as carrying water to the wounded of the enemy at the peril of his own life was, of course, *Richard Kirkland*, of South Carolina, of whom General Kershaw wrote so interesting a sketch. [See Vol. 8, S. H. S. PAPERS, page 186.]

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*Two "unknown heroes" of the ranks.*

Our accomplished friend, Colonel Charles H. Olmstead, of Savannah, has furnished us the following incident which is but one of a thousand similar ones which might be given to illustrate the *morale* of "the men who wore the gray":

At the time of General Hood's defeat before Nashville, the brigade

to which my regiment belonged, Smith's brigade, Cleburne's division, was detached and operating with General N. B. Forrest in the vicinity of Murfreesboro. Hood's retreat in the direction of Columbia placed the enemy on the direct line between our little force and the main body of the army, and in consequence we were obliged to make a wide detour by a forced march across the country to regain our place in our division line. In this march the men suffered terribly, as large numbers of them were barefooted and there were not half a dozen overcoats in the brigade, while the weather was intensely cold and the whole earth covered with sleet and snow. We reached Columbia at about nine o'clock at night, at least the head of the column did; but "the lame and the halt" were coming up by ones and twos all night.

Early the next morning we were formed to march through the town, the First Georgia in the lead. In the first file of fours was a young fellow of about twenty years, who on the march of the day before had been compelled by physical weakness to throw away a part of his burden as a soldier. He had parted with his *blanket* and held on to his musket. Now, as we marched, with indomitable pluck he was at the head of the regiment though his trousers were worn to a fringe from the knees down, and his bare feet cracked and bleeding left their marks upon the frozen road. At this moment a private of cavalry came riding by—he turned and looked at the poor lad—then reining in his horse he threw his leg over the pommel of the saddle and took off first one shoe and then the other, and throwing the pair of them down at the poor fellow's feet with these words: "*Friend, you need them more than I do,*" he galloped away. Who he was I never knew, but surely no knight of old ever bore himself more like a true gentleman than he. I thought at the time of Philip Sydney and the acts and words that have made him immortal as he passed the cup of water from his own fevered and dying lips to those of another. And it almost startles me now to think that the words were nearly identical. Sydney said, "*Friend, thy need is greater than mine.*" The same noble spirit of self-sacrifice was in both men, separated though they were by centuries of time. And both gave equal evidence that the divine spark in their natures was indeed "a living fire."

## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

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OUR FEBRUARY AND MARCH NUMBERS are combined under one cover for the convenience of the Secretary, who expects to be absent from his office from the 19th of February until the 16th of March, but we are sure our readers will not object as they get their full quota of pages, and a number of great variety and interest.

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RENEWALS have been coming in quite briskly, but a large number of our subscribers have forgotten this important matter and we beg them to attend to it *at once*. We are running our PAPERS on a *cash* basis, and as we are paying cash for our printing, etc., we need the renewals of *all* of our subscribers.

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NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS have been coming in in most gratifying numbers, and our subscription list is steadily increasing, but we can find room for many more, and hope that our friends will not cease their efforts to extend our circulation.

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"THE TENNESSEE SOLDIERS' ASSOCIATION" is an organization which has its headquarters in Nashville, and is composed of "the soldiers of Tennessee in all of the wars," its object being to have prepared a history of the soldiery of the "Volunteer State," with a Roster of all living Tennessee soldiers. They have happily chosen as their historian, Dr. J. B. Lindsley, whose untiring research and facile pen will doubtless perform in the most satisfactory manner, the task assigned him. The following are the officers of the Association:

President, Colonel John A. Fite, Carthage; First Vice-President, Captain J. T. Martin, Nashville; Second Vice-President, Captain W. Ledgerwood, Knoxville; Third Vice-President, Captain Albert T. McNeal, Bolivar; Fourth Vice-President, Private Rhum Payne, Knoxville; Fifth Vice-President, Captain Jno. W. Morton, Nashville; Sixth Vice-President, Colonel C. R. Rurteau, Memphis; Secretary, Captain S. W. Steele, Nashville; Corresponding Secretary, Major John S. Bransford, Nashville; Treasurer, Colonel Jno. P. Maguire, Nashville.

At a recent meeting of their Executive Committee to confer with our General Agent for Tennessee, and Kentucky (Colonel H. D. Capers), Captain Robt. A. Cox offered the following, which was unanimously adopted:

"Whereas, the 'Tennessee Soldiers' Association' have become aware of the presence at Nashville of Colonel Henry D. Capers, General Agent of the 'Southern Historical Society,' an institution whose labor for the past ten years has resulted in the proper presentation to the impartial world of the record made by the people of the Southern States during their struggle for independence, it is therefore

"*Resolved*, That this Association extend to Colonel Capers, as the repre-

sentative of the Southern Historical Society, a cordial welcome to Nashville and to Tennessee.

"That we heartily sympathize with the noble mission which has enlisted his sympathies, and will aid him to extend the work and the influence of his Society among our people.

"That after years of trial we express our hearty congratulations to the board of management and to the editor, upon the character of the 'HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS,' which we regard as an impartial and a truthful record. We heartily commend these 'PAPERS' to all who desire the preservation of the facts of our history during the war.

That we invite the Southern Historical Society to hold its next annual meeting in Nashville, and assure our comrades of a cordial greeting."

We heartily thank the Association for their kind interest in our work, and assure them that we highly appreciate, and warmly reciprocate their words of encouragement. We hail all such organizations as co-workers in a common cause, and bid them God-speed in their efforts.

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GENERAL FITZHUGH LEE (accompanied by the Secretary) expects to start on the 19th of this month (February) on his second lecturing tour in behalf of the Southern Historical Society.

The programme of lectures as now arranged is as follows:

Knoxville, February 20th; Montgomery, February 22d; Mobile, February 23d; New Orleans, February 26th; Houston, Texas, February 28th; Galveston, March 1st; San Antonio, March 3d; Austin, March 5th; Waco, March 6th; Corsicana, March 7th; Dallas, March 8th; Forth Worth, March 9th; Sherman, March 10th; Little Rock, March 12th; Memphis, March 13th; Nashville, March 14th.

Not a dollar of the proceeds of these lectures will be used for current expenses, but the whole will be passed to the credit of our "Permanent Fund," so that our friends may feel assured that in greeting General Lee with large audiences, they will be at the same time honoring a noble son of an illustrious house, enjoying a really magnificent lecture, and aiding in placing on a permanent basis a society which is laboring to vindicate the name and fame of our Confederate cause and people.

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REV. HUGH L. MAGEVENEY'S LECTURE in Baltimore for the benefit of our Society, turned out to be a splendid success in every sense of the word. The eloquent lecturer thrilled and delighted the large audience who heard him, and as the result we received a check for \$500, (which we at once passed to the credit of our "Permanent Fund,") and have an intimation of "a fragment more" to come. We tender our hearty thanks to the distinguished lecturer, and to the committee of the Confederate Society of Maryland, (General Bradley T. Johnson, Chairman, General I. R. Trimble, Winfield Peters, Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer, R. M. Blundon, Secretary, Colonel J. Lyle Clarke, Wm. P. Zollinger, R. W. Gwathmey, Dr. Wm. H. Cole, M. O. Shriver), by whose efficient work this splendid success was achieved.



THE ANNUAL REUNION AND BANQUET of the "Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland," will take place on the evening of the 22nd of February, and will be preceded by a lecture before the "Maryland Line," by General J. A. Early, on "Stonewall Jackson's Campaign against Pope." We acknowledge the courtesy of invitations to attend the lecture and banquet, and very much regret that our Southern tour will compel us to forego our full purpose of being present.

We hope, however, that we shall have the privilege of publishing General Early's paper, which will, doubtless, be an able and valuable discussion of that splendid campaign.

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THE LOUISIANA DIVISION OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA held its annual Reunion and Banquet in New Orleans on the 22nd of January. It seems to have been, as usual, a brilliant affair, and we deeply regretted our inability to accept a kind invitation to be present.

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THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION of the settlement of Georgia was appropriately celebrated in Savannah on the 12th of February. The military display of over 5,000 soldiers, the address of Governor A. H. Stephens, the Sesqui-Centennial ode of Paul H. Hayne (recited by General Henry R. Jackson), the historical pageant, representing the landing of Oglethorpe and his colonists, the pyrotechnic display at night, the trades parade on the 13th, the immense crowd of people, and other interesting features, seem to have made the celebration a grand success. We deeply regretted that we could not accept a highly appreciated invitation to be present.

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IN THE DEATH OF REV. DR. (GENERAL) W. N. PENDLETON, at his home in Lexington, Va., on the evening of January 15th, there has "passed away" another of our prominent Confederate leaders.

As classmate of General R. E. Lee at West Point, his Chief of Artillery during the war, and his Pastor during his residence in Lexington, General Pendleton was closely connected with our great chieftain in life, and now sleeps well, hard by his grave, while the spirits of the two soldiers, who were faithful to cross and country, doubtless bask together in the smiles of the great "Captain of our Salvation."

Of strong intellect, broad culture, firm convictions, devoted patriotism, earnest piety, and evangelical spirit, Dr. Pendleton made his impress on the age in which he lived, and will be sadly missed, not only in Lexington, but in the State and land which he loved so well and served so faithfully.

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GENERAL B. G. HUMPHRIES, of Miss., has also joined the column which has "crossed over the river to rest under the shade of the trees," leaving behind him the stainless name of a gallant soldier, a true patriot, an able statesman, a noble man. "Peace to his ashes!"

## Literary Notices.

THE MISSISSIPPI. By FRANCIS VINTON GREENE, constituting Volume VIII, of the series of "Campaigns of the Civil War," issued by Charles Scribner's Sons, has been sent us by the publishers and will be fully reviewed, by a competent hand, at no distant day. Meantime, we advise our friends to put all of the volumes of this series on their Library shelves as fair representations of the Federal side.

And we again repeat, that if Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons desire to prove their claim to impartiality in publishing "Campaigns of the Civil War," they must now arrange for a similar series from some of our ablest Confederate soldiers.

"THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY IN 1864." By GEORGE E. POND, Associate Editor of the *Army and Navy Journal*, has been received (through Messrs. West & Johnston, of Richmond), and constitutes Volume XI, of the same series. We have not yet had opportunity of reading the volume, but shall do so at our earliest convenience (in connection with a re-reading of General Early's account of the same events) and we promise our readers a full review, which we hope to secure from an abler and more competent pen than ours. We may say now, however, that from casually dipping into it, the book seems to us to be an able, well written, and interesting presentation of the *Federal* side of that important campaign.

HISTORY OF AUGUSTA COUNTY, VA. By J. LEWIS PEYTON, Staunton, Va.: Samuel M. Yost & Son.

We are under obligations to the author for a copy of this valuable contribution to history, for it must be remembered that "Augusta county," originally extended from the western slope of the Blue Ridge to the Mississippi river, and embraced a large part of that empire which Virginia generously gave to the general government.

With industrious research Mr. Peyton has gathered the material which his facile pen has woven into an interesting and valuable narrative, which we cordially commend to all lovers of historic truth.

MRS. DERENNE, of Savannah, Ga., has placed us under highest obligations for sending us beautiful copies of the rare and very valuable "*Wormsloe Quartos*," and some other books. We had purposed copying from the admirable sketch of Colonel Charles C. Jones, Jr., his notice of these books, his sketch of the distinguished compiler and publisher, Dr. DeRenne, and the correspondence concerning the bronze statute of the Confederate soldier which he presented to the Ladies Memorial Association of Savannah; but our printers warn us that they are "full," and we must defer this matter until our next issue.

GENERAL EARLY HAS PRESENTED TO THE SOCIETY 600 copies of his able, interesting, and very valuable "Memoir of the Last Year of the War for Independence in the Confederate States of America," and we would be glad to mail a copy to anyone sending us the publisher's price (seventy-five cents) in postage stamps.



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Vol. XI.      Richmond, Va., April-May, 1883.      Nos. 4-5.

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Stonewall Jackson.

*A Lecture delivered in Baltimore in November, 1872, by REV. DR. R. L. DABNEY.*

PAPER NO. 2.

(Conclusion.)

This plan, then, is clear even to the civic apprehension, as offering fewest risks and largest promise—in a word, the perfection of sagacity; and with so many men in gray as might match two-fold numbers of enemies (odds rather favorable, if not light and trivial, compared with the customary), it seems to promise safely. Perhaps some may even say that these reasonings *are* clear and just, even too much so to imply peculiar genius in Jackson. Remember, friend, Columbus and his egg. Jackson's *performance* hath illustrated this problem for you, made it all plain, which to him was all novel, urgent, and to have its right solution by him alone invented, then and there, under pressure of dire responsibility and penalty of portentous ruin and manifold destruction. These, friend, thou wouldst not have found propitious or helpful for clear meditation and judg-



ment the night of that 7th of June. Believe me, the problem did not *then* seem easy, or even soluble to us, as men whispered by the watch-fires, with bated breath: "Jackson is surrounded." Our eyes, then beclouded with apprehension, confused, saw no light; but he, clear-eyed and serene, with genius braced by his steadfast heart and devout faith, saw all possibilities, and whence deliverance might dawn out of seeming darkness. And these two chiefest traits of greatness I recognized in Jackson through these transactions: First, that urgent and critical peril did not agitate nor confuse his reason, nor make him hang vacillating, uneasy and impotent to decide between the alternatives, but only nerved and steadied his faculties; that he ever thought best where other men could least think. Second, that he knew how to distinguish the decisive points from the unessential, and, grasping those with iron strength, to form from them an inflexible conclusion.

Events, then, had showed Jackson these things by the close of Saturday, June the 7th. Why did he delay to strike this time, so unlike his wont? The 8th was "the Sabbath of the Lord," which he would fain honor always, if the wicked would let him. *Not by him* should the sanctity and repose of that bright, calm Sabbath be broken. When I went to him early, saying, "I suppose, General, divine service is out of the question to-day?" his reply was, "Oh, by no means; I hope you will preach in the Stonewall Brigade, and I shall attend myself—that is, if we are not disturbed by the enemy." Thus I retired, to doff the gray for the time and don the parson's black. But those enemies cherished no such reverence. As at the first Manassas, and so many other pitched battles, they selected the holy day for an unholy deed. They supposed that the toils were closed again around the prey, and were eager to win the spoils before they escaped them. Shields, then, moves first to strike Jackson's rear, a detachment of cavalry, with two cannon in front, who sweep away the pickets with a sudden rush, dash pell-mell across the lesser river, into the street, almost as soon as the fugitives who would tell their coming. Then is there at head-quarters mad haste, Jackson leaping into the saddle and galloping (the pass even now scarcely open) for the bridge and his army; Staff following as they may; one and another too late (as Colonel Crutchfield, our Chief of Artillery), and captured in mid street; a few yet, more too late, and wholly unable to follow; I, of course, again doffing the black to don the gray, among these last. Right briskly did those invaders (bold, quick men, for Yankees,) occupy the village, plant cannon at each end of it, spy out Jackson's trains, and begin to reach forth the hand to grasp



them, while we, cut off and almost powerless, make such resistance as we may. Haste thee, Master Shields. "What thou doest do quickly"! for NEMESIS is coming, and thy time is short—too short, alas! for Shields, for mortal man; for lo! yonder, *one* hath clattered through the bridge, and bounding up the heights where the forces lay, pressing his steed with burning spurs, his visage all aglow and blue eye blazing, and shouts: "Beat the Long Roll!" Drums roll with palpitating throb; men spring to the ranks, cannoneers harness; and ere Shields can brush away the flimsy obstacles between him and the trains, already Jackson comes streaming back with Poague's battery and Fulkerson's tall riflemen—streaming down the hill, a flashing torrent. There is one crash of thunder, one ringing volley, one wild yell; the bayonets gleam through the shadowy cavern of the bridge, and the thing is done. Hostile cannon lie disabled, horses weltering around them in blood; intruders flee pell-mell, splashing through the stream, whither they came; while Jackson stands alone, over on the green hillside, still, calm, and reverent, his hand lifted in prayer and thanksgiving that the village is won again. But it is only for a moment, for he knows what more remains to be done. He remounts the heights, and there, sure enough, is Shields's army advancing up the meadows from Lewiston, ranks dressed, banners flying, in all the bravery of their pomp. Jackson utters a few quiet words, and Poague's guns, reinforced by others, remove to the next hill, depress their grim muzzles, and rain down an iron storm across the river, which lashes Shields back to his covert.

Jackson trusted Providence, and here Providence took care of him in a most timely way. Our Colonel Crutchfield, detained amidst his captors in the village street, shall tell how the intervention looked from his point of view. The cavalry Colonel commanding Shields's advance had not more than disarmed him, when a Yankee vidette, who had ventured a little up the Staunton Road, came hurrying back, his eyes glaring with elation, and exclaimed: "Colonel Carrell! you have as good as got Jackson's trains; they are right above here, in sight; I have seen thousands of the white wagon-covers shining! You have nothing to do but ride forward and take them." "Yes!" avouched Crutchfield's despairing thought, "he has them! There are no train-guards, and those white sheets, as I wofully know, are the covers of my ordnance-train, containing all the artillery ammunition and most of the other for the whole army. Colonel Carrell may not remain here permanently, but nothing can prevent his riding thither and doing irreparable mischief before Jackson's return."

Such was also the Yankee's thought, for he immediately ordered a strong squadron of his cavalry to go up and capture those trains. So the horsemen formed in column and advanced up the street, leaving Colonel Crutchfield in silent despair. But near the head of that street they were met by a discharge of canister at close quarters. The balls came ricocheting down the road amidst the horses' legs, and back came the column in headlong flight, with a tempest of dust. Said Crutchfield's thoughts to him: "Did those cannons drop from the skies? Did the angels fire them? I thought I was artillery-chief to that army, and had posted all the guns, and I thought I knew that there was no artillery there." But none the less did the mysterious guns hold their post, despite the cannonading of the Yankee battery accompanying their advance; and whenever the attacking column of cavalry was advanced, lash it back to the side-alleys with canister-shot until Jackson re-occupied the village.

The explanation was that there was a new battery, that of Captain Carrington, of Albemarle, just arrived, which Colonel Crutchfield had found so partially equipped and so absolutely unskilled, that he had relegated it with the baggage, and thus had actually discounted it in his mind as anything more than baggage. Two guns of this battery had been brought forward, with fragments of the fleeing Confederate pickets for supports, and with that audacity which, as Jackson taught, was on some occasions the most timely discretion, had made its little fight and saved the trains.

But now the cannonade answers back from Cross-Keys, where Fremont crowds upon Ewell, endeavoring to keep his part of the *rendezvous*. How the fight raged there through the day, while Jackson vibrated thither and back, watchful of all points, I need not detain you to relate; for your history-books may tell you all this, as also how Ewell hurled back his adversary, and held his own stoutly at all points. One little thing I may relate, not flattering to myself, which may be to you a revelation of Jackson's mind, (and may also be taken as an example of the scant encouragement which suggestions from subordinates usually met). As he sat upon his horse, scanning the region whither Shields had retired, I moved to his side and asked: "There is, then, a general action at Cross-Keys?" The answer was an affirmative nod. "Then General Shields will not be blind to the importance of his coöperating in it: he will surely attack you again to-day?" Hereupon he turned upon me, as though vexed with my obtuseness, with brows knit, and waving his clenched fist towards the commanding positions of the artillery near him, said:

"No, sir; he *cannot* do it, sir. I should tear him to pieces"! And Shields did not do it, because he could not!

The two Yankee Generals have now had their forwardness a little rebuked; are taught to keep their places quietly until they are wanted. The Sabbath-eve has descended as calmly as though no blood or crime had polluted it, and Jackson has rested until the midnight hour ushers in the working day with a waning moon. He then addresses himself to *his* work and takes the aggressive. The trains are sent over to Ewell to carry rations to his hungry men and to replenish the guns with their horrid food; a foot bridge is prepared for the infantry over South river, by which they may be passed towards Lewiston. Ewell is directed to creep away at daybreak, from Fremont's front, leaving only a skirmish line to amuse him, and to concentrate against Shields. Colonel Patton, one of the two commanders who are to lead this line, is sent for to receive his personal instructions from Jackson. "I found him," says Colonel Patton, "in the small hours of the night, erect, and elate with animation and pleasure. He began by saying: 'I am going to fight. Yes, we shall engage Shields this morning at sunrise. Now, I wish you to throw out all your men before Fremont as skirmishers, and to make a great show, so as to cause the enemy to think the whole army are behind you. Hold your position as well as you can; then fall back when obliged; take a new position; hold it in the same way, and I will be back to join you in the morning.'" Colonel Patton reminded him that his brigade was small, and that the country between Cross-Keys and the Shenandoah afforded few natural advantages for protecting such manœuvres. He therefore desired to know for how long a time he would be expected to hold Fremont in check. He replied: "By the blessing of Providence, I hope to be *back by ten o'clock*."

Here then we have the disclosure of his *real plan*, to which he makes no reference in his own official report. He proposed to finish with Shields, peradventure to *finish Shields*, by ten o'clock. Five hours should be enough to settle *his* account, and he would then go straight back to see after Fremont. By ten o'clock of the same day he would meet his retreating skirmish line north of the river, arrest the retrograde movement and be ready, if Fremont had stomach for it, to fight a second pitched battle with his army, more than double the one vanquished in the morning. As to the measure of Shield's disaster, it was to be complete; dispersion and capture of his whole force, with all his *material*. As Napoleon curtly said at the battle of *Rivoli*, concerning the Austrian division detached around the mountain to



beset his rear: "*Ils sont à nous ;*" so it seems had Jackson decreed of Shields's men: "They belong to us." This the whole disposition of his battle clearly discloses. I have described to you the position which Shields had assumed at Lewiston, with his line stretching from the forest to the river. Behind him were a few more smooth and open fields; and then the wilderness closed in to the river, tangled and trackless, overlooking the position of the Federal line in height, and allowing but one narrow track to the rear. It was a true funnel—almost a *cul de sac*. These then, were Jackson's dispositions. General Richard Taylor, with his Louisiana brigade, accompanied by a battery of artillery, was to plunge into the woods by those tortuous tracks which I have mentioned, to creep through the labyrinths, avoiding all disturbance of the enemy, until he had passed clear beyond his left, was to enfilade his short and crowded line, was to find position for his battery on some commanding hillock at the edge of the copsewood, and was to control the narrow road which offered the only line of retreat. The Stonewall brigade was to amuse the enemy meantime, in front, until these fatal adjustments were made, when the main weight of the army should crowd upon them, and they should be driven back upon the impassible river, hemmed in from their retreat, cannonaded from superior positions, ground, in short, between the upper and nether millstones, dissipated and captured. This was the morning's meal with which Jackson would break his fast. Then, for his afternoon work, he designed to re-occupy his formidable position in front of Fremont upon the north of the river, and either fight and win another battle the same day, or postpone the *coup de grace* to his second adversary until the next morning, as circumstances might dictate.

Such was the splendid audacity of Jackson's real design. Only a part of it was accomplished; you may infer that only a part of it was feasible, and that the design was too audacious to be all realized. I do not think so; only two trivial circumstances prevented the actual realization of the whole. When the main weight of the Confederate army was thrown against Shields he *was* crushed (though not captured) in the space of two hours. Again, Fremont had been, on the previous day, so roughly handled by Ewell, with six thousand men, that he did not venture even to feel the Confederate position, guarded really only by a skirmish line, until ten o'clock the next day, and such was his own apprehension of his weakness, that as soon as he learned Shields's disaster definitely, he retreated with haste, even though there was now no bridge by which Jackson might reach him. Why then a



performance so short of the magnificent conception? The answer was in two little circumstances. The guide who *thought* he knew the paths by which to lead General Taylor to the enemy's rear (a professional officer of the engineers) did not know; he became confused in the labyrinth; he led out the head of the column unexpectedly in front of instead of beyond their left, and General Taylor concluded he had no choice but to hold his ground and precipitate the attack. That was blunder first; a little one seemingly, but pregnant with disappointment. And here let me remark upon a mischievous specimen of red-tapeism, which I saw often practiced to our detriment, even sometimes by Jackson, who was least bound by professional trammels. It was the employing of engineer officers, with their pocket compasses and pretty, red and blue crayon, hypothetical maps, as country guides; instead of the men of the vicinage with local knowledge. Far better would it have been for Jackson had he now inquired among Ashby's troopers for the boy who had hunted foxes and rabbits through the coppices around Lewiston. Him should he have set to guide Taylor's brigade to the enemy's rear, with a Captain's commission before him if he guided it to victory, and a pistol's muzzle behind his left ear in case he played false.

The other blunder was, in appearance, even more trivial: The foot-bridge, constructed by moonlight, and designed to pass four men abreast, proved at one point so unsteady that only a single plank of it could be safely used. Thus, what was designed to be a massive column was reduced from that point onward to a straggling "Indian file." Instead of passing over the infantry in the early morning, we were still urging them forward when the appointed ten o'clock had come and gone, and the first attack on Shields, made with forces wholly inadequate, had met with a bloody repulse. Jackson, burning with eagerness, had flown to the front as soon as the Stonewall brigade was passed over, leaving to me a strict injunction to remain at the bridge and expedite the crossing of the other troops. First the returning trains, mingled in almost inextricable confusion with the marching column, was to be disentangled, amidst much wrong-headedness of little Q. M.'s, swollen with a mite of brief authority. This effectually done; the defect of the bridge disclosed itself. Can it not be speedily remedied? No; not without a total arrest of the living stream, which none dared to order. Then began I to suggest, to advise, to urge, that the bridge be disused wholly and that the men take to the water *en masse* (kindly June water). For although it was Jackson's wont to enlighten *none* as to his plans; yet even my inex-

perienced ear was taught by the cannon thundering at Lewiston, that we should all have been, ere this, *there*; not pothering *here*, in straggling Indian file. Well did I know how Jackson's soul at that hour would avouch that word of Napoleon: "Ask me for *anything but time*." But no: "Generals had their orders: to march by the bridge." "They would usurp no discretion." Punctilious obedient men they! "keeping the word of promise to the ears, but breaking it to the sense." Well, in such fashion was the golden opportunity lost; and Jackson, at mid-day, instead of returning victorious to confront Fremont, must send word to his skirmish line, to come away and burn the bridge behind them, while he reinforces his battle against Shields and crushes down his stubborn (yea right gallant) resistance, with stern decision. Thus he must content himself with one victory instead of two, and in that one, chase his enemy away like a baffled wolf instead of ensnaring him wholly and drawing his fangs.

Who can hear this story of victory thus organized and almost within the grasp—victory which should have been more splendid than Marengo—so shorn of half its rays, without feeling a pungent, burning, sympathetic disappointment? Did not such a will as Jackson's then surge like a volcano at this default? No. There was no fury chafing against the miscarriage, no discontent, no rebuke. Calm and contented, Jackson rode back from the pursuit and devoted himself to the care of the wounded and to prudent precautions for protection. "*God did it.*" That was his philosophy. There is an omniscient Mind which purposes, an ever present Providence which superintends; so that when the event has finally disclosed His will, the good man has found out what is best. He did not know it before, and therefore he followed, with all his might, the best lights of his own imperfect reason; but now that God has told him, by the issue, it is his part to study acquiescence—

Such was "Stonewall Jackson's way."

This, my friends, is a bright dream, but it is passed away. Jackson is gone, and the cause is gone. All the victories which he won are lost again. The penalty we pay for the pleasure of the dream is the pain of the awakening. I profess unto you that one of the most consoling thoughts which remain to me amidst the waking realities of the present, is this: that Jackson and other spirits like him are spared the defeat. I find that many minds sympathize with me in the species of awful curiosity to know what Jackson would have done at our final surrender. It is a strange, a startling conjunction of thoughts:

Jackson, with his giant will, his unblenching faith, his heroic devotion, face to face, after all, with the lost cause! What would he have done? This question has been often asked me, and my answer has always been: In no event could Jackson have survived to see the cause lost. What, you say: would he have been guilty of suicide? Would he, in the last-lost-battle, have sacrificed himself upon his country's funeral pyre? No. But I believe that as his clear eye saw the approaching catastrophe, his faithful zeal would have spurred him to strive so devotedly to avert it that he would either have overwrought his powers or met his death in generous forgetfulness (not in intentional desperation) on the foremost edge of battle. For him there was destined to be no subjugation! The God whom he served so well was too gracious to his favorite son. Less faithful servants, like us, may need this bitter scourge. He was meeter for his reward.

Yes, there is solid consolation in the thought: Jackson is dead. Does it seem sometimes as we stand beside the little green mound at the Lexington graveyard, a right pitiful thing, that here, beneath these few feet of turf, garnished with no memorial but a faded wreath (faded like the cause he loved) and the modest little stone placed there by the trembling hand of a weeping woman (only hand generous and brave enough even to rear a stone to Jackson in all the broad land baptized by his heart's blood), that *there* lies all this world contains of that great glory. That this pure devotion, this matchless courage, this towering genius are all clean gone forever out of this earth; gone amidst the utter wreck of the beloved cause which inspired them. Ah, but it was more pitiful to see a Lee bearing his proud, sad head above that sod, surrounded by the skeleton of that wreck, head stately as of old, yet bleached prematurely by irremediable sorrow, with that eye revealing its measureless depths of grief even beneath its patient smile. More pitiful to see the great heart break with an anguish which it would not stoop to utter, because it must behold its country's death, and was forbidden of God to die before it. But pitifulest of all is the sight of those former comrades of Jackson and Lee, who are willing to live and to be basely consoled with the lures of the oppressor, and who thus survive not only their country, but their own manhood. Yes, beside that sight the grave of Jackson is luminous with joy.

I well remember the only time when I saw him admit a prognostic of final defeat. It was a Sabbath day of May, 1862, as bright and calm as that which ushered in the battle of Port Republic. We were riding alone, slowly, to a religious service in a distant camp, and com-



muning of our cause, not then as superior with inferior, but as friend with friend. I disclosed to Jackson the grounds of the apprehensions which I always harboured in secret, but which I made it my duty to conceal, after the strife was once unavoidable, from every mortal save him. He defended his more cheerful hopes. He urged the surprising success of the Confederate government in organizing armies and acquiring material of war in the face of an adversary who would have been deemed overwhelming, and especially the goodness of Divine Providence in giving us, so far, so many deliverances. I re-asserted my apprehensions with a pertinacity which was, perhaps, uncivil. I pointed out that the people were not rising as a whole to the height of the terrible crisis. That while the minority (all honor to them) were nobly sacrificing themselves in the breach, others were venal and selfish, eager to depute to hireling substitutes the glorious privilege of defending their own homes and rights, and to make a sordid traffic out of the necessities of the glorious martyrs who were at the front dying for them. That it was at least questionable whether such men were not predestined slaves. That the government was manifestly unequal to the arduous enterprise and entangled in the plodding precedents of dull mediocrity, instead of rising to the exertion of lofty genius and heroism. Witness, for instance, the deplorable military policy which left our first critical victory without fruits; a blunder which no government would be allowed by a righteous Providence to repeat often, with impunity; because it is as truly a law of God's administration, as of His grace, which is expressed in the fearful question: "How can ye escape who neglect so great salvation?" That neither government nor people seemed awake to the absolute necessity of striking quickly in a revolutionary war like ours; but they were settling down to a regular protracted contest, in which the machinery of professional warfare would gradually, but surely, abolish that superiority of the Southern citizen-soldier over the Yankee mercenary, which the honor and courage of the former gave him while both were undrilled; a routine-war in which we should measure our limited resources against their unlimited ones, instead of measuring patriotic gallantry against sluggishness. That the final issue of such a struggle must be the exhaustion of our means of resistance by gradual attrition, which would render all our victories unavailing. At length, as I enlarged upon the points, Jackson turned himself upon his saddle towards me and said, with a smile which yet had a serious meaning in it: "Stop, Major Dabney; you will make me low-spirited!" He then rode in silence for some moments, and said,



as though to himself: "I don't profess any romantic indifference to life; and certainly, in my own private relations, I have as much that is dear to wish to live for as any man. But I do not desire to survive the independence of my country." These words were uttered with a profound, pensive earnestness, which effectually ended the debate.

Jackson prayed for the independence of his country; or, if that might not be, he desired not to survive its overthrow. God could not grant the former, for reasons to be seen anon, wherefore He granted the latter. The man died at the right time. He served the purpose of the Divine Wisdom in his generation. He went upward and onward upon the flood-tide of his fame and greatness, until it reached its very *acmé*; and thence he went up to his rest. After that came the ebb-tide, the stranding, and the wreck. This, surely, is a singular mark of Heaven's favor, lifting him almost to the rank of that antediluvian hero "who walked with God, and he was not; for God took him." When his fame and success were at their zenith, never yet blighted by disaster; when the cause he loved better than life was most hopeful; when he had just performed his most brilliant exploit, and could leave his country all jubilant with his praise, and glowing with gratitude for his deliverance; before the coming woe had projected upon his spirit even the fringe of that shadow which would have been to him colder than death—that was the time for Jackson to be translated.

The other thing, which alone would have been better—to lead his country on from triumph to triumph to final deliverance—to hang up his sword in the sanctuary, and to sit down a freeman amidst the people he had saved—that we would not permit God to effect; and that we were not fit to have such deliverance wrought for us, even by a Jackson, this God would demonstrate before he took him away; for the true great man is a gift from heaven, informed with a portion of its own life and fire. Some small critics have argued that great men are born of their times; that they are mere impersonations of the moral forces common to their cotemporaries. This, be assured, may be true of that species of little great men, of whom Shakespeare writes, that "they have greatness thrust on them." The true hero is not made by his times, but makes *them*, if indeed material of greatness be in them. They wait for him, in sore need, perhaps, of his kindling touch, groping in perilous darkness towards destruction, for want of his true light: they produce him not. God sends him. There be three missions for such a true great man among men. If "the iniquity of the Amorites is already full," the Great Power, the

wicked great man, Cæsar or Napoleon, is sent among them to seduce them to their ruin. If they be worthy of greatness, and have in them any true substance to be kindled by the heroic fire, the good hero, your Moses or Washington, shall be sent unto them for deliverance. If it be not yet manifest to men whether the times be the one or the other, Amoritish, utterly reprobate, and fit only for anarchy or slavery, or else with seed of nobleness in them, and capable of true glory (though to Him who commissions the hero there be no mystery nor contingency which is not manifest), then will he send one, or peradventure several, who shall be *touchstones* to that people, to "try them so as by fire," whether there be worth in them or no. And then shall this God-sent man show forth an exemplar to his people, which shall be unto them a test whether they, having eyes, see, or see not the true glory and right, and whether they have hearts to understand and love it. And then shall he bring nigh deliverances unto them, full of promise and hope, yet mutable, which are God's *overtures* saying unto them: "Come now and let us reason together. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword, for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Will ye, or will ye not? Thus was Jackson God's interrogatory to this people, saying to them: "Will ye be like him, and be saved? Lo, there! What would a *nation* of Jacksons be? That may ye be! How righteousness exalteth a people! Shall this judgment and righteousness 'be the stability of thy times, O Confederate, and strength of thy salvation'?" And these mighty deliverances at Manassas, Winchester, Port Republic, Chickahominy, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, were they not manifest *overtures* to us to have the God of Jackson and Lee for our God, and be saved? "Here is the path; walk ye in it."

And what said our people? Many honestly answered, "Yea, Lord, we will," of whom the larger part walked whither Jackson did, and now lie with him in glory. But another part answered, "Nay," and they live on such terms as we see, even such as they elected. To them, also, it was plain that Jackson's truth and justice and devotion to duty were the things that made him great and unconquerable. Even the wicked avouched this. Therefore a nation of such like men must needs be unconquerable and free. But they would not be free on such terms. Nay; they preferred rather to walk after their own vanities. Verily they have their reward! Let the contrast appear in two points. Jackson writes thus to his wife:

"You had better not sell your coupons from the" (Confederate)

"bonds, as I understand they are paid in gold ; but let the Confederacy keep the gold. Citizens should not receive a cent of gold from the government when it is so scarce."

Set over against this the spectacle of almost the many, except the soldiers, gone mad at the enhancement of prices with speculation and extortion, greedy to rake together paper money, mere rags and trash, while such as Jackson were pouring out money and blood in the death grapple for them. Take another: He writes to his wife, Christmas, 1862, in answer to the inquiry whether he could not visit her, and see the child upon which he had never looked, while the army was in winter-quarters:

"It appears to me that it is better for me to remain with my command so long as the war continues, if our ever-gracious Heavenly Father permits. The army suffers immensely by absentees. If all our troops, officers and men, were at their posts, we might, through God's blessing, expect a more speedy termination of the war. The temporal affairs of some are so deranged as to make a strong plea for their returning home for a short time ; but our God has greatly blessed me and mine during my absence ; and whilst it would be a great comfort to see you, and our darling little daughter, and others in whom I take special interest, yet duty appears to require me to remain with my command. It is most important that those at headquarters set an example by remaining at the post of duty."

Look now from this picture of steadfastness in duty to the multitudes of absentees and of stalwart young men shirking the army by every slippery expedient. So these answered back to God's overture: "Mammon is dearer than manhood, and inglorious ease than liberty." The disclosure was now made that this people could not righteously be free, was not fit for it, and that God was just. Jackson could now go home to his rest. He in the haven, the ebb-tide might begin ; he safely housed, the storm of adversity might burst.

The thing to be most painfully pondered then, by this people, is: Whether the fate of Jackson, and such like, is not proof that we have been weighed in the balances and found wanting? How readeth the handwriting on the wall? Not hopefully, in verity of truth, if Truth, which heroes worship, be indeed eternal, and be destined to assert herself ever. Jackson, alas, lies low, under the little hillock in Lexington graveyard, and Lee frets out his great heart-strings at this world-wide vision of falsehood and vile decree, cruel as sordid, triumphant, unwhipped of justice ; while the men who ride prosperously are they who sell themselves to work iniquity, and who

say "Evil, be thou my good." Yea, these are the men whom the people delighteth to honor; to whom the Churches and ministers of God in this land bow down, proclaiming: "verily success is divine; and Might it maketh right; and the Power of this world, *it* shall be God unto us." And while the grave of heroic Truth and virtue has no other memento than the humble stone placed there by a feeble woman's hand; pompous monuments of successful wrong affront the skies with their altitude, "calling evil good and good evil, and putting darkness for light and light for darkness." We fear that when Truth shall re-assert herself it will go ill with this generation.

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**Reminiscences of Services in Charleston Harbor.**

*By* COLONEL CHARLES H. OLMSTEAD.

PAPER NO. 2.

[Conclusion.]

Our experience for the next week was a trying one. Failing in the direct attack, the enemy's endeavor seemed to be to make our berth uncomfortably warm, and here the success was undoubted. Day after day the monitors—some four or five in number—and that tremendous war vessel, the "New Ironsides," would take their positions directly opposite the fort, at a distance of six to eight hundred yards, the wooden ships being at much longer range. Then would be poured in upon us a steady stream of shot and shell, much more pleasant to dwell upon as a memory than it was to endure, while upon the land side new batteries were built by the enemy, and each day the weight of metal thrown against us would seem to be heavier than the day before. I well remember the approach of the first monitor. How deliberate its movements; how insignificant its appearance; the deck almost level with the water, and the little black turret giving small promise of its hidden power for attack. My curiosity about the vessel was great, but was soon to be satisfied without stint. There was a slow revolving motion of the turret, a cloud of smoke, a deafening roar, and then, with the rush and noise of an express train, the huge fifteen inch shell, visible at every point of its trajectory, passed over head and burst far in the rear. The next shell exploded in the parapet, covering several of us with dirt. The introduction was complete.



Thenceforward we held these singular looking craft in wholesome respect. The "Ironsides," however, was probably the most formidable ship of the fleet. She is said to have carried at bow and stern two hundred pound Parrott guns, and nine-eleven-inch Dahlgrens on a side. Her broadsides were not fired in volley, but gun after gun, in rapid succession, the effect upon those who were at the wrong end of the guns being exceedingly demoralizing. Whenever she commenced there was a painful uncertainty as to what might happen before she got through.

We had but one gun with which to fight the monitors—the ten-inch Columbiad located just over the sally-port. True, the thirty-twos were tried for a while, but they were so impotent to harm the heavy mail of the ships that their use was soon discontinued. This Columbiad was manned, I think, by the Matthew's Artillery, of South Carolina, and the gunner, Frazer Matthews, was as noble a soldier as the siege produced. In the midst of the hottest fire he would stand quietly on the chassis directing the aiming of the gun with all the coolness and precision of target practice. Never flurried, always intent upon the work before him, and never giving the signal to fire until the aim was taken to his entire satisfaction, the accuracy of his marksmanship was great. Again and again I saw the solid ten-inch shot strike upon the sides of the monitors, only to break into a thousand fragments, that would splash into the sea like so much grape-shot.

At first we thought that no harm was done by our fire, but we learned afterwards that the concussion within the turret was tremendous, and that, among others, one very prominent officer had been killed by it.

Unfortunately, our Columbiad was soon dismounted, and although a new carriage was supplied, that too, was knocked to pieces in short order. Indeed, this experience was repeated half a dozen times.

Such continuous cannonading of course seriously impaired the integrity of our parapets. But as at that stage of the siege the firing ceased at nightfall, opportunity was given to repair damages, and all night long the garrison would work, filling sand bags and painfully endeavoring to make good the yawning chasms and ragged craters left by the terrible missiles that had been hurled into the fort during the day. There was a constant strain upon all the faculties, that gave little time for anything save the stern duties of the hour, and yet there were humorous incidents ever occurring that even now will bring smiles to the lips of all who remember them.

Who can forget "Aquarius," the water bearer, as he was dubbed—a simple-hearted fellow, from the backwoods of South Carolina, who devoted his time to bringing water to the wounded. Both heels of his shoes were carried away by a shell, and from that time he went barefooted—there was "danger in shoes," he said. And, then, the simple manner in which, on returning from one of his trips to the well, he held up one full jug and only the handle of another, saying, apologetically, "Oh, a shell took hit."

I can see in my mind's eye, too, the brilliant engineering feat of a member of the Oglethorpe Light Infantry, who while cooking a little dinner in the open parade, provided protection for himself by placing an empty flour barrel alongside of the fire, and gravely sticking his head into it whenever the scream of a shell warned him of approaching trouble.

During the week General Taliaferro, of Virginia, assumed command, and on the night of the 17th fresh troops were sent to relieve us—and it may be mentioned here, that this plan of changing commanders, and the garrison (or at least a part of it), every few days, was continued throughout the siege. In fact, the strain upon body and mind was so unrelenting, that a week's tour of duty was about as much as any men could undergo at a time, as there was no rest day nor night.

We were landed at Fort Johnson, on James Island, a little before dawn on the 18th, and were just getting comfortably settled in the village then existing at that point, when a tremendous cannonading began against the fort we had just left. All day long it continued, exceeding in fierceness and rapidity anything we had yet witnessed. The noise was terrific, great clouds of smoke hung over the devoted battery, and huge columns of sands rose high in the air, as shell after shell rent the parapets, while only an occasional shot in return gave any sign that there was life left in the garrison. With mingled feelings we watched the bombardment, full of anxiety for the ultimate result, and for the safety of our comrades in the fort, there was, also, it must be confessed, a profound complacency at the thought that we were well out of it ourselves.

A little before dusk the firing suddenly ceased on the part of the enemy, and almost instantaneously a rapid succession of guns from Sumter, trained for the beach of Morris Island, gave notice that another attempt was to be made to throw a column into Wagner by escalade.

It was even so. General Gillmore, fully alive to the difficulties

which the topographical features of the ground presented for regular approaches, and counting with reason upon the damaging effect of the awful bombardment, both upon the work itself and the *morale* of the garrison, had determined to make one more effort to wrest the position from the Confederates by storm. To this end he had organized a strong column of two brigades (a third brigade being held in reserve), under command of General Seymour, the formation being made behind the sand-hills. Its advance was supported by light batteries, and as the heavy firing ceased, it swept forward with a rush. An officer, who was in Wagner, told me the following day that the assault came very near meeting with perfect success, for, although it was anticipated, the awful artillery fire had compelled the garrison to seek shelter in the bomb-proofs. The exits from these places were narrow, and there was much trouble in getting the men to the ramparts in time to repel the onslaught. As it was, the result was long doubtful. A part of the enemy's column effected a lodgment in the salient on the left, and not until reinforcements were sent down from James Island to the assistance of the garrison, were these assailants finally overpowered and the entire fort once more in the hands of the Confederates.

The attack was bloody and disastrous to the attacking force. Its leader, General Seymour, was dangerously wounded, and General Strong with many of his best officers, and hundreds of the men, were killed, while the total loss in killed, wounded and prisoners, has been variously estimated at from 1,500 to 2,200 men. Nearly all of the enemy's regiments were in a state of disorganization, and gloom and dismay settled upon them.

In this connection it will be of interest to state that, during the siege, the Federal signal book was in our possession, having been captured on the person of a signal officer, near Georgetown, South Carolina. Its valuable secrets had been drawn from him by a Confederate who shared his place of imprisonment in the garb of a Federal prisoner. More than once the knowledge thus acquired proved of essential service to us. On this occasion the following dispatch from General Gilmore to Admiral Dahlgren had been intercepted, and in General Beauregard's possession hours before the assault: "Continue the bombardment throughout the day; at sunset redouble it. The assault will commence at seven."

Notwithstanding this disaster, General Gilmore, with great tenacity of purpose worthy of admiration, gave no evidence of having been diverted from his objective point. Though apparently convinced of



the futility of all efforts at a *coup de main*, he at once settled down into an endeavor to reduce Wagner by parallels and trenches. Time was necessary to do this, however, and time was the salvation of Charleston, for upon *our* side the distinguished officer who commanded the department, General Beauregard, was not idle, and nothing was left undone for the defence, not only of the outworks, but of the inner harbor, and of adjacent islands and inlets. The batteries on Sullivan's Island were strengthened, heavy additions were made to the armament of Sumter, new batteries were constructed within the city limits and upon the shores of James Island; some to command the ship channel, and others to deliver a flanking fire, though at a long distance, upon the enemy's works on Morris Island, while every device that the highest engineering skill could suggest, was gallantly acted upon by the garrison of Wagner to prolong its defence and retard its fall to the latest possible moment. Torpedoes and submarine batteries were placed in the waters of the harbor also, and, although I did not learn that one of them was ever exploded, there can be no doubt that they exerted a great moral effect, and deterred the vessels of the fleet from prowling around where we did not want them.

On the night of the 22d of July our second tour of duty at Wagner began. We found General Taliaferro still in command, and the garrison increased to about 1,500 men—though changes were so constantly being made that, without reference to statistical reports, I will not pretend to accuracy on this point. On every hand could be seen evidences of the severe trial through which the fort had already passed and was daily called upon to endure. The barracks and store houses were in ruins, and all of the slopes and inclines, upon which the eye of the engineer had loved to rest, were ploughed up in huge furrows, or pitted with cavernous holes that marked the bursting place of shells. But sand has many advantages over masonry, and wherever during the day the injuries done had impaired the defensive powers of the fort, a thousand busy workers would bend their energies, and the morning light would show guns remounted, parapets repaired and a strong front still presented to the enemy. On the 24th of July the bombardment was unusually severe. The iron clads, having nothing in Wagner to oppose them (for on that day our 10-inch gun was useless), came in as close as the channel would permit, shortly after daylight, and in conjunction with the land batteries, poured in an awful fire upon us for hours, while from our side, Moultrie, Sumter, Gregg, and the batteries on James Island, Johnson, Haskell and Cheves, joined in the fray. It was certainly a sublime yet terrible sight, never to be



forgotten by any who witnessed it. The impact of tremendous missiles, followed by the roar of their explosion, shook the solid earth, and the loud thunder of the guns seemed to rival the artillery of the heavens as its unceasing reverberations smote upon the ear. Grave doubts were entertained as to the ability of our fort to stand much longer this dreadful storm, but help came. About noon the steamer *Alice* (that had recently run the blockade), under command of Colonel Edward C. Anderson, of this city, came rapidly down the harbor from Charleston, bearing a white flag, and laden, as we learned, with a large number of Federal wounded, who were to be exchanged for Confederate wounded. She steered directly for a position between the fleet and Wagner. One shot was fired over her, but in a moment the cannonading ceased, and never was relief more welcome or more needed.

Serious injury had been done to Wagner, injury, indeed, that a short continuance of the firing might have rendered irremediable, as upon inspection it was found that there remained but about eighteen inches of sand as a covering for the logs, of which our main service magazine was built. One shell had carried away the air-flue and the flame, as it burst, had lit up the interior of the magazine, very much to the dismay of the men who were serving there, and who came tumbling out head over heels—evidently not standing on the order of their coming—only desiring to come quickly.

Colonel Anderson, in speaking of this occurrence, tells me that as he came down the bay, the gravity of our position was fully realized by him, and his determination formed to pursue the course he did in order to bring the firing to an end as soon as possible. He was warned off as he drew near the fleet, and a shell fired over him, but paid no attention to the warning, and succeeded in what he aimed to do. It was the right thing done at the right time, and, as a member of the garrison, I beg to make here my acknowledgments of the service performed.

The bombardment was not renewed that day, and during the afternoon General Taliaferro worked to such good purpose that nightfall found the principal damages substantially repaired.

On this occasion was brought to my attention a striking instance of the fact that a lofty heroism and nobility of soul may exist where an ordinary observer would never expect to find them. In the ranks of Company K, of the First Georgia, was a man from Bulloch county. Before his enlistment, a charcoal burner; he was of mean exterior, sickly frame and complaining disposition. He had long

been a butt for the rough witticisms of his comrades, and more than once came to me for redress. What troubled him most was that the men told him he had been "dug up," an implication upon the manner of his entry into the world—that he resented bitterly. During the bombardment of this day he had, in the performance of customary guard duty, been posted at the rampart, near the flag staff, to watch for any movements of the enemy that might indicate the formation of an assaulting column. At the end of his tour, Lieutenant Cyrus Carter started from the guard quarters to relieve him. Carter told me that as he crossed the parade, he did so with the profound conviction that he would be struck down before reaching the other side, so appalling was the storm of projectiles that tore up the ground around him. What was his surprise, therefore, to find the sentinel, not sheltered behind the parapet, as it was intended he should be, but quietly walking back and forth upon its very crest, for the expressed reason that he "couldn't see good down thar."

The flag staff had been shattered at his side, and with a strip torn from his shirt, he had tied the colors to the stump and continued his walk. As may be well supposed our charcoal burner escaped criticism after that.

From this time forward the works of the enemy were pushed forward most assiduously. One parallel after another was opened and breaching batteries established, armed with heavy sea coast mortars and rifle guns of tremendous size and power.

On our part, corresponding exertions were made. A heavy fire from our howitzers and other guns was maintained; sharp-shooters, armed with Whitworth rifles, kept unremitting watch upon the movements of the enemy, and a well placed line of rifle-pits, two or three hundred yards in our front, gave additional strength to our position and seriously annoyed the besiegers. There were two sides to the matter of sharp shooting, however, and the loss of some brave officers and men, killed by bullets fired at a thousand yards distance, or more, warned us against anything like heedless exposure.

The discomforts and privations to which the garrison was subjected rapidly increased, and soon attained proportions that will be remembered by those who endured them, like the details of some horrible dream. To avoid an unnecessary loss of life, the men were kept as much as possible within the bomb-proofs during the day time; but the gun squads and riflemen, of course, were constantly exposed, as well as numbers who could find no room in the shelters, or who preferred taking the fresh air, with all its attendant hazards. From these

there were constant additions to the list of our losses. The wounded (and the wounds were mostly of a terrible character), were all brought in among the men, and the surgical operations were performed in the midst of the crowd, by the light of candles, that dimly burned in the heavy air from which all vitality had been drawn. The cries of these poor sufferers, the unceasing roar of artillery above and around, the loss of rest, the want of pure air, and the baking heat of a Southern summer, all combined to render the position almost unbearable. The enemy's dead from the two assaults had been buried immediately in front of the moat; those from our garrison just back of the fort. From the description of the island it will be understood that shallow graves only could be given—graves from which a high wind would blow the light, sandy soil, or which a bursting shell would rend, exposing the bodies to the sunshine. The whole air was tainted with corruption, and finally the little wells, from which our supply of water was drawn, became so foul, from the same cause, that their use was abandoned, and thenceforward drinking water was sent from the city of Charleston.

Now began a most remarkable feature of the siege, and one that has marked a new era in the science of attack and imposed new and startling problems upon the military engineer charged with the construction of permanent fortifications. I allude, of course, to the battering down of the walls of Fort Sumter from a distance of two and a half miles. The power of rifled guns against masonry had been conclusively demonstrated during the previous year at Fort Pulaski. There, however, the breaching batteries were distant about one mile, but there were few who could believe that at more than twice that range Sumter was seriously endangered. It had been thought that the grand old fort was safe so long as Wagner held out. But one morning a new battery opened; the shot and shell went high above our heads, and were hurled with irresistible power against the walls of Sumter. Great masses of masonry from the outer wall fell as each shot struck, and ere many days it seemed as though nought but a pile of ruins would mark the spot. Here, however, General Beauregard gave splendid evidence of his readiness to meet emergencies, and of his skill as an engineer.

As soon as it became evident that the fort must yield to the power of the heavy artillery brought to bear upon it, he rapidly withdrew all the guns that could be utilized for defensive purposes at other points, and from the very ruins of Sumter, constructed, as it were, a new fortification, fully adequate to the purpose of commanding the

ship channel to the city. But all other power of the fort was gone, and in the subsequent events on Morris Island, Sumter took no part. This bombardment lasted for seven days, and in that time a first-class masonry fort was reduced to a shapeless ruin from batteries located at points far beyond the remotest distance at which any engineer had ever dreamed of danger. The debris of the walls fell in a natural slope and served as an impenetrable protection to the lower casemates of the channel face, in which the new battery was placed. Some little time elapsed, however, before these changes were completed, and I am unable to understand why Admiral Dahlgren did not meanwhile avail himself of the opening thus offered and push with his iron-clads for the inner harbor. We certainly looked for such a dash, and General Gilmore was evidently chagrined at the fact that it was not made. Whether or not such a course would have been successful is problematical. There can be no doubt, though, that it would have added grave complications to the Confederate military position, to say the least of it.

At such time as the First regiment was not on duty at Wagner, it was posted at Fort Johnson, the point of James Island nearest to Morris Island. For a time our comrades of the Twelfth and Eighteenth battalions shared this post with us, but as the season progressed we were separated, the Twelfth going to Sumter and other points, and the Eighteenth to Fort Moultrie, where it performed months of arduous and trying service.

At Fort Johnson, which, up to that time had possessed no special strength, very heavy works were constructed, having reference not only to the inner harbor, but also to the operations of the enemy on Morris Island. These batteries, as well as the others along the shores of James Island, proved very annoying to the enemy, and the accuracy of their fire is mentioned more than once in his reports.

A most interesting feature in this summer's operations was the development of the attacking power of movable torpedoes. Special interest attaches to a boat that was brought from Mobile, by railroad, and which was generally known, from its shape, as the "Cigar Boat." Its history is linked with deeds of the loftiest heroism and devotion of self to the service of country. The story is familiar to all of us, yet I cannot refrain from repeating it.

This boat was one day made fast to the wharf at Fort Johnson, preparatory to an expedition against the fleet, and taking advantage of the opportunity, I examined it critically. It was built of boiler iron, about thirty feet in length, with a breadth of beam of four feet



by a vertical depth of six feet, the figures being approximate only. Access to the interior was had by two man-holes in the upper part, covered by hinged caps, into which were let bull's eyes of heavy glass, and through these the steersman looked in guiding the motions of the craft. The boat floated with these caps raised only a foot or so above the level of the water. The motive power was a propeller, to be worked by hand of the crew, cranks being provided in the shaft for that purpose. Upon each side of the exterior were horizontal vanes, or wings, that could be adjusted at any angle from the interior. When it was intended that the boat should go on an even keel, whether on the surface or under, these vanes were kept level. If it was desired to go below the water, say, for instance, at an angle of ten degrees, the vanes were fixed at that angle, and the propeller worked. The resistance of the water against the vanes would then carry the boat under. A reversal of this method would bring it to the surface again. A tube of mercury was arranged to mark the depth of descent. It had been the design of the inventor to approach near to an enemy, then to submerge the boat and pass under the ship to be attacked, towing a floating torpedo to be exploded by means of electricity as soon as it touched the keel. Insufficient depth of water in the harbor prevented this manner of using the boat, however, and so she was rigged with a long spar at the bow, to which a torpedo was attached, to be fired by actual concussion with the object to be destroyed. This change necessarily made the boat more unwieldy, and probably had something to do with the tragic circumstances of her after history.

It will be remembered that she was sunk at the wharf at Fort Johnson by the waves from a passing steamer, while a part of the crew were in her. Days elapsed before she could be raised. The dead were removed, and a second crew volunteered. They made repeated and successful experiments in the harbor, but finally they, too, went down, and, from some unknown cause, failed to come up. Once more a long time passed before the boat was raised, and then the poor remains of the devoted crew were taken from her in an indescribable condition. Yet, still another set of men came forward and volunteered for the duty. Surely love of country and courage of the sublimest type never found better exponents than these. The expedition started, but did not return. That night the sloop of-war, "Housatonic," was reported as having been sunk by a torpedo in the lower harbor, but of the gallant men who had thus accomplished what they aimed to do, nothing definite was ever known until after

the war, when divers, in endeavoring to raise the Housatonic, discovered the cigar boat with the bleached bones of her crew lying near the wreck of the noble ship that she had destroyed.

The line of rifle pits in front of Wagner had been gallantly held by our men during the siege, and had sorely troubled the besiegers. On the 21st of August an infantry force attempted the capture of these pits, without success. On the afternoon of the 26th, a heavy artillery fire was brought to bear upon them without dislodging the holders, but that night a dashing charge of the Twenty-fourth Massachusetts regiment gained the position, capturing most of the Confederates who held it, about seventy men. General Gilmore's fifth and last parallel was at once established on the ground thus won, and before dawn on the 27th, under cover of the flying sap, the trenches were pushed about one hundred yards nearer to the fort.

Notwithstanding this success, General Gillmore, in his report, speaks of this period as "the dark and gloomy days of the siege," and of the progress made as "discouragingly slow, and even painfully uncertain."

The ground between his front and Wagner was thickly studded with torpedoes, his left flank was searched by the unremitting fire from our batteries on James Island. The head of the sap was slowly pushed forward under the ceaseless fire of howitzers and sharpshooters from the entire front of the fort, while last, though not least, the besiegers had now reached a point where every onward step compelled them to dig through the bodies of their dead, who had been buried some weeks before.

"In the emergency," General Gilmore availed himself of his superior resources in artillery, to keep down the active resistance of Wagner, and to this end every gun ashore and afloat was turned upon it. The final bombardment began at daybreak on the 5th of September, and for forty-two hours continued with a severity and awful terror beyond the power of words to describe. That night, as witnessed from Fort Johnson, where the First regiment were stationed, the scene was grand in the extreme. The lurid flashes of the guns, their unceasing roar, the shells from every description of tremendous artillery, that could be tracked through the air by flaming fuses; the mortar shell rising in stately curve and steady sweep, the Parrott shell darting like lightning in its mission of death, the missiles from the fleet booming along the water, and bursting in Wagner with cruel accuracy, the glare of calcium lights bringing out every detail of our works as in the noonday—all these filled the souls of Confederate

spectators with awe, and found their painful antithesis in—the *silence of Wagner*. The end had come.

All through the 6th the bombardment continued, and that evening the sap had reached the counter scarp of the work, and only the ditch and parapet separated the combatants. The assault was ordered for 9 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, but by midnight on the 6th the place was evacuated by the Confederates, the whole force being taken off the island in row boats. Some few of these boats were intercepted, but the garrison, as a garrison, was saved. The enemy at once occupied both Wagner and Gregg, and Morris Island, in its entirety, was in their possession.

So ended the siege of Battery Wagner, after a defence of fifty-seven days; a defence that may, without question, be said to have saved Charleston. The outwork was taken, but the inner citadel still proudly stood. Still from the ruins of Sumter, still from historic Moultrie, still from the "City by the Sea," the Southern Cross fluttered in the breezes of the bay and bade defiance to the foe.

The evacuation so successfully accomplished, in the face of so many difficulties, under so terrible a fire, and with the enemy in such close proximity, has justly been considered a remarkable event, and the crowning glory of the defence. That had been protracted to the latest moment, and when resistance was no longer possible, the brave garrison was saved to add fresh lustre to the Southern arms on many another field.

On the afternoon of the 8th of September, notice was received by the commanders of batteries within range of Sumter, that a boat attack would be made upon that fortification during the night, and they were ordered at a given signal to open with all their guns upon the points where the boats were expected. The signals of the enemy had again been interpreted, and upon our side there was perfect readiness. The garrison of Sumter prepared to meet the enemy upon the slope with a shower of musketry. The guns of our contiguous batteries were carefully trained upon the right spot before dark, and as soon as night had fallen, a Confederate iron-clad moved into position to add the fire of her powerful guns. Silently the night wore on; for hours not a sound broke its stillness; the men sat drowsily by the guns, and the belief gained ground that the proposed attack had been abandoned, when suddenly there was a twinkle of a musket from Sumter, then a rocket soared in the air, and then the bellowing thunder of the great guns and the explosion of shells instantaneously and startlingly contrasted with the sleepy quiet of our long hours of



watching. The assault was repulsed with considerable loss to the assailants, but with no loss to the garrison.

It is singular to note from General Gilmore's report, as an evidence of a want of harmony between the land and naval forces, that two independent expeditions were organized for this attack—one by Admiral Dahlgren, the other by General Gilmore. The report says: "The only arrangement for concert of action between the two parties, that were finally made, were intended simply to prevent accident or collision between them. Each party was deemed in itself sufficiently strong for the object in view."

The naval expedition, consisting of some twenty-five or thirty boats, came directly from the ships in tow of steam tugs, and, reaching Sumter first, at once delivered its attack. The land forces, about 400 strong, embarked in their boats in Vincent's Creek. The windings of the creek probably delayed them, and they had not quite reached the fort when the naval assault was made and repulsed. All hope of a surprise being at an end, the second force retired.

From this time the active operations for the reduction of Charleston upon this line virtually ceased, though an interchange of artillery fire was continued with more or less activity for many months. Not until Sherman's great army swept through South Carolina, and the dying days of the Confederacy were at hand, did the proud city bow her head and yield to the inevitable.

Mr. President, my story is told. It has been my endeavor to place graphically before this audience a sketch of some of the scenes of that eventful summer. They have passed into history, but history fails to record a thousand little details which breathe life into the picture. Some of these I have tried to present.

Certainly no period of the war was more fruitful in dramatic incident, and in no portion of the Confederacy was there a grander exhibition of scientific warfare. The wonderful developments of engineering skill, both in the attack and in the defence, will ever mark the siege as a most memorable one, while the share of success attained by each side robs the memory of the event of any sting of mortification for Federal and Confederate alike. Sure am I that every member of the First Georgia who participated in these stirring scenes will, to his latest day, feel his heart throb with pride in saying, "I was at Charleston in 1863."

*Savannah, March, 1879.*

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NOTE.—Referring to the action of Colonel Anderson, related on page 163, it is proper to state that the steamer Alice was sent out from Charleston in



*conformity to an explicit arrangement that had been entered into by the Commanding Generals for an exchange of wounded on that day.*

She carried a "hospital flag," as well as the ordinary flag of truce. Soon after the firing ceased, she was met by the Federal steamer *Cosmopolitan*, bearing the Confederate wounded, when the exchange was effected. Both steamers then returned, and the truce ended.

C. H. O.

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### **Battle of Chickamauga.**

#### **REPORT OF LIEUTENANT-GENERAL LONGSTREET.**

**HEADQUARTERS NEAR CHATTANOOGA,**

**October, 1862.**

*Colonel George Wm. Brent,*

*Assistant Adjutant-General :*

COLONEL,—Our train reached Catoosa platform, near Ringgold, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th of September. As soon as our horses came up, about 4 o'clock, I started with Colonel Sorrel and Colonel Manning, of my staff, to find the headquarters of the Commanding General. We missed our way, and did not report until near 11 o'clock at night. Upon my arrival, I was informed that the troops had been engaged during the day in severe skirmishing, while endeavoring to get in line for battle. The Commanding General gave me a map showing the roads and streams between Lookout mountain and the Chickamauga river, and a general description of our position, and informed me that the battle was ordered at daylight the next morning; the action to be brought on upon our right and to be taken us successively to the left, the general movement to be a wheel upon my extreme left as a pivot. I was assigned to the command of the left wing, composed of Hood's and Hindman's divisions, an improved division under Brigadier-General B. R. Johnson, and Buckner's corps, consisting of Stewart's and Preston's divisions. The artillery consisted of the battalions of Majors Williams, Robertson and Leyden, together with some other batteries attached to brigades.

As soon as day of the 20th had dawned, I rode to the front to find my troops. The line was arranged from the right to left as follows: Stewart's, Johnson's, Hindman's and Preston's divisions. Hood's division (of which only three brigades were up) was somewhat in the rear of Johnson's, Kershaw's and Humphrey's brigades, McLaws's division, were ordered forward from Ringgold the night before, but

were not up yet. General McLaws's had not arrived from Richmond. I set to work to have the line adjusted by closing to the right, in order to occupy some vacant ground between the two wings, and to make room for Hood in the front line. The divisions were ordered to form with two brigades in the front line, and one supporting where there were but three brigades, and two supporting where there were more than three. General Hood was ordered to take the brigades of Kershaw and Humphreys and use them as supports for his division, thus making his division the main column of attack. Before these arrangements were completed, the attack was made by our right wing about 10 o'clock. The battle seemed to rage with considerable fury, but did not progress as had been anticipated. As soon as I was prepared, I sent to the Commanding General to suggest that I had probably better make my attack. Before the messenger returned, I heard that the Commanding General had sent orders for the Division Commanders to move forward and attack. I had no time to find the officer who brought the order, as some of the troops were in motion when I heard of it. Upon this information, I at once issued orders to attack to the troops not already in motion, holding one of Buckner's divisions (Preston's) in reserve. As the battle upon our right was not so successful as had been expected in the plan of attack, I was obliged to reverse the order of battle, by retaining my right somewhere near the left of the right wing. To do this, Stewart's division was obliged to halt upon reaching the Lafayette and Chattanooga road. Hood's column broke the enemy's line near the Brotherton house, and made its wheel to the right. In making this movement, Major-General Hood fell severely, and it was feared mortally wounded, by a minnie ball breaking his thigh. He had broken the enemy's line, however, and his own troops and those to his right and left continued to press the enemy with such spirit and force, that he could not resist us.

Brigadier-General Law succeeded to the command of Hood's division, and Brigadier-General Kershaw to the command of the two brigades of McLaws's division. General Kershaw having received no definite orders himself, (being under the command of General Hood), and was not advised of the wheel to the right, had gained more ground to the front than was intended in the movement of his two brigades. Johnson's division followed the movement made by Hood, and gained the Crawfish Spring and Chattanooga road, having a full share in the conflict.

Major-General Hindman, in command of my left division, first met the enemy near the Vineyard house, and drove him back upon his

strong position near the widow Glenn's or burnt house. By a well-directed front and flank attack he gained the position after a severe struggle. The enemy's dead at this point mark well his line of battle. Hindman was then ordered to move by his right flank and reinforce Johnson, near the Villets house, who was pressing forward against great odds.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon I asked the Commanding General for some of the troops of the right wing, but was informed by him that they had been beaten back so badly that they could be of no service to me. I had but one division that had not been engaged, and hesitated to venture to put it in, as our distress upon our right seemed to be almost as great as that of the enemy upon his right. I therefore concluded to hold Preston for the time, and urge on to renewed efforts our brave men who had already been engaged many hours. The heights extending from the Villets House across to the Snodgrass House gave the enemy strong ground upon which to rally. Here he gathered most of his broken forces, and reinforced them.

After a long and bloody struggle, Johnson and Hindman gained the heights near the Crawfish Spring Road. Kershaw made a most handsome attack upon the heights at the Snodgrass House, simultaneously with Johnson and Hindman, but was not strong enough for the work. It was evident that with this position gained, I should be complete master of the field. I therefore ordered General Buckner to move Preston forward. Before this, however, General Buckner had established a battery of twelve guns, raking down the enemy's line which opposed our right wing, and at the same time having fine play upon any force that might attempt to reinforce the hill that he was about to attack. General Stewart, of his corps, was also ordered to move against any such force in flank. The combination was well-timed and arranged. Preston dashed gallantly at the hill. Stewart flanked a reinforcing column, and captured a large portion of it. At the same time, the fire of the battery struck such terror into a heavy force close under it, that we took there also a large number of prisoners. Preston's assault, though not a complete success at the onset, taken in connection with the other operations, crippled the enemy so badly that his ranks were badly broken, and by a flank movement and another advance the heights were gained. These reinforcements were the enemy's last or reserve corps, and a part also of the line that had been opposing our right wing during the morning. The enemy broke up in great confusion along my front, and, about the same time, the right wing made a gallant dash, and gained the line

that had been held so long and obstinately against it. A simultaneous and continuous shout from the two wings announced our success complete. The enemy had fought every man that he had, and every one had been in turn beaten. As it was almost dark, I ordered my line to remain as it was: ammunition boxes to be refilled, stragglers to be collected, and everything in readiness for the pursuit in the morning.

Early on the 21st the Commanding General stopped at my bivouac and asked my views as to our future movements. I suggested crossing the river above Chattanooga, so as to make ourselves sufficiently felt on the enemy's rear as to force his evacuation of Chattanooga; indeed, force him back upon Nashville, and, if we should find our transportation inadequate for a continuance of this movement, to follow up the railroad to Knoxville, destroy Burnside, and from there threaten the enemy's railroad communication in rear of Nashville.

This I supposed to be the only practicable flank movement, owing to the scarcity of our transportation; and it seemed to keep us very nearly as close to the railroad as we were at the time. At parting I understood the Commanding General to agree that such was probably our best move, and that he was about to give the necessary orders for its execution. Orders came in the afternoon for the march. The rear of the right wing did not move until quite dark. I did not, therefore, put my wing in motion till daylight the following morning. Before moving on the morning of the 22d, McLaws's division was ordered to follow the enemy on to Chattanooga. The remainder of the command marched for the Red-House Ford, and halted about noon. During that night I received orders to march the entire command back to Chattanooga, and moved in pursuance thereof early on the 23d. We reached the Watkins House about 11 o'clock A. M., and proceeded to take up a line around the enemy's position at Chattanooga. I desire to mention the following named officers as distinguished for conduct and ability, viz: Major-Generals Hoods, Buckner, Hindman and Stewart; Brigadier-Generals B. R. Johnson, Preston, Law, (respectively in command of division), Kershaw, Patton, Anderson, Gracie, McNair, (severely wounded), and Colonels Trigg and Kelly, both in command of brigades. Honorable mention should also be made of Brigadier-General Humphreys, Benning, Deas, Clayton, Bate, Brown, Robertson and Manigault. For more detailed accounts of the noble deeds performed by our gallant officers and brave soldiers, I refer you to the reports of my junior officers. The steady good conduct throughout the long conflict of the subor-



dinate officers and men which the limits of this report will not permit me to particularize, is worthy of the highest praise and admiration.

I am greatly indebted to Lieutenant-Colonel Sorrel, Assistant Adjutant-General, Lieutenant-Colonel Manning, Chief of Ordnance, Major Latrobe, Assistant Adjutant and Inspector General, and Captain Manning, signal corps, for their able, untiring and gallant assistance. Colonel Manning received a painful wound. The movement of Stewart's division against the enemy's reinforcements was made upon the suggestion of Colonel Sorrel and Captain Manning. The result was the beginning of the general break throughout the enemy's line. My other staff officers had not arrived from Virginia. Major Walton, Acting Chief of Subsistence Department, and Major Keilly, Acting Chief of Quartermaster's Department, were at the railroad depots in the active discharge of the duties of their departments. Among the captures made by the left wing during the day, were not less than forty pieces of artillery, over three thousand prisoners, and ten regimental standards, besides a few wagons, seventeen boxes small arms, eleven hundred and thirty sets accoutrements, and three hundred and ninety-three thousand rounds small arm ammunition were collected on the field. The accompanying list of casualties shows a lost by the command (without McNair's brigade, from which no report has been received) of one thousand and eighty-nine killed, six thousand five hundred and six wounded, and two hundred and seventy-two missing. Its strength, on going into action on the 20th, was two thousand and thirty-three officers, and twenty thousand eight hundred and forty-nine men.

I have the honor to be, Colonel,

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. LONGSTREET,  
*Lieutenant-General.*

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Diary of Rev. J. G. Law.

BATTLE OF BELMONT.

*November 7th, 1861.*—I have lived through an awful day. Have been engaged in my first battle. Reached Columbus early this morning. Everything was quiet, and I went to the river to see my mother,

who was on board the "Prince." There I met Colonel Smith,\* who ordered me back to camp as the gunboats had just commenced an attack on our batteries, and a large force of Federals were reported advancing on the Missouri side of the river. I had barely reached camp when the rattle of musketry and the booming of cannon announced that the battle had begun. Our regiment was ordered to form in line and be ready to move at a moment's notice. One wild shout went up from a thousand throats at the prospect of meeting the enemy, and we were soon in line waiting with breathless anxiety for the command, "Forward march." Full two hours elapsed, the roar of cannon, and the rattle of musketry was incessant. We were beginning to fear that the Yankees would be whipped before we could cross the river, when a courier was seen to gallop up with an order for our Colonel—who turned to the regiment and gave the command, "Forward march." Never was a command more heartily obeyed. But as we descended the hill leading to the river, what a sight met our eyes. On the opposite shore we could plainly see the vandal hordes of Lincoln driving our men before them to the very brink of the river. The Confederates were apparently defeated, and were taking refuge under the river banks. The Federal flag was floating over the Confederate camp, and the enemy had captured our battery. At this critical juncture, our "big gun" opened on them, and threw their lines into confusion. Under a terrific cannonade, we marched to the steamer and crossed the river under a heavy fire. General Polk crossed the river on the same boat with our regiment, and as the balls were falling thick and fast around us, a soldier said to him: "All right, General, we will have those guns turned in the other direction in a few minutes." "Yes," he said, "You must retake that battery." But before we could land, General Cheatham had rallied our men, flanked the enemy, recaptured the battery, and was driving the Yankees like chaff before the wind. We joined in the pursuit of the flying foe, and chasing them for seven miles, came up with them as they were embarking in their boats. Our brave boys charged up to within fifty yards of their gun-boats, and in the very mouth of their cannon, poured volley after volley of musketry into the crowded decks of their transports. Their big guns belched forth their deadly vomit of iron hail, but with little effect, as our regiment came off with a loss of fifteen wounded and one killed. Their route was

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\*Promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General and killed in the battle of Chickamauga.

marked with the dead, wounded, and dying, knapsacks, blankets, guns, overcoats, and dead and wounded horses. For seven miles the road, woods, and fields were literally strewn with the dead bodies of the Federals. It was a glorious victory, but dearly bought. Our loss was about four hundred killed, wounded, and missing; that of the enemy will approximate one thousand. Their force was about seven thousand. We never had more than two thousand and five hundred engaged at one time, and our entire force did not amount to more than six thousand. The battle commenced at 9 o'clock in the morning, and lasted until 4 o'clock in the evening. We recaptured our battery, took two hundred prisoners, and an innumerable quantity of overcoats, knapsacks, blankets, &c. I brought off a fine overcoat as my property. After we returned to camp, I walked down to the "Prince" to relieve the anxiety of my mother, and carried my "trophy" on my back. My good mother must have mistaken me for a live Yankee, but on my assuring her that it was I, myself, her veritable son, in *propria persona*, she exclaimed, "John, take off that coat! I would not be seen with such a thing on my back." General Cheatham who was present laughed heartily, and said, "Why madam, I have a fine Yankee overcoat myself in which I expect to keep warm this winter." But mother could not be convinced that it was the proper thing for a Confederate soldier to be seen in a Yankee coat. And so in deference to her wishes and in accordance with my own taste, I think that I will hang my "trophy" on the wall, and stick to the "gray." I trust that I feel some gratitude for the kind Providential care that has been around me during the day.

*November 8th.*—This has been a gloomy day in camp. All day long our dead, wounded and dying were coming in by wagon loads. Many gallant men fell in the bloody action of yesterday, among whom from the list of my personal friends, were Captain J. Welby Armstrong and Lieutenant James Walker of the Second Tennessee regiment. This regiment suffered severely. I recognised the body of Captain Armstrong, as we passed over a part of the hotly contested field. There lay the gallant soldier stark dead with his face to the foe. He fell fifty yards in advance of his company. Strange emotions swept over my heart as I gazed for a moment upon the prostrate form of my friend, and then hurried on in pursuit of the retreating enemy. Then came my friend from childhood, Jimmie Walker, with a mortal wound, going back to die. I could only greet my dying friend with one word, and then on to the slaughter of men.

This is the glory of war! Among the Federal prisoners are Colonel Dougherty, a Major, two surgeons, and many commissioned officers. I feel badly to-day from the effect of seven miles "double quick," but am devoutly thankful to our Heavenly Father for my escape from all bodily injury. I was exposed to a galling fire of grape and canister from the gunboats, and acknowledge the good hand of God in my deliverance from death. I prayed that He would be a shield unto me and give us the victory. My mother witnessed the engagement yesterday from the deck of the "Prince" until the enemy's balls began to fall around the boat, when she retired to a house on the street, where I saw her standing on the balcony, with an expression of deep concern, as our regiment passed on its way to the river. Before she left the "Prince", she saw the Confederates driven to the river. A lady who was standing by her side, cried out: "Do look, Mrs. Law, our boys are whipped; see how they are running." But mother replied: "No; they are not running, the poor fellow are thirsty, and are going to the river to get water." The idea of defeat did not once enter her mind.

*November 9th.*—Spent the day visiting the wounded in company with my mother. The Federals receive equal attention with our own men, and most of them declare their intention never again to take up arms against the South.

*Sunday, November 10th.*—Ordered to report at brigade headquarters, for duty on the staff of Colonel Preston Smith. Witnessed the amputation of a poor fellow's leg this evening. Dr. Bell was the operator. Have resolved to be more attentive to my religious duties, and begun to-night to read through the New Testament.

*November 11th.*—A cold raw day. The enemy were reported landing in force a few miles above here, and we prepared for warm work. A fearful accident happened this morning. Our "big gun" burst, and killed ten men. General Polk barely escaped with his life.

*November 13th.*—Our prisoners returned from Cairo this evening, and say that the enemy will attack Columbus very soon. General Pillow's division commenced to move to-day, but for some reason, the order was countermanded. It is supposed that the threatened attack caused the retrograde movement.

*November 16th.*—After a cold rain last night, Sir Jack made his appearance this morning. Rode horseback before breakfast. A boat arrived from Cairo, under flag of truce. It is said that an unconditional surrender of the place is demanded, or a removal of the women and children. We are in daily expectation of a fight.



*Sunday, November 17th.*—Heard a sermon this morning from the eloquent Haskell; also in the evening from an old “hard-shell” Baptist.

*November 19th.*—Moved quarters to day. Have been very busy making our tents comfortable with plank floors. No dinner.

*November 20th.*—Spent the morning writing, and reading Tookes’s Pantheon.

*November 21st.*—Arose early this morning; breakfasted by candle light, and rode two miles before sunrise. Solicited by members of Company H, Carroll’s Tennessee regiment, to run for Lieutenant in their company. Received a box of good things from home, also a cot, two pillows, and a pair of spurs.

*November 22d.*—The Yankee gunboats came down this morning and fired a few rounds, but hastily retired on the appearance of the little “Grampus.” Great excitement was caused in camp by a report that the enemy had landed in force, and were marching upon us, but it seems that Belmont is yet too fresh in their memory for such reports to be true.

*November 23d.*—Was agreeably surprised, while riding through Columbus to-day, to meet my mother. Dined with her on board the “Yazoo.” She brought me two comforts. She returns to Memphis to-night.

*Sunday, November 24th.*—Our military authorities seem to act on the principle, “the better the day, the better the deed,” as Sunday is generally the day selected for moving. Moved our quarters into the house formerly occupied by General Cheatham.

*November 30th.*—The soldiers are busy preparing log-huts for the winter. The ground is covered with snow. I am trying to redeem the time by reading. My books are Tookes’s Pantheon and the works of Byron and Burns.

*Sunday, December 1st.*—Winter’s icy reign seems to be fairly inaugurated, and if we are to prognosticate the season by the first day we may look forward to three months of great suffering from cold weather. Have lost the day—allowed it to slip away without reading a chapter in my Bible.

*December 2d.*—Snow fell to the depth of one inch this morning. My duties required me to be out on horseback all the morning. Spent the afternoon reading and writing.

*December 6th.*—Ordered to report for duty to Dr. Currie at the hospital of the “Southern Mothers’ Association for the Relief of Sick and Wounded Confederate Soldiers.” My good mother is the

President of the Association. While I regret to leave the field of active service, I can but feel that it will be greatly to my interest to spend the winter in the hospital, where I can prosecute my studies. The army has now gone into winter-quarters, and there will probably be no movement before spring.

Colonel Dougherty, who has been a wounded prisoner in our hands since the battle of Belmont, was to-day released, and returned to Cairo.

*Sunday, December 8th.*—Arrived in Memphis yesterday. Attended service this morning at the Second Presbyterian church, and listened to an eloquent sermon by a refugee from Paducah, Kentucky.

*December 9th.*—This evening the ladies of Memphis gave a concert for the benefit of the "Southern Mothers' Association." Miss Bang, of Nashville, was the "Evening Star." The Theatre was crowded, and the "Southern Mothers" reaped a rich harvest.

*December 16th.*—Entered upon my duties at the hospital to-day. Read ninety pages of "Brodie on Mind and Matter." Find it hard to hold my mind to the matter of study after six months of camp-life.

*December 18th.*—Returning to the city from the country this morning, I was overjoyed to see in the morning papers the announcement that England had demanded the surrender of Mason and Slidell. Attended a concert at the Theatre this evening. The attendance was the largest and most select that I have ever seen in Memphis. Miss Bang, the Jenny Lind of America, was the attraction. I have never heard anything so sweet as her singing.

*December 19th.*—The morning papers are fraught with interest. John Bull is aroused at the outrage committed by Captain Wilkes in seizing our Commissioners on board a British ship, and if they are not given up immediately England will break the Southern blockade, open trade with the Confederate States, and blockade the Northern ports. Behold how brightly breaks the morning!

*December 21st.*—There are few cases of interest in the hospital. Patients come in slowly, and we are discharging them rapidly. On Monday the "Southern Mothers" and the "Overton" are to be merged into one hospital, the Confederate Government paying \$12,000 per annum for the Overton building.

*December 23d.*—To-day, the patients were moved from the rooms of the "Southern Mothers" to the Overton hospital, and are under the care of Dr. Currie. The wounded are in charge of Drs. Alex. Erskine and Ware.

*December 25th.*—Merry Christmas is here again, and the “little ones” in blissful ignorance of the unhappy state of the country, hail the coming of “Santa Claus” with happy faces and joyous hearts. The unfortunate patients in the hospital were not forgotten in the distribution of Christmas gifts. Enjoyed a family Christmas dinner at home.

*December 28th.*—Have been confined to my bed for the past two days from the effects of a fall on Thursday night. Fell down a flight of stairs, about thirty feet from top to bottom.

*Sunday, December 29th*—A beautiful Sabbath day. Attended service at the Second Presbyterian Church, and heard an interesting discourse by Rev. Dr. Grundy, on the “Authorship of the Bible.”

*December 31st.*—This day closes the year 1861, one of the most eventful years in the history of our country. The great Union of America has been dissolved, and there are now two Republics, a Northern and a Southern; the one fighting for the subjugation of the other; the other battling for independence and separate nationality. After a war of nine months the North stands where she did, when the “little rebellion,” which was to be crushed in twenty days, first broke out. Her armies have been vanquished on the field, and the abolition despot who rules at Washington has been made to tremble for the safety of his capitol, and now he is threatened by England unless he surrenders Mason and Slidell. It is rumored that the vile Cabinet at Washington has decided to give up our Commissioners, rather than go to war with England. The American Eagle quails before the British Lion, and “Ichabod” is written on the folds of the “Star Spangled Banner.”

Six months of the year I have spent on the tented field, and while it has been of very great benefit to me physically, I fear that I have suffered loss, mentally, morally, and spiritually. But the sacrifice is made upon the altar of my country.

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Confederate Privateersmen.

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT JEFFERSON DAVIS.

BEAUVIOR, Harrison Co., Miss.,  
June 21 1882.

The *Picayune* of yesterday, in its column of “Personal and General Notes,” has the following:

“General William Raymond Lee, of Boston, carries in his pocket-

book a little slip of paper bearing the single word 'Death.' It is the ballot he drew, when a prisoner of war in a jail at Richmond, when he and two others were chosen by lot to be hanged, in retaliation for the sentencing to death of certain Confederate officers charged with piracy. The sentence of the pirates was happily commuted, and General Lee and his comrades were subsequently exchanged."

During the war a persistent effort was made to misrepresent our cause, and its defenders, by the use of inappropriate terms. Our privateers were called "pirates," our cruisers were called "privateers," and Admiral Semmes, though regularly commissioned, was sometimes called "a pirate," by Northern officials and writers. I find this word even now, when time and reflection should have corrected the misnomer, is used in the paragraph copied into your paper. I know nothing of the person referred to, but the story of a ballot having been drawn with a premature sentence of death is refuted by the statement of the course pursued by the Confederate Government on the question of retaliation, in the event of the threat to execute some of our privateersmen who had been captured when cruising, with letters of mark, in 1861.

On pages 10, 11, 12, vol. 2, of the "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government," the case is fully stated as follows:

"Reference has been made to our want of a navy, and the efforts made to supply the deficiency. The usual resort under such circumstances to privateers was, in our case, without the ordinary incentive of gain, as all foreign ports were closed against our prizes, and, our own ports being soon blockaded, our vessels, public or private, had but the alternative of burning or bonding their captures. To those who, nevertheless, desired them, letters of marque were granted by us, and there was soon a small fleet of vessels composed of those which had taken out these letters, and others which had been purchased and fitted out by the Navy Department. They hovered on the coast of the Northern States, capturing and destroying their vessels, and filling the enemy with consternation. The President of the United States had already declared in his proclamation of April 19th, as above stated, that 'any person, who, under the pretended authority of the said (Confederate) States, should molest a vessel of the United States, or the persons or cargo on board,' should be held amenable to the laws of the United States for the prevention of piracy. This was another violation of international law, another instance of arrogant disregard for universal opinion. The threat, if meant for intimidation, and to deprive the Confederacy of one of the usual weapons of war,



was unbecoming the head of a government. To have executed it upon a helpless prisoner, would have been a crime intensified by its cowardice. Happily for the United States, the threat was not executed, but the failure to carry out the declared purpose was coupled with humiliation, because it was the result of a notice to retaliate as fully as might need be to stop such a barbarous practice. To yield to the notice thus served was a practical admission by the United States government that the Confederacy had become a power among the nations.

"On June 3, 1861, the little schooner *Savannah*, previously a pilot boat in Charleston harbor and sailing under a commission issued by authority of the Confederate States, was captured by the United States brig *Perry*. The crew were placed in irons and sent to New York. It appeared, from statements made without contradiction, that they were not treated as prisoners of war, whereupon a letter was addressed by me to President Lincoln, dated July 6, stating explicitly that 'painful as will be the necessity, this Government will deal out to the prisoners held by it the same treatment and the same fate as shall be experienced by those captured on the *Savannah*; and, if driven to the terrible necessity of retaliation by your execution of any of the officers or crew of the *Savannah*, that retaliation will be extended so far as shall be requisite to secure the abandonment of a practice unknown to the warfare of civilized man, and so barbarous as to disgrace the nation which shall be guilty of inaugurating it.' A reply was promised to this letter, but none came. Still later in the year the privateer *Jefferson Davis* was captured, the captain and crew brought into Philadelphia, and the captain tried and found guilty of piracy and threatened with death. Immediately I instructed General Winder, at Richmond, to select one prisoner of the highest rank, to be confined in a cell appropriated to convicted felons, and treated in all respects as if convicted, and to be held for execution in the same manner as might be adopted for the execution of the prisoner of war in Philadelphia. He was further instructed to select thirteen other prisoners of the highest rank, to be held in the same manner as hostages for the thirteen prisoners held in New York for trial as pirates. By this course the infamous attempt made by the United States Government to commit judicial murder on prisoners of war was arrested.

"The attention of the British House of Lords was also attracted to the proclamation of President Lincoln threatening the officers and crews of privateers with the punishment of piracy. It led to a dis-

cussion, in which the Earl of Derby said, he 'apprehended that if one thing was clearer than another, it was that privateering was not piracy, and that no law could make that piracy, as regarded the subjects of one nation, which was not piracy by the law of nations. Consequently, the United States must not be allowed to entertain this doctrine, and to call upon her Majesty's Government not to interfere.' The Lord Chancellor said, there was 'no doubt, that if an Englishman engaged in the service of the Southern States, he violated the laws of his country, and rendered himself liable to punishment, and that he had no right to trust to the protection of his native country to shield him from the consequences of his act. But, though that individual would be guilty of a breach of the law of his own country, he could not be treated as a pirate, and those who treated him as a pirate would be guilty of murder.'"

This narration of facts, and the opinions of two disinterested and distinguished foreigners, must be conclusive to every fair mind, that to term the prisoners "pirates," was an inexcusable pretext, and that the conduct of the Confederate Government was in strict accordance with the usages of civilized war, and that the desire to protect its citizens, was marked by no stain of inhumanity.

Respectfully yours,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

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#### The Death of Willie Abell.

*A Poem by REV. DR. J. C. HIDEN.*

[The following appeared in the Charlottesville (Va.) *Chronicle* of October the 9th, 1864, and is well worthy of preservation, as handing down the name of a hero, who, though a beardless boy, was as true to country and to duty as any plumed knight who figures in the world's history.]

We heard a day or two since an incident related which we think should be published, as not only illustrating a fine trait of character in our young townsman, William M. Abell, who fell on the battle-field near Luray just a week ago, but as illustrating also the spirit of devotion to duty which actuates so widely all of our young men.

Mr. Abell, who was acting adjutant of his regiment (Fifth Virginia Cavalry), had gone forward to reconoitre in advance of the skirmish line, and discovered that a squadron belonging to his regiment was in

a position where it was about to be cut off, of which it was unconscious. He started immediately to inform the Colonel, that it might be withdrawn, and just at this moment he received the fatal shot through the body; but in this condition he galloped on, gave the information, saved the squadron, and then lay down to die. Such are the young men we are losing.—*Chronicle of the 2d.*

The ball has pierced his vitals,  
But still he grasps the rein;  
*The squadron* is in danger,  
And he takes no note of pain;  
He bore up in the saddle,  
Warm blood his body laved;  
But he spurs his faithful charger,  
The squadron *must be saved*.

He gallops through the carnage,  
No Wavering—no pause;  
And he pours his very life-blood  
In Freedom's holy cause.  
His life is swiftly ebbing,  
His strength is waning fast;  
But courage and *his message*  
Sustain him to the last.

The *body* may surrender,  
The "mortal coil" may fail,  
But his dauntless, untamed *spirit*  
Has never learned to quail;  
His voice is raised; he utters  
One piercing, eager cry,  
"Oh! Colonel, *SAVE THE SQUADRON!*"  
Then lays him down to die.

Time-honored Old Dominion!  
What heroes hast thou borne!  
Thy mother's eye is weeping,  
Thy lovely bosom torn;  
But still thy grand "*Sic Semper*"  
Defiantly shall wave;  
Thy sons will bear it proudly  
To freedom or—the grave.

J. C. H.

*Charlottesville, October 5th, 1864.*

## Sketch of Third Battery of Maryland Artillery.

*By* CAPTAIN WILLIAM L. RITTER.

## PAPER NO. 5.

On the 7th of May the battery was ordered to the front on the line in Crow's Valley, and when, on the 8th, the enemy moved up as if to attack the Confederate works, they were received with so vigorous a fire that they rapidly withdrew. But two men of the Third Maryland were wounded: Privates N. M. Beverly and J. G. Martin.

Again, on the 9th the enemy charged our works, but were repulsed with no loss to the battery. For three days there was only picket-firing along the whole line.

## THE BATTLE AT RESACA.

On the night of the 12th the corps fell back to Resaca. Two days later the battery took position on the front, two miles from Resaca, to the left of the Dalton road, and about a hundred yards to the right of an obtuse angle in the line, which was occupied by Dent's Alabama battery. The latter held the summit of a ridge, the prolongation of which, in front, it was expected to command, while Captain Rowan was directed to construct his works at right angles with the ridge, so as to command the Dalton road. He saw that in case the enemy seized and held the ridge in front of the angle, his battery would be enfiladed, and, therefore, began to construct a traverse for the protection of his men. Before it was completed, our skirmish line was driven off the ridge to the shelter of the earth-works, and the battery had to begin firing. Dent's battery was soon withdrawn, as the men were shot down as fast as they took position beside their guns.

Rowan's battery now became exposed to a raking fire from the left. The first section, under Lieutenant Ritter was on the left, and was consequently the most severely handled. Under a fire of almost unprecedented intensity, his two guns were speedily silenced, and not long after the other two, under Lieutenant Glies. At the right gun of Ritter's section eight men were killed and wounded within a few minutes, leaving but three at the gun.

Among the killed was Corporal Sanchez, a Spaniard, long resident in Mexico, where he had commanded a company under Santa Anna during our war with that country. He was a man of fine military



education, and an accomplished linguist. When number four at the gun was shot down, Sanchez was ordered to fire the piece, but was at that moment struck by the fragment of a shell and thrown by it to the distance of ten feet. He asked to be removed from the spot where he fell. Sergeant Frazier, Lieutenant Ritter and Private Ben. Garst carried him to the right of the gun, and were in the act of laying him down, when Frazier was severely wounded in the face and shoulder. Sanchez died soon after at the field hospital.

The moment the first gun was silenced, Sergeant Wynn, in charge of the second, was directed to throw his trail to the right and fire over the first. It happened that Lieutenant Ritter was lying just in front of the parapet of the second gun, so that the canister fired from it passed over and very near his head, covering him with dirt knocked off the parapet by fragments of the missiles fired at the enemy. It was a dangerous position, and the Lieutenant called out with no little vigor to the Sergeant to "cease firing." The roaring of the guns, and the din of the musketry of course drowned his voice, so that he had to lie still where he was; the enemy in front, his own men behind him, the gun over him scattering its canister fearfully, while it deafened him with its noise, and nearly suffocated him with its sulphurous smoke. Around him lay the dead and wounded of the first detachment. The peril of his own situation did not prevent him from thinking what would be the fate of these poor men, if the enemy charged the works. It was a great relief when he heard Captain Rowan give the order to cease firing.

Sergeant Frazier asked Lieutenant Ritter to go to Captain Rowan, and ask that he might be carried off the field at once. He was told that it would be exceedingly dangerous to do so, as the moment a person appeared above the parapet, he drew the enemy's fire. Frazier insisted, and carried his point. Lieutenant Ritter jumped over the slight earthwork that covered his gun on the left, ran around the front of the others, and jumped into that one where Captain Rowan and Colonel Beckham were. The trip was full of danger, as hundred of minnie balls buzzed about his head the whole thirty yards he had to go. The Captain would not allow him to return. At dusk the infirmiry corps came up to remove the wounded, and later, during the night, the dead were buried.

Corporal A. J. Davis, of the second detachment, made a very narrow escape while serving his gun on this occasion. The belt supporting his gunner's pouch, and his suspenders, were cut into by the enemy's minnie balls. He displayed conspicuous gallantry through-

out the engagement, taking deliberate aim before every discharge of his piece, all the time being exposed to the fire of the enemy, who were but one hundred yards off, but still he stood to his piece until the order, "cease firing," was given.

Captain Rowan left Lieutenant Ritter in command, with orders to remodel the works during the night, while he himself went to look after some horses for the battery, to take the place of those which had been killed. Nine horses had been lost during the day. Lieutenant Ritter's saddle horse was shot and instantly killed early in the engagement. Lieutenant Ritter worked all night and by daylight the next morning the works were completed.

Early on the morning of the 15th, Corput's battery was advanced to a position three hundred yards in front of the main line, and to the right of the Dalton road, with the object of enfilading the enemy's line. Before their entrenchments were completed, the Federals moved up through the woods a heavy column of infantry, and charged the battery, running the cannoneers from their guns at the point of the bayonet, and planting their flag on the works. They were driven out in turn by the Confederate infantry posted in the rear, and the guns remained untouched, covered by the fire of both armies until night, when they fell into the enemy's hands.

In making the charge just described, the right of the enemy's column passed within three hundred yards of Rowan's battery, giving the latter the opportunity to open a terrific fire upon them. Many were killed and wounded, as they knew from the number of litters they saw leaving the field.

The firing continued throughout the day, at intervals. Lieutenant Ritter was wounded by a minnie ball, in the right arm, above the elbow, but the wound was of slight importance, as the ball passed through the fleshy part of the arm and lodged in the sleeve. He dressed the wound himself, and did not leave the field.

At night the army fell back. It was about 9 P. M. when the guns and limbers were run off the hill by hand to a ravine near by, and there limbered up. In withdrawing the pieces, the Lieutenant ordered his men to drive in stakes at each embrasure, to create the impression that he was fortifying. While thus engaged, they heard a voice call out to them through the darkness from the enemy in front: "It's about time now that Johnny Reb were getting away." And so he did, marching across Oostenaula river to Adairsville, which was reached on the 16th.

The pontoon bridge over the Oostenaula river was covered with green corn stalks to prevent a noise as the carriages passed over.

The casualties of the Third Maryland at Resaca, were three killed and fifteen wounded:

Killed: Corporal B. Sanchez, privates Henry Steward, and a third whose name is lost.

Wounded: Lieutenant Ritter, Sergeant L. W. Frazier, Corporals A. J. Davis and B. Bradford, privates John Bushong, W. E. Davis, J. G. Cannon, J. Faulk, Ben. Garst, J. Isham, J. S. Scales, J. A. Turner, M. P. Talton, W. Pirkle and A. P. Wade.

The spokes of the second gun were so shattered by the minnie balls, that false spokes had to be put in before the piece could be removed.

The following paper shows how difficult and dangerous a post was held by the Third Maryland in the battle of Resaca:

“FIELD HOSPITAL, NEAR RESACA, GA.,

“May 14, 1864.

*Captain M. Van Den Corput:*

“CAPTAIN,—I regret exceedingly that an unfortunate wound prevents me from being with the battalion. I am proud of the command and doubt not they will acquit themselves well.

“You will take charge and I will thank you to express to the officers and men my regrets at not being able to see them through a fight, which I am assured will result in a glorious victory.

“Rowan has an unfortunate position, in which I was required to place him, and I will thank you to see him particularly, and express to him and his men my earnest hope that they will not suffer so greatly as I fear.

“My whole thoughts are with the battalion. I believe and hope that we will be successful, and my great regret is that I was wounded so early in the fight.

“I am, Captain, very truly, your friend,

“JOHN W. JOHNSTON,

*“Major Johnston's Battalion Artillery.*

“W. A. RUSSELL,

*“Assistant Adjutant.”*

#### THE FURTHER RETREAT.

After skirmishing for a while at Adairsville, the army being drawn up in line of battle on a range of hills south of the Oothcaloga Val-

ley, General Johnston, at dusk on the 16th, fell back to Cassville, where he remained till the 19th. An order from General Johnston was that day read to the troops, to the effect that "the army would retreat no further, but would meet and fight the enemy at this place." It was heard with the greatest delight by the troops, and excited general enthusiasm. In the afternoon, the men were ordered to prepare entrenchments, which they did under the heavy fire of the enemy.

To the chagrin of all, that very night at 10 o'clock an order came to fall back. This sudden change of intention was at that time a mystery, but in his official report General Johnston has stated the cause. General Hood had said that he could not hold his part of the line; General Polk that he did not think he could hold his; while Hardee, who held the weakest part of the whole line, was of the opinion that he could hold his.

On the morning of the 20th the line of retreat was taken up across the Etowah river to Alatoona, and thence to New Hope Church, near Dallas. On the 25th the enemy moved up and charged the greater part of the line, but were repulsed with heavy loss at every point. The Third Maryland was not engaged till late in the evening, when it did terrible execution in the enemy's ranks, itself having but two men slightly wounded.

Again on the 27th, the enemy charged our right wing, and the Third Maryland was ordered to open upon them. A heavy fire was kept up for about an hour with telling effect. This was evident from the fact that the enemy's shots were continually rising; this was a sure sign that they were becoming excited. The elevating screw of a cannon is depressed by the impact upon it of the breech at the moment of firing, with the effect, of course, of elevating the muzzle, and causing the shot to rise higher and higher. The screw should be run up after each discharge of the piece—something that in the tumult of battle a gunner might easily forget.

During this artillery duel, a shell from the enemy exploded in a building immediately in the rear of the battery, and but a few paces from it, and set the building on fire. There was danger of the fire communicating with the ammunition, therefore, it was absolutely necessary to extinguish it to make the position of the Third Maryland at all tenable. Private W. J. Lewis, of Lieutenant Ritter's section, volunteered to bring water from a branch, two hundred yards in front of the line, to put out the fire. He was exposed to a heavy fire from the enemy, but returned unharmed, and accomplished his object. The building was saved, and the position held by the Third Maryland.



On the 29th the battery was ordered to the right, near where Granberry's Texas brigade repulsed the enemy on the 27th.

About 1 o'clock in the morning of the 30th, Captain Rowan ordered Lieutenant Ritter to go with the officer of the day to the picket line, to get the range of a working party of the enemy, about six hundred yards in front of his position. They went within a hundred yards of this party, near enough to hear the men speak, but not to distinguish their words. As they returned to the battery, Lieutenant Ritter marked the trees with his eye that he might be certain of the range. He called the cannoneers, who were asleep, to the guns, and opened upon the intruders, who ceased working, and did not return to that place again.

It was a calm, starlight night, no breeze was stirring, and the booming of the Napoleon guns was echoed and re-echoed among the distant hills. The infantry, who lay in the ditches, were aroused from their slumbers by the sudden firing, and sprang up at once along the line, muskets in hand, and ready for action.

On the 31st, Corporal Thomas Jones was killed by a random picket shot, and Private A. Lee wounded by the same ball. These men belonged to first detachment of the battery, the same that had suffered so severely at the battle of Resaca. The body of Corporal Jones was buried on a small ridge three hundred yards in rear of the line, and Lieutenant Ritter cut his name on a small piece of board, and placed it at the head of the grave.

Early in the afternoon of the same day, Lieutenant Ritter went to a spring about a hundred yards in front of the line, to get some water. While there, he concluded to wash his feet, and took a seat on a stone, near the bank below the spring, and pulled off his left boot and sock. Very soon he heard a minnie ball pass over his head and strike the bank behind him. He paid no attention to it, thinking it was a random shot, but a second, third and fourth one came, striking the bank about the same place; but the last one came so very near his head that he concluded to beat a retreat, being convinced that a picket in a tree top, not far distant, was taking deliberate aim at him.

When, on the 4th of June, the New Hope line was abandoned for the Lost Mountain line, and that afterwards for the Noonday Valley line, the Third Maryland took part in every movement. On the 22d, at Marietta, the battery was ordered out on the field with General Stevenson's division, to charge the right wing of the enemy's line. It was placed on a hill half a mile from the Federal force, there to await further orders; but it was not sent forward. Steven-

son's division was repulsed, with the loss of a thousand men killed and wounded. The Maryland battery lost none, though under a severe artillery fire the whole time.

On the night of the 4th of July the battalion was ordered to the Chattahoochee river; thence on the 9th to within eight miles of Atlanta, on the Green's Ferry road; thence to Mill Creek road, where, on the 20th, an attack was made by the enemy, which was repulsed. General Johnston had been superseded by General Hood on the 14th of July. This was much regretted by the line officers and the rank and file of the army.

#### SIEGE OF ATLANTA.

Next day the battery was ordered to Atlanta, and on the morning of the 22d was assigned to a position in the Peach Tree Street Redoubt, at that time an unfinished work. When completed it was circular in form, having a parapet right, left and rear, with five embrasures. In the afternoon the battery began to reply to the enemy, who had moved up within reach. Toward sunset General Loring came up, and ordered Captain Rowan to fire as rapidly as possible, so as to attract the enemy's attention, and create a diversion of their forces from the left, upon which the Confederates were making a charge. This movement was a success. Three thousand prisoners, twenty-eight pieces of artillery and a considerable quantity of ordnance stores were captured.

The batteries kept up a continuous firing, night and day, for several days, to prevent the enemy from advancing their line. Two thirty-two pounder siege pieces were now brought up, one of which was planted in the Peach Tree Street redoubt, and the other two hundred yards in the rear. Captain M. Van Den Corput who was now temporarily in command of the battalion, placed Lieutenant Ritter in charge of these guns, detailing men to work them from Rowan's and Corput's batteries. Several attempts made by the enemy to plant batteries in our front, were frustrated by aid of these guns. They were removed, August 20th, to the south of the city. Captain Corput was about this time wounded, and Captain Rowan took command of the battalion, which left Lieutenant Ritter in command of the company.

The battalion proceeded on the 27th to East Point, six miles southwest of Atlanta, whence it marched to Jonesboro, arriving there on the 30th and fighting the enemy on the same day. Atlanta's communications being cut on every side, its evacuation was now a pressing

necessity. The corps was ordered back, on the 1st of September, to assist in bringing away the Quartermaster's and ordnance stores, and that night the city was evacuated.

The retreat was in the direction of Lovejoy Station. The enemy followed, and on the 4th we fought them two miles north of that place, to such good purpose that on the 5th they returned to Atlanta. The battalion was parked in a field near the station, where it remained till the 18th of September; it then moved to Palmetto, and took position behind a line of fortifications extending from the railroad to the Chattahoochee river.

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Sketch of Dr. G. W. DeRenne.

By COLONEL C. C. JONES, JR.

[We have alluded in previous numbers to the splendid gift by Dr. DeRenne, of the bronze statue of a Confederate soldier to the Memorial Association of Savannah, and to the presentation to our Society of his beautiful "Wormsloe Quartos," by Mrs. DeRenne. We are sure our readers will thank us for allowing them to see the following tribute of Colonel Jones, contained in his anniversary address before the Georgia Historical Society, delivered on the 14th of February, 1881:]

And here, my friends, permit me to pause in this narrative to place a memorial wreath upon the new-made grave of one who, since our last annual meeting, has left our companionship and fallen on sleep. He was at one time our President, and always the firm friend and generous patron of this Society. His interest in the genuine welfare of this Institution will probably never be comprehended in all its scope and various manifestations,—an interest which induced him to institute exhaustive research among, and acquire privileged access to, the Public Records in London that they might give up their hidden treasures in illustration of the history of Georgia and in furtherance of the reputation of our Association,—an interest which led to munificent gifts in multiplying the collections and publications of this Society,—an intelligent interest which assisted in shaping its conduct and administration,—an interest most prevailing, which if I mistake not, had much to do with rounding into absolute symmetry and giving happy expression to the magnificent charities of those noble Sisters to whose liberality we are indebted for this spacious building and for that other foundation which, in due season, will develop into an Academy of

Arts and Sciences, the like of which has never existed within the limits of this State. Grievous indeed has been our loss, and sincerely do we lament the demise of such a friend, counselor, and patron.

Although born in the city of Philadelphia on the 19th of July, 1827, Mr. George Wymberley-Jones DeRenne was, in every thought and emotion, a Georgian most loyal. In the paternal line he was the direct descendant of Captain Noble Jones, the trusted Lieutenant of Oglethorpe, whose watchful eye and brave sword were ever instant for the protection of the infant colony against the enroachments of the jealous Spaniards and the incursions of the restless Indians. Our early records are rendered illustrious by the valor, circumspection, and cool daring which he exhibited on various occasions of doubt and danger.

Among the patriot names shedding lustre upon the period when our people were engaged in the effort to rid themselves of Kingly rule, none in Georgia was more conspicuous for purity of purpose, wisdom of counsel, and fearlessness in action than that of the honorable Noble Wymberley Jones, the grandfather of Mr. DeRenne. Speaker of the Provincial Legislature at a time when it was no light matter to incur the displeasure of a Royal Governor, arrested and confined because of his sympathy with the Revolutionists, and, upon the termination of the war, selected a Representative from Georgia in the Continental Congress, as physician, legislator, patriot, citizen, he won the confidence and esteem of all. Early in the present century he found rest in the bosom of the beautiful home where he had been so honored, admired and trusted.

Of Dr. George Jones—the father of our friend—I may not speak, for there are those within the compass of my voice who knew him in life and cherish his virtues now that he is gone.

Thus does it appear that Mr. DeRenne was the legitimate inheritor, in the fourth generation, of illustrious traditions and of memories personal and precious connected with the history and honor of Georgia. With him they were family legacies. He accepted them as such, and the allegiance which bound him to home and State was inseparable from the ties which united him to kindred and lineage. They were indissolubly interwoven, and whenever the name of Georgia was uttered, there came heart throbs of loyalty and pride most peculiar and pleasurable.

The first eleven years of his life—that tender period when impressions the most abiding are formed—when loves are cemented which the vicissitudes of subsequent age cannot impair,—that morning of exist-



ence whose sunlight fades not from memory, were passed at Wormsloe, on the Isle of Hope, the abode of his ancestors. There in infancy were his loves of Georgia begotten. There was his knowledge of home and country localized. There were attachments born which remained ever part and parcel of his inner being.

When not yet twelve years old, upon the death of his father, he accompanied his mother to Philadelphia. There he pursued his academic studies, and was, in due course, admitted as a member of the Collegiate Department of the University of Pennsylvania. His proficiency in the acquisition of knowledge, and his intellectual capabilities attracted the notice and evoked the commendation of his teachers. It was natural that he should seek an education in that city and from that institution, for both were allied to him by ties of no ordinary significance. His maternal grandfather, Justice Thomas Smith, had been for many years a prominent lawyer and a distinguished judge in Philadelphia, and his maternal great uncle, the Reverend William Smith, D. D., was the first provost of the institution now known as the University of Pennsylvania. He was a noted teacher, an accomplished writer, and an eloquent divine. A native of Scotland and a graduate of the University of Aberdeen, shortly after his removal to America, he identified himself with all that was progressive and of high repute in the City of Brotherly Love. After a long life spent in rendering important service to the literary, educational, and religious interests of this country, he died in the city of his adoption on the 14th of May, 1803. His scholarly works and the institution he founded are living monuments to his memory.

In his maternal home, and upon the benches whence had gone forth many who had been instructed by his distinguished relative, Mr. DeRenne found opportunity for earnest study. Graduating with honor, and selecting medicine as the profession best suited to his tastes, he became a private pupil of the famous Dr. Samuel Jackson, and entered the Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania. This college was, at that time, probably the most noted in the United States, and the facilities there afforded for mastering the mysteries of the Healing Art were unsurpassed this side the Atlantic. Mr. DeRenne's graduating thesis was entitled a "*Theory concerning the Nature of Insanity*." It was, in 1847, privately printed, to the number of forty-eight copies, for special distribution. Striking in thought and composition is this production, indicating an amount of careful research, delicate analysis, and philosophical deduction quite uncommon in one who had barely attained unto his majority. It elicited

the praise of his perceptors who earnestly hoped that his talents and acquirements would be consecrated to the practice of a calling which sweeps in its high scope the whole range of physical and moral science. But with Mr. DeRenne there was no intention of applying himself to the active pursuit of the profession to the privileges of which he had just been admitted as a Doctor of Medicine. His affections turned to his island home beneath the Georgia magnolias, and his thoughts were of a quiet, independent life, devoted to the exhibition of hospitality, the pursuit of literature, and the enjoyment of dignified repose.

Shortly after graduation he repaired to Wormsloe, and there fixed his residence. With all its wealth of magnificent live-oaks, palmettoes, pines, cedars, and magnolias, with its quiet, gentle views, balmy airs, soft sunlight, swelling tides, inviting prospects, and cherished traditions, this attractive spot had uninterruptedly continued to be the home of his ancestors from the date of its original cession from the Crown to his great grandfather, Captain Noble Jones. Here were the remains of the tabby fortification which he had constructed for the protection of his plantation, then an outpost to the town of Savannah, and there vine-covered and overshadowed by oaks and cedars, they will endure for unnumbered years, constituting one of the most unique and interesting historical ruins on the Georgia coast. During his residence at this charming abode, which continued, with occasional absences, until the late war between the States, Mr. DeRenne guarded this ancestral domain with the tender care and devotion of a loyal son, adding to the recollections of the past literary and cultivated associations in the present which imparted new delights to the name of Wormsloe.

In this youthful country so careless of and indifferent to the memories of former days, so ignorant of the value of monuments and the impressive lessons of antiquity, where no law of primogeniture encourages in the son the conservation of the abode and the heirlooms of his father, where new fields, cheap lands, and novel enterprises at remote points are luring the loves of succeeding generations from the gardens which delighted, the hoary oaks which sheltered, and the fertile fields which nourished their ancestors, where paternal estates, exposed at public and private sale, are placed at the mercy of speculative strangers, where ancestral graves too often lie neglected, and residences, once noted for refinement, intelligence, virtue and hospitality, lose their identity in the ownership of aliens,—it was a beautiful sight—this preservation of the old homestead, this filial devotion to

tree and ruin and tradition, this maintenance around the ancient hearth-stone of cultured memories and inherited civilization. Love of home and kindred and State lay at the root of it all, and this sentiment, than which none more potent resides in the human breast, none more efficient for the honorable perpetuation of family and nation, found fullest lodgment in the heart of our friend.

His carefully selected library contained works of high repute and of great rarity in certain departments. His reading was varied and accurate. Communing often with his favorite authors, he maintained an active acquaintance with the ever expanding domain of scientific and philosophical inquiry. His liberal education, enriched by study, travel and observation, enabled him to appreciate and cultivate those standards in literature and art which give birth to the accurate scholar and the capable critic.

To familiarize himself with the history of Georgia and rescue her traditions from forgetfulness were ever his pleasure and pride. During his sojourns in London he obtained favored access to the records in the various public offices and to the treasures of the British Museum. Thence did he procure copies of all papers throwing light upon the early life of the Colony. We have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that in a thorough acquaintance with the history of Savannah and of Georgia, both as a Colony and a State, he was excelled by none. Often have we hoped that he would have undertaken a general history of our State; and more than once did we commend the suggestion to his favorable consideration. Such a work, from his capable pen, composed in that spirit of truth and characterized by that patient research and philosophical analysis of men and events which distinguished all his investigations, would have proved a standard authority. Unfortunately, however, he has been called hence in the vigor of his matured manhood, and in this anticipation we may no longer indulge.

During his residence on the Isle of Hope the literary tastes of Mr. DeRenne found expression in the following publications, with one exception bearing the imprint of Wormsloe, and executed in the highest style of the printer's art.

In 1847 he reprinted the rare and valuable political tract by George Walton, William Few and Richard Howley, entitled "*Observations upon the effects of certain late political suggestions, by the Delegates of Georgia.*"

Two years afterward appeared his caustic "*Observations on Dr. Stevens's History of Georgia.*"



In 1849 was issued the second of the Wormsloe Quartos, entitled, "*History of the Province of Georgia, with Maps of Original Surveys; by John Gerar William DeBrahm, His Majesty's Surveyor General for the Southern District of North America.*" This was a most valuable publication. DeBrahm's manuscript, from which the portion relating to Georgia was thus printed, exists in the Library of Harvard University, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Mr. DeRenne did for Georgia what Mr. Weston had accomplished for South Carolina.

The following year, in the third of the Wormsloe Quartos, were presented the interesting "*Journal and Letters of Eliza Lucas,*" the mother of Generals Charles Cotesworth and Thomas Pinckney.

So charmed was Mr. DeRenne with "*A Bachelor's Reverie, in three parts: I. Smoke, signifying Doubt; II. Blaze, signifying Cheer; III. Ashes, signifying Desolation: by Ik. Marvel,*" that in 1850, by permission of and as a compliment to the gentle author, he had a beautiful edition of twelve copies privately printed.

In 1851 Mr. DeRenne published, as his fourth Wormsloe Quarto, the *Diary of Colonel Winthrop Sargent, Adjutant-General of the United States Army during the Campaign of 1791*. Only such portion of the diary was printed as related to St. Clair's expedition.

Of these Quartos but a very limited edition was printed, and the copies were donated to famous libraries and placed in the hands of favored friends. Of the first quarto, there are only twenty-one copies; of the second, forty-nine; of the third, nineteen, and of the fourth, forty-six. They are all admirable specimens of typography and literary taste; and, in addition to the historical value they possess, are highly esteemed because of their rarity.

Soon after the inception of the late war, Mr. DeRenne transferred his residence from Wormsloe to the city of Savannah. The desolations consequent upon the failure of the Confederate Cause pressed sorely upon the coast region of our State, sadly altering the conveniences of life, changing the whole theory of our patriarchal civilization, and begetting isolation and solitude where formerly existed inviting mansions, the centres of sympathies and social life, which, in their essential characteristics, can, I fear me, never be revived.

His residence in Savannah, the abode of the choicest hospitality, within whose walls dwelt comfort, refinement, and elegance most attractive, could never, in his affections, supplant the loves he cherished for the old homestead on the Isle of Hope. During the winter and spring, one day in each week did he dedicate to the sweet influences



of Wormsloe, where, secluded from the turmoil of busy life, he surrendered himself to the contemplation of scenes and the revivification of memories upon which time had placed its seal of consecration.

In further illustration of the liberality of our deceased friend toward this Society, it should be mentioned that he bore the entire charge of the publication of the fourth volume of its collections.

That volume printed in 1878, embraces a *History of the Dead Towns of Georgia*: villages and plantations once vital and influential within our borders, but now covered with the mantle of decay, without succession, and silent amid the voices of the present. That work I had dedicated to Mr. DeRenne. I was on the eve of placing the manuscript in the printer's hands when he proposed that I should present it to the Georgia Historical Society, and that he would defray the expense of the publication. The suggestion met with the gracious assent of the Society, and the volume was enlarged by the "*Itinerant Observations in America*," reprinted from the pages of the *London Magazine*.

Of the public spirit which characterized Mr. DeRenne as a citizen of Savannah,—the public spirit of a high-toned, independent gentleman solicitous for the general welfare, yet courting neither personal advantage nor political preferment,—of the sterling qualities which he exhibited in the business affairs of life and in the administration of his ample fortune,—of the active and intelligent interest he manifested in everything promotive of the material and intellectual progress, the ornamentation and the civilization of this city,—of his many charities, unheralded at the times of their dispensation, I may not speak. They are fresh in the recollection of us all. Were he here, he would tolerate no eulogium, and now that he is dead, as his friend I will do no violence to his known wishes.

I cannot refrain, however, from reminding you of two princely gifts which will identify his memory with Savannah so long as human structures endure. I refer to his munificent donation of a commodious and substantial building on west Broad street, to be used as a public school for the education of the children of citizens of African descent, and to his presentation to the Ladies' Memorial Association, of that admirable bronze statue of a Confederate soldier which surmounts the monument erected by fair hands in the military parade of Savannah, in honor of our Confederate dead.

Listen to the offer and the acceptance of that noble gift:

A meeting of the Ladies' Memorial Association was held June 3rd,

1879, at 6 o'clock, at the lecture room of the Independent Presbyterian Church, when, after the transaction of the usual routine business, the following communication from Mr. G. W. J. DeRenne was submitted by the President and ordered to be read:

SAVANNAH, May 21, 1879.

*The President of the Ladies' Memorial Association, Savannah:*

MADAM,—In pursuance of the proposition made and accepted in April of last year, I now present to the Ladies' Memorial Association a bronze statue of a Confederate soldier.

It represents him as he was, marked with the marks of service in features, form and raiment; a man who chose rather to be than to seem, to bear hardship than to complain of it; a man who met with unflinching firmness the fate decreed him, to suffer, to fight, and to die in vain.

I offer the statue as a tribute to the "men" of the Confederate army. Without name or fame, or hope of gain, they did the duty appointed them to do. Now, their last fight fought, their suffering over, they lie in scattered graves throughout our wide Southern land, at rest at last, returned to the bosom of the loved Mother they valiantly strove to defend.

According to your faith, believe that they may receive their reward in the world to come; they had none on earth.

With the expression of my profound respect for those women of the South, who, true to the dead, have sought to save their memory from perishing, I am, madam,

Very respectfully, etc.,

G. W. J. DERENNE.

The following resolutions were then offered and unanimously adopted by a rising vote:

Whereas our fellow-citizen, G. W. J. DeRenne, has presented to this Association the bronze statue of a Confederate soldier, now crowning the monument erected in the military parade of this city to the memory of the soldiers who perished for the cause they held more precious than life; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we, the members of this Association, individually and as a body, do hereby unanimously express our grateful appreciation of this noble gift; recognizing its great merit not only as a work of art, but as a signal ornament to our beloved city, and as a valued

contribution to the public sentiment worthy of the munificent and solemn purpose of the donor.

*Resolved*, That we do hereby accept this tribute with profound gratitude, and, in the name of all who are true to these heroic dead, we reverently consecrate it to the memory of the soldiers of the Confederate army who "who went down in silence."

*Resolved*, That two copies of these proceedings be signed by each of the officers of this Association; one copy to be presented to G. W. J. DeRenne, Esq., the other to the Georgia Historical Society, with the request that it may be placed for preservation in the Archives of the Society.

HENRIETTA COHEN, *President*.

S. C. WILLIAMSON, *Treasurer*.

S. C. MANN, *Secretary*.

Thus are the name, the generosity, and the patriotism of our departed friend indissolubly linked with the holiest monument erected within the confines of this monumental city; a monument redolent of the prayers, the loves, and the tears of mother, wife, sister, daughter; a monument crystalizing in towering and symmetrical form the memories of the Confederate struggle for independence; a monument standing as a spotless, imperishable, just tribute to our Confederate dead. To the cause which it symbolizes and the heroes who perished in its support, time can bring no shadow, nor envious years oblivion.

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A Defence of General Bragg's Conduct at Chickamauga.

By GENERAL W. T. MARTIN.

NATCHEZ, MISS., Feb'y 3rd, 1883.

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D. D.,

*Secretary Southern Historical Society:*

DEAR SIR,—It has seemed to me that more misrepresentation, intentional or otherwise, in regard to his acts and motives, during the late war, fell to the lot of General Bragg than any other prominent Confederate officer. That he was unselfish, patriotic, and devoted to our cause, few who knew him will doubt. He has been very severely criticised for failing, it is said, to avail himself of opportunities afforded him by the enemy just previous to and during the battle of

Chickamauga. There are many living officers and men who know how little of blame should have attached to him for Hindman's palpable disobedience of order in McLemore's Cove, and General Polk's failure to attack Crittenden's corps in its isolated position, immediately after Hindman's fiasco.

The September No. 1881, of THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS contains an interesting and eloquent address of Colonel Archer Anderson at the annual reunion of the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia. After describing quite graphically and correctly the topography of McLemore's Cove and the singular dispersion of Rosecrans's army, Colonel Anderson says :

"Surely if ever an army was caught '*in flagrante delicto*,' caught in its sin, this was now the position of the Federal army. You can judge of the magnification of its peril, when you learn that it took four days of hard marching to effect its concentration, after Rosecrans awoke to his situation. It was about fifteen miles from Crittenden's position to Thomas's advance, and the Confederate right was almost interposed between these two corps. It required, in effect, thirty-seven miles of marching over mountain roads to pass from McCook's corps to Thomas's, and to crown the opportunity for a swift stroke Thomas's two advance divisions were separated by Lookout Mountain from the rest of his corps.

"This was the brilliant opportunity which General Bragg lost with his eyes open, with full knowledge of the false position of Thomas's two divisions. On the very evening of the day they reached it, he gave orders for an attack on the 10th, which should have crushed them. This attack did not take place on the 10th, through causes which may perhaps be accepted as unavoidable, but the enemy was good enough to wait in his false position till after 8 o'clock of the morning of the 11th. During three hours of day-light on that morning, these two divisions lay at the mercy of 30,000 Confederates. Can it be denied, that the Confederates ought to have been ready to attack at day-break? The whole of the day and night of the 10th had been allowed for preparation. Why were they not hurled to the attack at dawn, on the 11th? Why not at 6 o'clock? Why not at 7?"

The answer to these questions must, I fear, condemn General Bragg as a commander.

No one with a full knowledge of the facts, can concur with Colonel Anderson in his conclusions.

General Bragg in his report of the battle of Chickamauga, refers to



information received from me as in a great manner influencing him in his movement against the two divisions of Thomas in McLemore's Cove. Recently I found among my papers the rough draft of a letter written by me to General Bragg, in the Fall of 1867, when the events referred to were fresh in my memory. Some months afterwards I saw in his possession letters from General Patton Anderson, Colonel Urquhart and others who were conversant with the facts and participants like myself in the movement, all of which concurred with the principal statements in my letter. I give you a copy of what I wrote, and would call attention to the fact that General Hindman was placed under arrest for disobedience in not obeying Bragg's repeated orders to attack at an early hour on the 11th. I may add, that to make Hindman's attack from the direction of Chattanooga effective it was absolutely necessary for General Hill's corps to be passed through Dug Gap in Pigeon Mountain to cut off the retreat of the enemy to the south or southwest, while Hindman with his own and Buckner's forces, attacking from the northeast and gaining ground with his right, should envelope the enemy at Davis's Cross-Roads.

Very respectfully,

WILL T. MARTIN.

*Late Major-General C. S. A.*

LETTER TO GENERAL BRAGG.

NATCHEZ,\*—1867.

*General Braxton Bragg:*

DEAR SIR,—You ask me to give you my recollection of what transpired a short time prior to the battle of Chickamauga, in a movement made by you to strike the enemy's centre, and capture a portion of Thomas's corps of Rosecrans's army, that had advanced into McLemore's Cove.

I was commanding a division of cavalry which was observing the enemy in the Cove, and holding the gaps of Pigeon Mountain. Duplicate dispatches were regularly forwarded by me to you and General D. H. Hill, then with his corps at Lafayette, where I had my own headquarters.

Thinking, as I then saw no effort to avail ourselves of the enemy's extraordinary dispersion of his army, that his object and position might be misapprehended, I wrote directly to you a somewhat lengthy

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\*Day and month are not given in the original draft of my letter.

communication, in regard to the isolated fragment of Thomas's corps then at Davis's Cross-Roads in the Cove, between 9 and 11,000 strong, of all arms. This communication was sent to you at Lee and Gordon's Mills during the afternoon of the day preceding the abortive movement.

Between 12 and 1 o'clock that night I received an order to report to you in person, at General Hill's quarters. On my arrival I found a Major of engineers—in broken English giving you a very incoherent report of the topography of the Cove, and the situation of the enemy's troops and our own. He was urging you to change the orders you had given for an attack upon the enemy by General Hindman. I remember very well, there was nothing in what he said, and I so remarked to you.\* You ordered him to return immediately to General Hindman, and to say to him, that there would be no change of orders, and he must carry out those he had received. I then learned from General Hill and yourself, that he had erred in supposing that the enemy had concentrated or was concentrating McCook and Thomas's corps, on his left and rear at Alpine, southwest of Lafayette, and just at the eastern base of Lookout Mountain. General Hill had mistaken the purport of the information received, which you had correctly understood and acted upon. The mistake arose from a want of maps and knowledge of the country. You then stated that the three corps of Rosecrans's army were so far separated by distance and mountains as to make a concentration impossible in time to save his army, if he were struck in his centre in the Cove, and that you having your army well in hand could hurl the whole of it in succession upon the detached corps of the enemy. \* \* \*

After some inquiries of me about roads, distances, &c., you issued orders for a joint attack at an early hour next morning, Hindman to move upon the enemy and cut off his retreat to Well's Valley, and Hill, moving through Dug Gap, to second Hindman's attack, when it had become developed. I heard you dictate the orders, or heard them read by you. You gave me unlimited discretion in the use of my cavalry, so as to aid Hindman's attack. Breckinridge, with his division and my battery and some other artillery, was left at Lafayette to confront any force McCook might advance from Alpine. Hill's troops moved promptly into the Gap at a very early hour. Having seen them well advanced, I rode rapidly through Catlett's Gap and

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\*This man subsequently deserted, wearing it is said, a uniform stolen from some general officer.

met General Hindman advancing upon the enemy. I reported to him for duty, took command of my troops, which were in observation in front and upon his flank, with a detachment on the road between the enemy and Lookout Mountain, in rear of the force we were to attack and between it and any support or reinforcement.

I gave General Hindman what information I possessed about the Cove and the object and importance of the movement. The enemy remained apparently unconscious of the presence of our large force. Hours were lost in consultations. Certainly an attack could have been made by General Hindman by 11 o'clock, and probably sooner. He halted within cannon shot of the Cross-Roads. The delay was inexplicable to me. I remained near Hindman, at his request. I heard of no countermanding orders while with him. The enemy, at about 12:30, moved from his camp and escaped. Some infantry was double-quickened in the direction of the enemy then in motion. It was too late. I received a verbal order to charge the enemy's rear, and did so with some Alabama cavalry, about 150 strong, all that I had in that part of the field. I was repulsed after sharp loss inflicted by infantry and artillery.

Withdrawing to Davis's Cross-Roads, I met you there indignant and excited at what you called the utter disregard of your orders.

In reply to your inquiries, I stated what had transpired under my own observation. You expressed in the most emphatic manner your disappointment at the unexpected failure of an attack so easily to have been made and so nearly successful. I shared in your regrets, for it was then quite clear the enemy could elude your plan of attack and save his army.

I was present when General Hindman rode up, and remember your greeting was by no means cordial. I had acquainted myself, in advance of its occupation by the enemy, with the roads, gaps and topography generally of the Cove, and knew the situation and strength of the advance forces. If a prompt advance had been made by General Hindman, the enemy would have been forced to a surrender, or utter annihilation, and the destruction of this body would have left you completely master of the situation, and at liberty to turn in overwhelming force upon either Crittenden or McCook.

I had kept General Hindman constantly advised during the forenoon of what was occurring in the enemy's camp. The army was greatly chagrined at the result. Though serving constantly with it I never heard it surmised that Hindman did not attack in the fore-

noon because he was held back by you, until months afterwards it was reported that he had so stated.

His troops were on the ground and I knew could have attacked, and were eager to do so; I cannot now, nor did I then understand why he failed to move.

The facts above stated, I remember distinctly. The lost opportunity made a deep and lasting impression on my mind.

Very respectfully and truly yours,

WILL. T. MARTIN.

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Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge.

REPORT OF GENERAL BRAXTON BRAGG.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF TENNESSEE,  
DALTON, 30th November, 1863.

*General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, Richmond:*

SIR,—On Monday the 23rd, the enemy advanced in heavy force and drove in our picket line in front of Missionary Ridge, but made no further effort.

On Tuesday morning early, they threw over the river a heavy force opposite the north end of the ridge and just below the mouth of Chickamauga, at the same time displaying a heavy force in our immediate front. After visiting the right, and making dispositions there for the new development in that direction, I returned towards the left, to find a heavy cannonading going on from the enemy's batteries on our forces occupying the slope of Lookout Mountain, between the crest and the river.

A very heavy force soon advanced to the assault and was met by one brigade only, Walthall's, which made a desperate resistance, but was finally compelled to yield ground; why this command was not sustained is yet unexplained. The commander on that part of the field, Major-General Stevenson, had six brigades at his disposal. Upon his urgent appeal, another brigade was dispatched in the afternoon to his support—though it appeared his own forces had not been brought into action, and I proceeded to the scene. Arriving just before sunset, I found that we had lost all the advantages of the position. Orders were immediately given for the ground to be disputed



until we could withdraw our forces across Chattanooga Creek and the movement was commenced. This having been successfully accomplished our whole forces were concentrated on the ridge, and extended to the right to meet the movement in that direction.

On Wednesday, the 25th, I again visited the extreme right, now under Lieutenant-General Hardee, and threatened by a heavy force, while strong columns could be seen marching in that direction. A very heavy force in line of battle confronted our left and centre.

On my return to this point, about 11 A. M., the enemy's forces were being moved in heavy masses from Lookout and beyond, to our front, while those in front extended to our right. They formed their lines with great deliberation, just beyond the range of our guns, and in plain view of our position.

Though greatly outnumbered, such was the strength of our position that no doubt was entertained of our ability to hold it, and every disposition was made for that purpose. During this time they had made several attempts on our extreme right, and had been handsomely repulsed, with very heavy loss, by Major-General Cleburne's command, under the immediate direction of Lieutenant-General Hardee. By the road across the ridge at Rossville, far to our left, a route was opened to our rear. Major-General Breckinridge commanding on the left, had occupied this with two regiments and a battery. It being reported to me that a force of the enemy had moved in that direction, the General was ordered to have it reconnoitered and to make every disposition necessary to secure his flank, which he proceeded to do.

About 3:30 P. M. the immense force in the front of our left and centre advanced in three lines preceded by heavy skirmishers. Our batteries opened with fine effect, and much confusion was produced before they reached musket range. In a short time the roar of musketry became very heavy, and it was soon apparent that the enemy had been repulsed in my immediate front.

While riding along the crest congratulating the troops, intelligence reached me that our line was broken on my right, and the enemy had crowned the ridge. Assistance was promptly dispatched under Brigadier-General Bate, who had so successfully maintained the ground in my front, and I proceeded to the rear of the broken line to rally our retiring troops and return them to the crest to drive the enemy back. General Bate found the disaster so great that his small force could not repair it. About this time, I learned that our extreme left had also given way, and that my position was almost surrounded. Bate was immediately directed to form a second line in the rear,

where, by the efforts of my staff, a nucleus of stragglers had been formed upon which to rally.

Lieutenant-General Hardee, leaving Major-General Cleburne in command of the extreme right, moved toward the left when he heard the heavy firing in that direction. He reached the right of Anderson's division just in time to find it had nearly all fallen back, commencing on its right, where the enemy had first crowned the ridge. By a prompt and judicious movement, he threw a portion of Cheatham's division directly across the ridge, facing the enemy who was moving a strong force immediately on his left flank. By a decided stand here, the enemy was entirely checked, and that portion of our force to the right remained intact. All to the left, however, except a portion of Bate's division, was entirely routed, and in rapid flight, nearly all the artillery having been shamefully abandoned by its infantry support. Every effort which could be made by myself and staff, and by many other mounted officers, availed but little.

A panic, which I never before witnessed, seemed to have seized upon officers and men, and each seemed to be struggling for his personal safety, regardless of his duty or his character. In this distressing and alarming state of affairs, General Bate was ordered to hold his position, covering the road for the retreat of Breckinridge's command, and orders were immediately sent to Generals Hardee and Breckinridge to retire their forces upon the depot at Chickamauga. Fortunately it was now near nightfall, and the country and roads in our rear were fully known to us, but equally unknown to the enemy. The routed left made its way back in great disorder, effectually covered, however, by Bate's small command, which had a sharp conflict with the enemy's advance, driving it back. After night, all being quiet, Bate retired in good order, the enemy attempting no pursuit. Lieutenant-General Hardee's command, under his judicious management, retired in good order and unmolested.

As soon as all the troops had crossed, the bridges over the Chickamauga were destroyed, to impede the enemy, though the stream was fordable in several places.

No satisfactory excuse can possibly be given for the shameful conduct of our troops, on the left, in allowing their line to be penetrated. The position was one which ought to have been held by a line of skirmishers against any assaulting column; and, wherever resistance was made, the enemy fled in disorder, after suffering heavy loss. Those who reached the ridge did so in a condition of exhaustion,

from the great physical exertion in climbing, which rendered them powerless, and the slightest effort would have destroyed them.

Having secured much of our artillery they availed themselves of our panic, and turning our guns upon us enfiladed our lines both right and left, rendering them entirely untenable. Had all parts of the line been maintained by equal gallantry and persistence, no enemy could ever have dislodged us; and but one possible reason presents itself to my mind in explanation of this bad conduct in veteran troops, who had never before failed in any duty assigned them, however difficult and hazardous. They had for two days confronted the enemy marshalling his immense forces in plain view, and exhibiting to their sight such a superiority in numbers as may have intimidated weak minds and untried soldiers. But our veterans had so often encountered similar hosts, when the strength of position was against us, and with perfect success, that not a doubt crossed my mind.

As yet, I am not fully informed as to the commands which first fled and brought this great disaster and disgrace upon our arms; an investigation will bring out the truth, however, and full justice shall be done to the good and the bad.

After arriving at Chickamauga and informing myself of the full condition of affairs, it was decided to put the army in motion for a point farther removed from a powerful and victorious army, that we might have some little time to replenish and recuperate for another struggle. The enemy made pursuit as far as Ringgold, but was so handsomely checked by Major-General Cleburne and Brigadier-General Gist, in command of their respective divisions, that he gave us but little annoyance.

Our losses are not yet ascertained, but in killed and wounded it is known to be very small. In stragglers and prisoners, I fear it is much larger.

The Chief of Artillery reports the loss of forty pieces.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

BRAXTON BRAGG,  
*General Commanding.*

NOTE.—As a matter of justice to General Anderson's Division, charged in the above report as breaking at Missionary Ridge, we append the following extract from an autograph letter of General Bragg to Major E. T. Sykes, of

Columbus, Mississippi, dated Mobile, 8th of February, '73: \* \* \* \* \*

"I have always believed our disaster at Missionary Ridge was due immediately to the misconduct of a brigade of Buckner's troops from East Tennessee, commanded by Brigadier-General Alex. W. Reynolds, which first gave way, and could not be rallied."

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**Sketches of the History of the Washington Artillery.**

*By* COLONEL J. B. WALTON, CAPTAIN J. A. CHALARON, COLONEL  
B. F. ESCHELMAN, and COLONEL W. M. OWEN.

[At the reunion of the famous old Washington Artillery in New Orleans, on the 27th of May last, among other admirable speeches were several which gave valuable sketches of this grand old corps, which are well worthy of preservation in our records, and which we take pleasure in publishing. We give now those of Colonel Walton and Captain Chalaron, and will give in our next Colonel Eschelman's and Colonel Owen's.]

ADDRESS OF COLONEL J. B. WALTON.

*Mr. Chairman,*—In rising to respond to the toast "The Washington Artillery," I should not fail to give expression of my high appreciation of the compliment which is conveyed by my selection, nor of the apprehension I feel that, in consequence of a somewhat protracted indisposition, which has prohibited anything like application, I may be found unequal to the grateful duty which has been assigned me. But sick, or in the enjoyment of health, it seems to stir within me a spring of action, a defiance of hesitation whenever I am called upon to speak or act in behalf of my old command; a command that has been eminently one of vigor and progress from its earliest organization. Ever faithful—the peer of the most renowned—it has maintained in peace and in war an enviable distinction for high character, devotion to duty, discipline and all those grand qualities that have made the muster roll of the Washington Artillery a roll of honor, and its record a priceless inheritance, not only for the "veteran," but also for the young men of the battalion of to-day, to whom we have to bequeath the name and fame of those who have preceded them; enjoining upon them, our worthy successors, to emulate the example which is written in the character, and attested by the meritorious



services, the sacrifices and renown of their seniors and predecessors.

I do not, Mr. Chairman, propose to pronounce a eulogy upon this occasion, nor would it be fitting that I should, but in my great pride for my old command I may, I trust, without undue egotism, be permitted briefly to refer to our antecedent history.

The Washington Artillery is distinguished by being the oldest military organization in Louisiana, and the oldest perhaps in any of the Southern States.

In the year 1840, the Washington Regiment, commanded by Colonel Persifer F. Smith, was the only military organization of note above Canal street. It was composed of cavalry, artillery and infantry, partaking of the character of a legion. The Washington Artillery, then just reorganized (February 22, 1840), was the right flank company. Thus composed, the regiment under its distinguished Colonel became the crack corps of the State.

Upon the breaking out of hostilities with Mexico, in the spring of 1846, the Washington Artillery, under a requisition from General Zachary Taylor, volunteered with their battery—which had been increased by purchase to six six-pounder bronze guns—and proceeded to Corpus Christi, Texas, where Taylor's army was then encamped, remaining there in the service of the United States three months, without incident. At the expiration of that time the battery returned to New Orleans and was mustered out of service.

In May, 1846, another requisition was made upon the State of Louisiana, now for a brigade of four regiments of infantry. The Washington regiment was the first to offer its services, and was the first in the field. The Washington Artillery, acting as infantry, was Company A of the regiment, and served with it, under Taylor, until all the volunteers on the Rio Grande line were, by orders of Secretary Marcy, sent home and discharged.

From that period the company, in face of all adverse circumstances—the neglect of the State and city authorities, the absence of any appropriations for their support—constantly maintained their organization in a state of efficiency and readiness for service at the individual cost of the members. Such was the spirit of the Washington Artillery more than forty years ago, and, I am proud to say, such it has ever been and such it is to-day.

After the war with Mexico the military enthusiasm very much weakened; organization after organization was disbanded, leaving the Washington Artillery almost alone, struggling and apathetic. In 1852 it was found necessary again to rally for another reorganization.

In June of that year, General E. L. Tracy was elected Captain, then Soria, who was killed by the premature explosion of a cartridge. After the lamented death of Soria, the company languished and lost in numbers and in spirit to such an extent that it seemed to be upon the verge of dissolution.

For five long and uneventful years it clung to its existence, and when its numbers were reduced to thirteen members, I, your humble speaker, on the 19th of March, 1857, was offered and accepted the Captaincy.

From that date the company "took heart" and steadily improved in numbers, discipline, drill and efficiency, both as artillery and infantry, until it became and was acknowledged to be the largest, best drilled and disciplined company in the South.

You must pardon me, my comrades, for inflicting upon you these dry details. They are, however, an essential part of the objects of this, the first re-union we have had, serving to put upon record for the remembrance of the seniors the trials and triumphs of years long gone, and for the juniors that they be informed, so that they may share the pride we all should feel in the past history of this truly historic organization. So, I pray you, bear with me, and you shall shortly hear from more eloquent lips of the stirring scenes through which the several companies of the battalion have passed in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Alabama. You will be made more proud when the distinguished officers, who have been chosen for the task, will fire you with their descriptions of the grand career of the five companies, which has, from defeats and victories warranted the inscription of sixty battles upon their colors.

But I am digressing; let me proceed with my narration.

#### 1861—THE FIRST ACT OF WAR.

For several days prior to January 9, 1861, this city was anxiously excited over the rumors that were current, pointing to some contemplated act on the part of the State hostile to the United States authorities. A commingling of curiosity, apprehension and ignorance prevailed.

The glorious 8th, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, as was the custom in those days, had been celebrated with great pomp and circumstance. The following day and evening the most intense anxiety was manifested among all classes of citizens. About 7 o'clock in the evening the following order was sent to me:

[*Order No. 24.*]

HEADQUARTERS FIRST BRIGADE,  
FIRST DIVISION, L. M.,  
*New Orleans*, January 9, 1861.

*To Captain Walton, Washington Artillery:*

You will repair immediately to the foot of Canal street, in conformity to orders from headquarters, there to receive the reports and assume command of the following named companies:

Washington Artillery, Louisiana Grays, Louisiana Guards, Chasseurs-a-Pied, Sarsfield Rifles, Orleans Cadets.

You will report the command, when formed, to the Adjutant General for further orders.

Strict order and discipline will be enforced by you, in accordance with the rules and regulations of war now in force in the army of the United States.

By order of Brigadier-General E. L. Tracy.

THOMAS F. WALKER,  
*Brigade Inspector.*

Pursuant to further orders, shortly after 2 o'clock in the morning of the 10th of January, the command, moving by companies, embarked on the steamboat National. It was not made known, until after the departure of our transport what was our destination or purpose; that it was serious and hostile was abundantly apparent from the ample warlike preparation. The expedition was under orders to proceed to Baton Rouge and take possession and occupy, by force or otherwise, the important military post at that point. Arrived at Baton Rouge on the morning of the 11th, it was understood that Major Haskins, commanding the United States forces, had made all necessary preparation to give the State troops a warm reception, but during the day better counsels prevailed and the Federal commander surrendered. Immediate possession was taken of the post and of the vast amount of ordnance and military stores there deposited.

The bloodless capture, by the Washington Artillery and the other troops composing the expedition, of one of the largest Federal military and ordnance depots on this continent, was regarded as a proceeding of the gravest consequence, in view of the fact that it constituted the first serious act of hostility to Federal authority.

The whole country was aroused to the consideration of the grave

possibilities and realities which then were presented for the consideration of the people of the South. The shrill voice of war, with all its anticipated horrors, was even then heard resounding through all the Southern States. The bombardment and fall of Sumter and the universal rush to arms, North and South, had not then occurred.

The startling announcement made by Senator Benjamin on the occasion of the presentation of a magnificent stand of colors to the battalion, by the ladies of New Orleans, on February 22, 1861, that war was inevitable, and warning all men to go home and prepare for the grand ordeal, the end of which no one could know, made a deep and solemn impression upon the multitude present to witness the presentation ceremonies. The Washington Artillery bore their colors proudly through the streets of the city that evening. Promptly on the day following they began their earnest preparation for service in the field.

On May 3d, the battalion, then in all respects prepared, composed of four full companies, authorized me, then a Major of Artillery, by a unanimous vote, to tender their services to the President of the Confederate States for the war, which was done in a communication of that date to the Hon. J. P. Benjamin. On May 13th, after some correspondence by letters and telegraph, as to the exact character of the command, whether it was mounted or horse artillery, the following final dispatch was sent and answer received:

*Hon. J. P. Benjamin, Montgomery, Ala.:*

The Battalion Washington Artillery Volunteers for the war. Captain E. A. Palfrey and Mr. David Urquhart, of the battalion, will leave to-morrow for Montgomery; directed to report to the Secretary of War for orders.

J. B. WALTON,  
*Major Commanding.*

ANSWER.

WAR DEPARTMENT,  
*Montgomery, Ala., May 13, 1861.*

*Major J. B. Walton, New Orleans:*

Your battalion of artillery is accepted for the war. You are ordered to Lynchburg, Va.

L. POPE WALKER,  
*Secretary of War.*



Upon the return of Captain Palfrey and Mr. Urquhart, with final orders for moving the command, and with the necessary requisitions to complete the armament, for transportation, etc., extraordinary exertions were made to get away to Virginia at the earliest possible moment. The citizens, the ladies especially, came grandly forward and liberally supplied all that was necessary for the comfort of every man. Not satisfied with providing blankets, overcoats and articles of prime necessity, they lavishly supplied luxuries and small stores to an extent almost beyond the means of transportation. Splendidly equipped, with an unequaled quartermaster's, commissary, and medical department, the battalion was unequaled by any command in the South.

Twenty-one years ago, at 8 o'clock, upon a serene and beautiful Sabbath morning, the 26th day of May, the four companies composing then the Battalion Washington Artillery, in their soldierly uniform, fully equipped, bearing the superb flag presented by the ladies, preceded by their full band, marched to Lafayette Square to be mustered by Lieutenant Phifer, C. S. A., into the service of the Confederate States for the term of the war. The line was drawn, and even at that early hour the square was filled with the families and friends of the brave fellows who were then about to become bound, for weal or for woe, for life or for death, to serve the cause they had espoused.

A finer body of the youth of New Orleans had never assembled; the impressive silence that prevailed in the well-disciplined ranks, and throughout the mass of spectators, during the entire ceremony of "mustering-in," gave evidence of the profound feeling that had possession of all—those who were witnesses as well as those who were more intimately concerned.

The impressive ceremony concluded, the battalion with side arms, their colors and band, attended divine service at Christ Church, the Rev. Dr. Leacock officiating. His eloquent and impressive discourse was listened to by a crowded auditory, composed, for the most part, of the families, relatives and friends of the members. Many were affected to tears by the grandeur and solemnity of the occasion and of the reflection that many of those who were there so proudly prominent might, alas! be there for the last time, that in a few short hours they would take the last embrace and say farewell forever. Dr. Leacock concluded his impressive discourse with words of encouragement and advice, evincing a keen and sometimes almost worldly appreciation of the occasion. He enjoined upon all to remember that we were educated to be gentlemen, and it behooved all to bring back

their characters as soldiers and as gentlemen, unblemished with their arms. "Remember," said he, "that the first convert to Christ from the Gentiles was a soldier. Inscribe the Cross upon your banners, for you are fighting for liberty. May God protect you in your absence. Our hearts will follow you, our ears will be open for tidings of your condition, and our prayers will ascend for your safety and return."

After the discourse, the colors presented by the ladies were placed in front of the chancel, and the benediction pronounced, the entire congregation rising.

Monday, the 27th day of May, 1861, the twenty-first anniversary of which eventful day we are here now assembled to commemorate, was ushered in with a blazing sun and intense heat. At an early hour it was manifest, from the crowds upon the streets, there was something that had aroused the sentiment of the community at large; business was in a great measure suspended, stores were closed, and all the avenues to the arsenal and upon the streets through which the battalion was to pass on their way to the train were crowded to suffocation. The balconies were filled with ladies, showering flowers upon the troops as they marched by. All distinctions were ignored in the eager endeavor of all to show their affection and to do honor to the soldiers going to the war.

The march from the arsenal to the depot, with the mercury marking 90 degrees Fahrenheit, the soldiers with everything they possessed in their knapsacks upon their backs, was one of great trial and suffering, scarcely compensated by the pride and happiness experienced through the overwhelming evidence of kindness, sympathy and love exhibited by the people.

Arrived at the train which was to bear us away upon our patriotic mission, the battalion was speedily embarked, by companies, in good order. In a few minutes the signal was given that we were ready, when, amid the booming of cannon, the music of the bands, the deafening huzzas of the multitude and the weeping of the women, the train moved slowly on, and was soon beyond the view of the surging multitude. The scene was deeply and painfully impressive, exhibiting an unexampled display of patriotism, certifying to the determined sentiment the occasion had aroused among all classes of our fellow-citizens.

I am admonished now, Mr. Chairman, that the part allotted to me, to respond to the first toast to the Washington Artillery has been, however indifferently, performed, and that if I proceed, I shall encroach upon the preserves of my friends, who, in their turn, are to tell

you what, I am certain, will be found more to your taste and more interesting than the dry narrative of "The Rise and Progress" of the Washington Artillery.

You will hear from the lips of the gallant Chalaron how the Fifth Company, jealous of the fame of the first four companies of the Virginia army, became in the Army of Tennessee the peer of the battalion, and how, in every battle from Shiloh to Spanish Fort, in Mobile bay, they challenged the record of the older companies, compelling by their gallantry and distinguished service the highest encomiums.

To Adjutant Owen (in connection with these proceedings I cannot say General Owen) has been assigned the duty of tracing the career of the battalion from Bull Run in the east and Shiloh in the west, to the melancholy end. He will tell you like a true soldier, with fire and fancy, a soldier's story of the marches and battles, the trials and triumphs of a command whose name and fame is recognized in all parts of our common country. That he will do justice to his theme, there are none here who know as I do of his action and gallantry, his devotion and bravery, signalized upon every field, who will fail to extend to him a hearty reception.

The distinguished president of the Veterans' Association, Colonel Eshleman, and Colonel Bayne, the indefatigable and honored president of the Washington Artillery Association, will also give voice in answer to the toasts proposed to be drunk in honor of their respective charges.

Now, Mr. Chairman, I desire to express my thanks for the attention that has been bestowed upon my unworthy effort and to apologize for the time I have consumed in my weak endeavor to place before you a partial record of the Washington Artillery from its organization to the date of its departure for Virginia in May, 1861. Imperfect as it is, the labor bestowed upon the compilation has been a labor of love as well as of duty. The history is one of which any command, in any land, might well be proud.

## THE WASHINGTON ARTILLERY IN THE ARMY OF TENNESSEE.

ADDRESS OF CAPTAIN J. A. CHALARON.

*Soldiers*,—In eloquent and feeling words the "Father of the Battalion" has just related its birth, its growth, its history—the departure of its first quota for the front in Virginia.

We are fortunate veterans, and members of the present organiza-

tion, to have heard this memorable recital from his lips on such an occasion. For to few men has it been given to guide so long and successfully the destinies of a military command, to keep it ever unsurpassed in equipment, discipline and standing, to lead it in such gallant style to a people's defence, and to live to see it accomplish and enjoy the fame that rests to-day upon our banners.

We of the second quota, organized away from his immediate care, who never fought under his eye or alongside of our seniors; we also recognize his parental influence, and recollect how much of military virtue we had to cultivate to attain the standard he had established for the corps. We rejoice that he has lived to meet us on this day; and here at this, the first reunion of the five companies, the first general review of the battalion in its past and present—before reporting for the Washington Artillery, Army of Tennessee—as their senior surviving officer, in their name—I salute you, Colonel Walton, in all soldierly and filial appreciation.

Nine months had elapsed since the departure of the four companies, when the Confederacy, in an hour of supreme distress, called again upon Louisiana. Immediately from that same arsenal on Girod street a fifth company of the battalion sprang into the arena and was thrown to the front in Tennessee. It came armed cap-a-pie, nearly excelling its predecessors in thoroughness of equipment, of instruction, of discipline. In its ranks were old members—brothers, relatives, friends of the boys in Virginia, around whom had gathered the choicest remaining spirits among our city's youth, allured by the fascination of a glorious name, and the exalted requisites of courage that were demanded of them to sustain it. Such material had met with prompt military education and assistance, and though from the company's fullness of means and numbers several drafts had been poured into the quota in Virginia, still on that 18th of March, 1862, it stood magnificent in preparation, and 156 rank and file for departure.

How glorious in appearance—stretched across that hall, in all the pomp of handsome uniforms, splendid physique, martial bearing and determined men! How proud their officers, as they scanned the line! And, thank God, that feeling went on increasing unto the end. No name appeared too glorious to be left in their keeping; no cause too sacred to be staked upon their devotion.

That day one month—and Shiloh's bloody field has seen them under baptismal fire—and the Fifth Company has placed its first sacrificial offering upon their country's altar! 'Tis Demeritt, and Hartnett, and Green, and Giffen, and O'Donnell, and Long yielding



up their lives. The Washington Artillery, Army of Tennessee, now stands revealed in equal glory with the Washington Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia, and henceforth it is a rivalry between them in devotion to a sacred cause in hallowing a common name.

Shiloh's field has also revealed officers and men unto each other, and amid those undying impressions of a first battle none proved stronger than the mutual confidence that then arose. There, deeds of courage foreshadowed future fame, and Slocumb's dash became a household word. There, Beauregard's commendation is their reward, as it was that of the four companies at Manassas.

Henceforth the Washington Artillery is linked in trial and in glory to the Army of Tennessee. Glorious and grand old army! "Defenders of the heart of the Confederacy," the tests to which your virtues were put called forth the highest qualities that soldiers could display. Unfailing courage, patience, endurance, fortitude and devotion marked your every step. From that field on it bore the stamp of misfortune in losing Albert Sidney Johnston. And who of the Fifth Company would change that checkered career for even the glory of having served with Lee and Jackson?

Corinth comes next and Farmington. Incessant picket fighting, dire disease, wretched rations, and death dealing water. A crucial test, which the strongest and bravest alone survived. A school, withal, which tempered us for the worst that could arise.

Tupelo is reached, and Slocumb now commands. Suffering is forgotten in recuperation and drilling. Bragg himself acknowledges the Fifth unexcelled therein, even by his famous battery.

We march into Kentucky. Mumfordsville is captured and Perryville is fought. The "White Horse Battery" is known to friend and foe thereafter, and clamorous and enthusiastic recognition salutes it in the streets of Harrodsburg from the army passing in retreat. Those shouts shall ever ring in the ears of its survivors.

Through Cumberland Gap, half starving and worn, retreating steps now take us to Kingston's snow-clad fields. We meet the first blasts of a winter campaign. Our tents are finally pitched in winter quarters on Harpeth's frozen banks, where Rosecrans so rudely disturbed us at Christmas eve. Murfreesboro follows and Vaught commands, and whether supporting Hardee's crushing blow upon the enemy's right, or holding the pivot of the position, or rushing madly in that deadly charge, when Breckinridge, in grand array and stern devotion, dashed for those heights across Stone river, the Washington Artillery won on that field the highest praise that soldiers could expect; and An-

thony and Reid are left to mark its passage. Vicksburg is sore beset, and Johnston calls and Breckinridge is going, and the Fifth Company asks to follow. Mobile, in passing, gives us new recruits, as rushing through we hurry on to Jackson. But Vicksburg falls 'ere we can cross the Big Black, and Sherman tries to intercept, but strikes us only in our works at Jackson. Four stands of colors lie amid a thousand killed and wounded before the muzzles of Cook's and Slocomb's guns.

Bragg calls in turn and Breckinridge is sent. The Fifth is pushed to Rome and Chattanooga. The echoes of the first guns salute them as they reach there. We strike at Glass's Mill, and plunging through the Chickamauga, leave on its banks a holocaust of dead. 'Tis Blair meeting a fate he had just predicted, and Morel, and Anderson, and Belson, and Bailey and Daigle!

We laid them shrouded in their blankets, and move to strike elsewhere. Morning finds us on the right. Breckinridge turns the Federal left—we cut them off from Chattanooga. Astride the road we save the day till Liddell can be brought up and Graves has fallen in our midst, and bending over him, Breckinridge laments his loss. Around him lie Brocard and Bayle, and Reichert, and Duggan, and Stakeman, and Greenwood and Woods, with shattered carriages and crushed guns that show what fire we took unflinchingly, while pouring canister alone upon their charging lines. Breckinridge thanks us on the field. To replace Blair, Vaught now stands promoted, and Chickamauga's victory led us but to Missionary Ridge. Dissensions and rivalries have brought defeat. The Fifth, unmoved, indignant and devoted, their battery sacrificed, seized the first guns abandoned in their rear, and with Austin's help check the enemy and save the bridge.

Joe Johnston comes, and Dalton's cantonments ring with joy. With spring, Sherman attempts the portals of the pass, and Rocky-face and Buzzard's Roost repell him to Snake Gap. Resaca finds us in the thickest fray, and on that hill from which were borne Simmons and Stuart, and in that pen where Russell fell and found a grave beneath the cannon's trail, the Fifth Company never showed more coolness, more valor, nor more fortitude. In quick succession came Calhoun, Adairsville, Kingston and Cassville's lost opportunity. The Etowah is crossed, Dalton and New Hope Church claim more precious lives. 'Tis McGregor, 'tis Winston, 'tis Billy Sewell, with his last breath whispering into Slocomb's ear: "Captain, haven't I done my duty?" Can Pine Mountain and Kennesaw Ridge ever be forgotten? those long days of constant fighting, those nights of sleepless

vigilance and recurring labor, those works uncarried, where Barrail fell and Staub received his death wound.

For once, since leaving Dalton, we find ourselves across the Chattahoochie. For Johnston waits to strike his crawling foe. But Peach-Tree Creek soon called us to our work, and in defending its passage we lose Legare and Percy and Ricketts. Legare, who begged for one more shot at them, and fell with Percy, torn and mangled, before he could get it.

First on the right, then through the siege, the Fifth Company battles for Atlanta, till Hood must leave, for Jonesboro' is gone, and Hardee's heroic corps can stand the pressure no longer. Here Frazer, Vincent, Delery, find their death, and also that unrecorded priest who followed us into battle. And now it is on to Nashville. In snow we move from Florence to the task, ill clad and badly shod. Columbia is taken, and Franklin's ditches are made level with Confederate dead. Bates's division is thrown toward Murfreesboro. At Overall creek it is Leverich's canister saving us from destruction, and riderless horses sweep in line of battle, through our intervals, to the rear. Siebrecht is buried on the field. The morrow finds us attacking with Forest, and yielding lines place the enemy in the rear. We lose two guns in running the gauntlet of their line. On that sad day Bennett is laid beneath the snow.

Nashville follows, and after the defeat we spike our guns and let down our carriages, roads of escape being left. And now comes that terrible retreat, in the heart of winter, where snow-beaten paths are reddened by the blood of our soldiers' shoeless feet. We ford Shoal creek on that bleak Christmas day, and drop exhausted when the Tennessee is reached. The Fifth Company lost no men by straggling, yet on the banks of that river there stood in its ranks forty-five barefooted and half-clad men.

Mobile is threatened and we go to her defence, joining again our Louisiana brigade. They were to capture the first enemy's battery met, that the Washington Artillery may be refitted.

In Spanish Fort we stood a siege for fourteen days in gallant style, and were the last to spike our guns that night of evacuation. Rescued from out the sea marsh of Perdido river, the Fifth Company is in Mobile again, where McIlhenny and Miller had preceded them to be buried. This siege has fitly crowned our military prescience. The town is doomed. We march away as light artillery, refitted and complete.

The end has come when Lee's surrender is announced. Our own



soon follows. We furl our flag in tears, and Slocomb leads us home to weeping households, desolated firesides, and ruined estates.

Such is the hurried report of the services of the Fifth Company in their performance. Soldiers never showed more courage, more endurance, more reliability, more cheerfulness, more discipline, more devotion, more fortitude. Ever ready, ever complete in equipment and numbers, their horses superbly kept, ambitious of distinction, they were always at the front on the breach in active service, ever steady and resolute however went the day, no danger could move and no disaster could dismay them. In the annals of the Army of Tennessee they bear a proud name among the proudest—a household word.

To the battalion's fame, they bring a harvest of laurels, won through the most trying and sanguinary campaigns of our great war. To the battalion flag they add the names of over forty battles, as desperate, as sanguinary as ever fought. On our monumental shaft and roll of honor, they have inscribed the names of fifty heroes, as pure, as gallant, as devoted as ever died in a sacred cause. They have made the Washinton Artillery the only organization legendary with the troops of the Army of Tennessee, as it is with the troops of the Army of Northern Virginia. And the rivalry is not ended; they will push it in perpetuating the present organization, that our sons and latest descendant may belong to it, and proudly say: "Our fathers made the name of the Washington Artillery, in the cause of the South, on every battle-field of the Confederacy."

And admonished by the untimely fate of so many who survived our companies, and since have fallen in the battle of life, shall I not take advantage of this occasion to speak to you, the representatives of the survivors of the Washington Artillery, here in the presence of your brothers of Virginia? Can I refrain to call upon you, boys of the Fifth Company, to rise, that I may say to them, "Here stand the remnants of 380 men, who carried the banner of the Washington Artillery in equal glory and devotion with you. Can I refrain to thank you for your unfailing confidence and devotion to your officers; to express to you their feelings of admiration and love; to tell you that they drew courage, energy, their reward, their pride, from your gallant acts, your heroic bearing, your friendly approbation? Boys of the Fifth Company, the spirits of Slocomb, Vaught and Blair at this moment marshal our brave "who roam enfranchised," and re-echo my words, rejoicing at this first reunion of the Fifth and its brothers of Virginia. May God bless you.



Reminiscences of the Siege of Vicksburg.

By MAJOR J. T. HOGANE *of the Engineer Corps.*

PAPER No. I.

Let us revive from the forces of memory the particulars of a scene, remarkable for being an example and expression of weakness.

On the west bank of the Big Black river, in the State of Mississippi, on a day of May, 1863, might have been seen General J. C. Pemberton and a group of disheartened staff and line officers. The surroundings and foil to this weary, discouraged group were the defeated troops just escaped from the field of combat at Champion Hills and Big Black river; the sluggish river; the blazing timber; the smoke of battle.

General Pemberton, with head hung down and despair written over the lineaments of his face, gave utterance to the honest sentiment of his heart when he remarked to Colonel Lockett, the Chief Engineer of the army, that "thirty years ago, to-day, I commenced my career as a soldier, and to-day ends it."

What a confession of failure these pathetic words conveyed to his listeners.

In a house at Oxford, Miss., the night of the retreat from the splendidly fortified position of the Tallahatchie river, near Abbeyville, might have been seen General Pemberton and General "Pap" Price. General Price told the Commander-in-Chief that a Federal force was marching south by way of Hernando, and offered, with a confidence, that his outspoken, brave, cheerful tones showed he believed in, to capture or defeat them if a sufficient force was given him to do so.

General Pemberton refused to detach the troops asked for, though he knew that General Grant could not make any serious demonstration on his front, owing to Grant's communication with his base of supplies being destroyed by the writer of this burning a mile of railroad trestle-work.

General Price respectfully suggested a certain movement, asking only his Missourians to carry it out. The General again refused to strike a blow, preferring the easier generalship of retreating; stating as his reason, however, that "he did not know where the enemy was."

The first time I ever saw Vicksburg was in April before the siege. As the engineer officer in charge of the fortification at Snyder's and

Hayne's bluffs, I had been making requisitions on Mobile and other points through Generals Lee and Stevenson, for materials to secure the immense raft constructed across the Yazoo river, opposite the seige guns of Snyder's Bluff. The raft was about to give way from the pressures of at least 6,000 tons of drift wood accumulated on its upper side. In my anxiety to secure the raft I resolved upon a personal interview with General Stevenson, so ordering my horse, a rapid ride brought me to headquarters in the now famous city. The air was full of rumors of the great strength and scientific dispositions of the defenses of Vicksburg, and with faith I accepted the statement that no force could take the city.

About the middle watch of the night the belching of a cannon in one of the water batteries awoke the city from its easy slumbers. Officers and men rushed to the river front to gaze upon the yankee gun boats slowly steaming down the river; nearer they came with almost a death-like motion, slow, and in harmony with the black, lithe, sinuous gliding of the river.

The sparkle of the battle lights betokened the life that lay prone behind their iron-clad covering. Men stood behind that iron coat ready to drive the missiles of death into the Confederate batteries; stood ready as volunteers, and from a sense of honor to dare death in a combat for success.

There was no flickering among the veterans who manned the guns of the fated city. The artillerymen of the South, in the full glare of the red light of bonfires built in their rear, aimed their guns with the precision of parade practice, but it seemed with no effect, for boat after boat kept on with steady thud passing gun after gun that opened singly one after the other upon them.

The effect of the firing on moving objects by single guns, proved itself, as it did in other instances, a failure, and confirmed the opinion that I had always held, that concentrated mass-firing is the only effective way to destroy iron-clad vessels of war.

If the engineer officer in charge of construction in Vicksburg had arranged his guns in groups, so that the fire could have been thrown to a common point, with a weight of metal that, united in its impingement, would have been irresistible, it would not have gone into history that men lived to run the batteries of Vicksburg.

After the duel between the portable marine batteries and the fixed shore heavy guns, there was nothing to do but seek consolation on the hard couch of a soldier or bewail the half-way manner of doing things customary in the Western Army of the Confederate States.

About the gray of day next morning I received a rude shaking up from Colonel Lockett—my chief in the engineer department—that dispelled the sweet repose induced by a complete non-responsibility. “Do you know that the gunboats are attacking Snyder’s Bluff!” “No.” “Report at once to your headquarters; your place is there.” “All right, I’ll go.”

An hour’s hard riding and I was climbing the hill upon which General Hebert and staff were standing or sitting intently observing the movements of thirteen Federal gunboats and the landing of about three thousand troops.

About half way from the bluff to the river, in an open field, a thin line of skirmishers represented the Southern side; on the road in the rear of the General, laid, perdue, the Southern boys, in line of battle.

The yankees landed and took their time to come into action. Squads of officers rode here and there, knotting and unknotting with the grace that staff officers so well know how to display. A puff of white smoke from the gun of a French Captain, of the New Orleans regular heavy artillery, a shell bursting in the midst of it, untied one of the knots double quick, and strange to say consultations were put an end to by spread-eagleism hunting the grass. Then the gunboats opened fire, concentrating on the Frenchman, until 180 shots, by count, had tried to silence the plucky eight-inch shell gun.

At last the barbette carriage of the shell gun was struck, and the gun dismounted, but soon mounted again and made ready for action. In the meantime, a general firing from battery and gunboat made the honors of noise about even, until a ten-inch Columbiad sent her solid shot into the iron-clad Chickasaw, killing and wounding, according to northern account, her captain and sixty of her men. Night, discretion and getting the worst of the fight induced the Commadore and Commander to run back the troops and leave for safe quarters at the mouth of the Yazoo.

I learned two things by this fight—that counter-sunk batteries located below the sky line are safe batteries for gunners, and that guns located on radiating lines from the attack center, fixing the distances according to calibre and kind of gun, do the maximum of efficient service.

This action; the running the batteries at Vicksburg; the attempt to take Vicksburg in the rear by the march of General Grant through Mississippi by the way of Holly Springs, Abbeyville and Grenada; the trying to force the Yazoo river—ought to have opened General

Pemberton's eyes to the fact that Grant was trying to kill two birds with one stone, viz., open the Mississippi river and shut up in Vicksburg Pemberton, and, what was of real consequence, the army he commanded.

Sherman had tried the same game when he made the attack on the north side of Vicksburg at Chickasaw bayou, but having more ambition and audacity in planning in the tent, than he had knowledge of the field of operation, he was beat off by a few troops of the line, and citizens armed with their shot-guns. The veriest tyro in war would have reasoned out the problem to this result—that concentration with General Johnston was the proper thing, and that a living and moving army in the field is better than a cramped and half dead army inside of a ring of earthworks. Earthworks are good in modern war only as a shield to active field troops. The bull hide shield of the ancient warriors is the prototype of the use that fortifications and breastworks are to the armies of to-day—of use only on occasions of active fight on an open field.

One quiet afternoon General Hebert informed me that Snyder's and Haynes's Bluffs were to be evacuated, and shortly after left with his command. My instructions were to get off all guns, on wheels, to Vicksburg; prepare powder trains to the service magazines, preparatory to blowing them up at midnight, if no further orders were received, and blow up all guns not moveable. Further orders to sink all steamboats in the Yazoo river completed the programme of destruction.

With the celerity born of necessity the road to Vicksburg was in a few hours jammed with munitions of war and guns—six-pounders, co-fraternals with the stylish twenty-four pound Parrott guns, wagons, mules, troops, camp-followers, with their loads of plunder, the *menage* of the camps they had lately occupied.

So crowded was the road to Vicksburg that daylight found us under the bluff where General Sherman got his *quietus* in the January preceding, and so close did the fire of the attack on our left sound that I expected the trains to be captured; but this idea was premature, for the wagons made several trips during the day to Haynes's Bluff to get corn from the piles of it that lay on the bank of the river, measuring thousands of bushels to the heap.

No doubt the collected breadstuff and horse-feed did the Federal quartermaster and commissary officers great service; it would have done us more service in Vicksburg if it had been there.



Vicksburg absorbed the troops from the Yazoo, as it did those from Big Black, Warrenton, and Champion Hills.

The dead body of the brave Tilghman, whose heart was shattered by the fragment of a shell, the troubled rank and file, whose faces showed the shame of defeat, betokened the result of the plans to save Vicksburg, inaugurated by the Commander-in-Chief. There was one man of sense—General Loring. He absolutely refused to go into Vicksburg, and declared to General Pemberton that he would not obey his orders, and he did, with about 10,000 men, cut his way out in spite of General Grant's cordon. That sturdy lion, General Johnston, pertinaciously urged Pemberton to join him, and not allow himself to be shut up in Vicksburg fortifications.

If the evidence of all the events transpiring at this time could be laid before an intelligent jury, the verdict would not be flattering to the General of the Army of the Mississippi. There are very few Vicksburg soldiers who do not believe that General Grant was permitted to cross the river nearly unmolested, while the Southern army was kept blinded by preparing forts at Big Black railroad bridge and other point *d'appui* surrounding the city of the hills. It was a regular give away when General Bowen, with a few troops, a mere reconnoissance detail, inadequate to the duty of checking Grant, tried to keep the Federal army back. If common discretion had been exercised, the responsibility and the evils of the catastrophe that fell upon Pemberton afterward would have been averted. The whole series of fights from the time that Grant crossed the river until the surrender of Vicksburg was a fatal blunder, no matter who it was planned by or who sanctioned it.

Concentration at the point of Grant's crossing, and defeat to him there, or, if that was impossible, concentration in the interior, and a fight before he captured the Jackson and Vicksburg railroad, was the thing to have placed him at his worst advantage both with regard to his supplies and reinforcements.

The action of May 1st was only a skirmish instead of being a vital fight, and all subsequent management being based on the protection of Vicksburg partook of the same error of judgment that led to the battles of Edwards Station or Champion Hills, Big Black, and the sufferings of Vicksburg.

## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

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### General Fitzhugh Lee's Second Tour in Behalf of the Southern Historical Society.

On the 19th of February last the Secretary left Richmond at 8 A. M., joined General Fitzhugh Lee at Charlottesville, and started on a tour from which we returned on the 19th of March. Travelling by the Chesapeake and Ohio, Virginia Midland, Norfolk and Western, and East Tennessee and Georgia railways, through the charming regions of Piedmont Virginia, the Valley of Virginia, Southwest Virginia, and East Tennessee, we reached

#### KNOXVILLE

at 3:30 A. M., but even at that hour found Colonel Moses White and Professor W. G. McAdoo at the depot to give us a cordial welcome and comfortable quarters.

The day was most pleasantly spent receiving calls from prominent citizens, driving around the city, inspecting the beautiful "model farm" of Mr. Dickerson, viewing the ground over which Longstreet's brave men made their fruitless charge, and visiting other points of interest in this busy, thriving city.

At night an audience, variously estimated at from six to eight hundred of Knoxville's best people, assembled to hear General Lee's address on "Chancellorsville," and gave him hearty and appreciative applause.

We bore away cherished recollections of Knoxville, and had a very pleasant trip by Rome, Ga., and Calera, to

#### MONTGOMERY ALA.,

where our old comrade, the gallant and accomplished Colonel T. G. Jones, and his committee had made every arrangement for our reception and elegant entertainment at the Exchange Hotel, and all necessary arrangements for the lecture.

A drive around the city (visiting the residence of President Davis, the beautiful State Capitol, and other points of interest)—an elegant dinner and delightful social intercourse with a number of gentlemen, made the day pass away very pleasantly.

That night (the 22d of February) a fine audience assembled at McDonald's new and beautiful opera house (courteously tendered by the proprietor without charge), and General Lee was heard with deeply interested enthusiasm, by as highly intelligent and appreciative an auditory as often greets a speaker.

It was especially fitting that Alabama's soldier-Governor, the gallant General O'Neal, should preside on the occasion, and introduced General Lee, for he had commanded the advance brigade of Rodes's division, which so gloriously opened the battle by crushing Howard's corps. General Lee put into his address a graceful tribute to General O'Neal, which was received with loud applause.

At the conclusion of the lecture, General Lee received from some Virginia ladies a beautiful basket of flowers, the basket being made from willows gathered at Chancel-

lorsville, and was warmly greeted by a daughter of Mr. Chancellor, who was in the basement of the Chancellor house up to the time when it took fire.

Leaving this beautiful and hospitable city, where it would have been delightful to have remained many days, we went on the next day by the Louisville and Nashville railroad to

MOBILE,

where Judge Price Williams, Jr., President of the "Lee Association," and his committee, had done everything for our reception and entertainment, and the success of the lecture.

The committee met us at the depot, and the Alabama State Artillery fired a salute in honor of General Lee. We were escorted to elegant quarters at the Battle House, where there was a brief but very appropriate speech of welcome by Judge Price Williams, Jr., and a cordial greeting from members of the "Gulf City Guards," prominent representative citizens, and a number of ladies.

That night, in spite of the rain, we had a large and most appreciative audience, and General Lee's splendid lecture was greeted with frequent outbursts of applause. We regretted that the weather and our brief stay deprived us of the pleasure of seeing more of this beautiful city and its noble people.

NEW ORLEANS

was our next point, and arriving there at 10 o'clock Saturday night, we were met at the depot by the committee, escorted to magnificent quarters at the St. Charles, and made to feel every hour we staid in New Orleans that we were among warm hearted comrades, who take the liveliest interest in all that concerns the "Lost Cause," or its representatives. Indeed we could hardly breathe a wish that there was not a committeeman at hand to anticipate it.

Of the drives, receptions, dinners, visits, &c., which filled our time, we have not space to speak. Suffice it to say that Captain W. R. Lyman, chairman of the joint committee of the Army Northern Virginia, and Army of Tennessee Associations, and each member of his committee vied with each other to make our time pass pleasantly, while Mrs. Percy Roberts and the other members of her ladies' committee did their full share towards honoring General Lee and making the occasion of his visit a splendid success.

Any doubts which we had cherished of the propriety of calling on New Orleans again after their grand meeting and splendid contribution to our funds last spring, were speedily dissipated when we saw the complete arrangements which the committee made and the enthusiastic zeal with which they worked up the lecture.

President Davis was invited to preside, but being unable to do so sent the following beautiful letter:

"BEAUVOIR, MISS.

"JOHN H. MURRAY, *Secretary, etc.* :

"Dear Sir,—Accept my thanks for your very kind and complimentary letter of the 21st instant. For many reasons it would be most gratifying to me to be present with you at the proposed meeting on the 27th instant to receive General Fitzhugh Lee. In few things do I feel a more cordial interest than in the success of the Southern Historical Society. It is a sacred duty to collect and preserve the evidence

of the magnanimous conduct of our people in the defense of the rights their fathers secured by the war of the revolution, and which the Constitutional Union was formed, not to destroy, but to preserve. Though unsuccessful in the effort to maintain those rights, the eternal foundation of truth and justice on which they rest remains unshaken.

"It is a debt we owe to posterity, that our records should be made so complete and enduring that those who come after us shall not be misled by misrepresentation and suppression of facts; this is the high duty which the Society is striving to perform. To secure the means needful for that purpose, General Fitzhugh Lee has undertaken the laborious task of visiting our people and telling them a story of the war, of which, like *Æneas*, he can say: 'All of which I saw,' and others may add: 'A great part part of which you were.'

"This gallant soldier, engaged in so honorable and patriotic a task, well deserves the attention which it is your purpose to bestow, and I renew the expression of regret that circumstances beyond my control do not permit me to be with you on the occasion of his visit.

"Faithfully yours,

"JEFFERSON DAVIS."

On Tuesday night, the 27th of February, there assembled at the Washington Artillery armory one of the largest and most brilliant audiences we have ever seen. The lady patronesses of the occasion, numbering over one hundred, occupied rows of front seats, and in their tasteful attire, and with their knots of red and white roses and ribbons on their bosoms, lent a grace and charm to the occasion. The platform was most artistically and appropriately decorated. Stacks of muskets were on the flanks—two small cannon, "*Redemption*" and "*Resurrection*," were posted at each of the front angles—out of a stone wall arose Perelli's statue of "*Stonewall*" Jackson,—while the tattered battle-flags of the Confederacy were appropriately hung, and above all was a canopy of United States flags—the whole combining to form a most pleasing picture. On the platform were the Committees of Arrangements and Reception, the President and Vice-Presidents of the meeting and other distinguished gentlemen, while all through the large audience were maimed veterans and patriotic women ready to applaud to the echo the eloquent utterances of the gallant soldier who came to tell the true story of Chancellorsville.

Captain W. R. Lyman, in a few words fitly chosen, introduced as President of the meeting Colonel William Preston Johnston, who has recently moved to New Orleans and assumed the Presidency of Tulane University. Colonel Johnston was received with loud applause, and made an exceeding graceful and felicitous address, appropriately introducing General Lee, who had to stand several minutes before the deafening applause with which he was received would allow him to proceed.

His address was listened to with deepest interest by the vast crowd, and frequently interrupted with enthusiastic applause. His tribute to the gallant General Nicholls (ex-Governor of the State), who lost his leg at Chancellorsville (and whose maimed form and "empty sleeve" were on the platform, touching testimonials of his faithful service), was as eloquent as just, and was received with deafening applause.

At the close of the lecture, ladies and gentlemen crowded around General Lee to express their gratification and congratulations,—a short reception was held in the Museum of the Armory, and then the committee escorted us to one of the most magnificent ban-



quets we ever attended, where, until the "wee sma' hours," there was a ceaseless flow of patriotic sentiment, and a most enjoyable mingling of old comrades, as soldiers from nearly every army of the Confederacy, and every branch of the service, "fought their battles o'er again."

The next day, at 12 o'clock, we were "off for Texas," being escorted to the depot by members of the committee, and our gallant friend, Captain Charles Minnigerode, formerly of General Lee's staff, accompanying us on our journey.

It is not the slightest disparagement to other cities to say that New Orleans is to-day the very headquarters of Confederate sentiment, feeling, and action, and that nowhere are Confederate memories more sacredly cherished than here.

The Army of Tennessee, Army of Northern Virginia, Washington Artillery, Ladies' Memorial, Lee Monument, and other Confederate Associations are all live, active, efficient organizations. They have already completed the beautiful Confederate Monument, the Washington Artillery Monument, and the Statue of Stonewall Jackson, surmounting the tomb of the Army of Northern Virginia Association, in which all of the Association may find a burial place when called on to "cross over the river." The Army of Tennessee Association has just laid the corner stone of their tomb, which is to be surmounted by a beautiful statue of Albert Sidney Johnston, and the Lee Monument Association have completed a very handsome monument, on which is to be mounted a colossal statue of R. E. Lee, now being rapidly pushed to completion.

Besides this, these organizations have a benevolent feature, so wisely managed, and so liberally supported, that they never fail to provide for needy comrades, bury their dead, and take care of their widows and orphans. All honor to these noble workers! Would that Confederates everywhere would imitate their example!

And now, if they will add to all that they have done, an equal energy in *pulling on record* the heroic deeds of "the men who wore the gray," then indeed will future generations say of them, "They have erected monuments more lasting than bronze—more enduring than marble or granite."

Our trip over the "Crescent route" to Houston, and thence down to

#### GALVESTON,

was a most pleasant one, and we found, on arriving at the latter city, that Captain A. M. Stafford, of the Galveston Artillery, Captain W. K. Hall, of the Washington Guard, Colonel W. L. Moody for the citizens, and their efficient committees had left nothing undone to make our visit there both pleasant and successful. They met us at the depot, escorted us to elegant quarters at the Tremont Hotel, and made every provision for our comfort and pleasure.

An elegant lunch at Mr. Duckworth's, a reception at the hotel, and a drive around the beautiful city and along the magnificent Gulf beach, filled up the afternoon most pleasantly and enabled us to appreciate why the people of Galveston are so enthusiastic about their city, and so hopeful of its future progress.

At 8 o'clock that night (March 1st) an escort from the two companies, and the committees, accompanied General Lee to the Artillery Hall, where he was again greeted with a large and enthusiastic audience, being gracefully introduced by Captain Stafford, who received his lecture with warm appreciation, and generous applause. The hall was very tastefully decorated. After the lecture there followed an elegant banquet, at which, besides an abundance for the inner man, there was a pleasant "feast of reason and flow of soul"

We bore away with us the next morning the most delightful recollections of Galveston, as we returned to meet an engagement for that night in

HOUSTON.

Here the committees of the Cotton Exchange, of the citizens generally, and of the survivors of the Army of Northern Virginia, and of Hood's old brigade, met us at the depot and escorted us to the Capitol hotel, one of the finest and most elegantly furnished in the South, where Captain Scurry had his fine company, the "Light Guard," drawn up to receive the General, who passed, with his escort, through their open ranks, with uncovered head, and entered the spacious parlors where a large crowd of ladies and gentlemen were assembled to receive and greet him.

In behalf of the good people of Houston, Major Wm. H. Crank made the following appropriate address of welcome, which was received with loud applause :

*"Ladies and Gentlemen,*—We are here to tender the welcome, which Texans know so well how to offer, to one who bears a name honored and revered throughout the civilized world. The name of Robt. E. Lee is held in reverence throughout christendom as the synonym of all that is good, pure and great. Like his great prototype, he who now stands before you has shown himself not only renowned in war, but equally great in peace. Throughout the great conflict through which we have passed, he bore himself not only with conspicuous bravery, but with the consummate skill of a great General. In every bloody conflict his sword flashed like the blade of Saladin, and his plume, like the white plume of Navarre, waved amid the smoke and in the front of every battle. And now that the bloody contest is over and the piping times of peace are upon us, with the self-sacrifice and devotion characteristic of the honored name he bears, he is devoting his time and labor to perpetuating for history the truth of the great struggle, in which he bore so conspicuous a part, that our children and children's children in coming years may read and know the true history of one of the greatest struggles of modern ages, and that they may not forget the courage, devotion and heroic deeds of those who participated in that great conflict. I have the pleasure of introducing to you General Fitzhugh Lee."

Then followed three rousing cheers for General Lee, led by the "Light Guard," an exceedingly appropriate response by the General, a general introduction to the ladies and gentlemen present, and hearty hands shaking all around.

The elegant dinner which followed and over which Colonel G. Jordan gracefully presided, left us no time to see much of this bustling, busy, progressive city, but we saw enough to determine to visit it again at our earliest opportunity.

The General was escorted to Gray's Opera-House by the "Houston Light Guard" and the committees, and was greeted there by a large and enthusiastic audience. Among the flags which decorated the stage was the old battle flag of the Fifth Texas, with its 56 bullet holes through it, and General Lee brought down the house by his eloquent allusion to it.

General Lee, the dashing cavalryman of the Army of Northern Virginia, was appropriately introduced by Judge Gustave Cook, the gallant Colonel of the Texas Rangers, who in few but well-chosen words presented to the audience "the soldier-ordinator of Virginia."

Nowhere has General Lee's lecture excited more appreciative or enthusiastic applause. Then followed a magnificent banquet in the beautiful dining-hall of the

Capitol Hotel, which was presided over by Hon. J. C. Hutcheson, and at which there were a number of good speeches in response to appropriate toasts.

General George D. Johnston, our able and efficient General Agent, came down from Austin to be with us, and made an eloquent response to a toast to the Army of Tennessee.

We bade a reluctant farewell to our friends of the committees who had provided so efficiently for our charming entertainment, and the splendid success of the lecture, and at an early hour the next morning—March 3rd—we were off again to meet an engagement that night in the good old city of

SAN ANTONIO,

where also Colonel John Withers (the old Assistant Adjutant-General of the Confederacy) and his efficient committee had made all arrangements to give us a hearty reception and elegant entertainment. The committee met us at the depot, and escorted us to comfortable quarters at the Menger Hotel.

General Fitzhugh Lee—as a young officer of the famous old Second Cavalry—had been accustomed to stop at this hotel in 1859-60, and he met in San Antonio many of his old friends.

Despite the pouring rain, a fine audience assembled at the Casino, and among those on the platform were General C. C. Augur, General Thos. M. Vincent, and General Swiser, of the United States Army, while scattered through the audience were a number who “wore the blue” in the late war, but were willing to hear the story of Chancellorsville, told by a gallant, and true Confederate. General Lee had some of the same class of hearers everywhere he lectured, and many of them took occasion to express their great pleasure at hearing him, and high gratification at the character of his address.

Major Jacob Waelder presided on the occasion, and introduced General Lee in a very neat and appropriate little speech.

The lecture was received with every demonstration of hearty enjoyment.

After the lecture there was an informal entertainment in the rooms of the Casino, and a very enjoyable season of social intercourse.

Spending a quiet Sabbath in the historic old town, now the busy, bustling, progressive city—it was pleasant to worship in their churches, and to recall in passing the memories of the Alamo and the stirring deeds of other days.

We found that old citizens here never tired of talking of Albert Sidney Johnston, R. E. Lee, Hardie, Kirby Smith, Van Dorne, Fitzhugh Lee, and others of the officers of the old Second Cavalry, which gave seventeen Generals to the late war.

Early Monday morning, March the 5th, we were off to meet an engagement for that night in

AUSTIN,

The capital of the State. Arriving at 10:30, we found Ex-Governor F. R. Lubbock (chairman) and his committee, the Austin Grays with a band of music, and a crowd of about two thousand people waiting to receive General Lee and welcome him to the capital of Texas. He was greeted with cheers, and his carriage escorted by the military and the crowd to the Brunswick hotel. Here a reception speech was made by Senator W. H. Burgess (“Private Burgess,” of Hood’s old Brigade), so touchingly eloquent that “General Fitz.” filled up, and could scarcely find words with which to reply; but his tears were more eloquent than words could have been.



We were driven around this beautiful city, and shown all points of interest, escorted to the Capitol and introduced to the Governor and members of the Legislature (both bodies of which had invited General Lee to the courtesies of their floors) and shown by Ex-Governor Lubbock, the Treasurer, through his department (the old veteran seeming to take a laudable pride in pointing out the piles of specie in his vaults, showing us his "balance" of \$2,500,000 in the treasury, and telling us that Texas bonds were then selling at \$140).

At night Millett's Opera-House was crowded with the manhood and beauty of Austin, who gave General Lee an enthusiastic reception and a most appreciative hearing.

Governor Ireland—himself a gallant Confederate soldier, who has never been ashamed that he "wore the gray"—had been fittingly selected to preside over the meeting, and did so with becoming dignity and grace. He introduced General Lee in a very appropriate and felicitous speech.

Rarely have audience and speaker been in more thorough sympathy. General Lee captured the vast crowd with his first sentence, and held them to the close of the lecture in wrapt attention, save when they would burst out into enthusiastic applause.

Then followed a magnificent banquet, over which Governor Ireland gracefully presided. We regret that our space does not allow us to give a full report of the speeches made—many of which were of a high order of merit—but we can only give the regular toasts and the names of the respondents:

- The first toast was "Our Guests." Responded to by General Lee.
2. "The State of Texas." Governor Ireland.
3. "Southern Historical Society." Rev. J. Wm. Jones.
4. "Army of Northern Virginia." Colonel J. W. Robertson.
5. "The Brave Boys in Blue—Our Foes in War—Our Friends in Peace." General G. W. Russ.
6. "Army of Tennessee." General G. D. Johnston.
7. "The Chief Executive of the Storm-cradled Nation that fell—who has proven true to his Principles and his People in War and in Peace, in Prosperity and Adversity—Jefferson Davis." Governor F. R. Lubbock.
8. "The Matchless Soldier, the Knightly Gentleman, Grand in War, Great in Peace—Robert Edward Lee." Norman G. Kittrell.
9. "The Army of the Trans-Mississippi Department." Judge Chenoweth.
10. "The patriotic Legislature of Texas, who has by its votes aided in the perpetuation of the record of the deathless deeds of valor wrought by the sons of the South on many a hard-fought field." Hon. W. T. Armistead was assigned and Representative Labatt responded.
11. "The Ladies of the South, in Peace and in War." G. W. Jones.
12. "The Press." Colonel J. F. Elliott.

Our visit to Austin was rendered all the more pleasant by the announcement that the Texas House of Representatives had put into the general appropriation bill an item appropriating \$5,000 to the Southern Historical Society. We were assured that there would be no question about this being ratified by the Senate and becoming a law. It seems to us peculiarly fitting that this grand State of Texas, which is the only State of the late Confederacy which has made provision for her maimed veterans by giving to each one of such who may be needy 1,280 acres of land, should



lead off in a movement to place on a firm basis this Society, which is so essential to the vindication of the name and fame of our Confederate soldiers and people.

We regretted that we could not linger longer among our warm hearted friends at Austin, but early the next morning we had to bid them adieu and take the cars for

WACO.

We arrived in the rain at this pretty and thriving city, and as we had only a night there could see very little of it; but Mr. Jno. E. Elgin, General F. H. Robertson, Mayor Wilkes and their committee, met us at the depot, and escorted us to very comfortable quarters at the Pacific Hotel, and showed us every necessary attention. We had lost our good friend, Captain Minnigerode, at Austin, he being compelled by business engagements to return home; but our friend, Mr. Coit, of Philadelphia, who joined us at New Orleans, continued with us until we left the State.

At night General Lee lectured, under the auspices of the Waco Lyceum, and notwithstanding the bad weather and muddy streets there was a fine audience, among them fifty young ladies of the Waco University and a number of other ladies.

Mayor Wilkes, in appropriate terms introduced the General who was frequently applauded by the appreciative audience.

Then followed the banquet where the feast of good things was accompanied by appropriate toasts, and speaking.

CORSICANA

was our next point, and arriving there at 10 o'clock in the morning, we were at once made to feel at home by the hearty greeting of Judge Beale, Mr. J. G. Campbell, and the committee at the depot; were escorted to very comfortable quarters at the hotel, and had everything done which might promote our pleasure. The Texas "Norther," which struck us at Waco, continued here, but it by no means froze the warm interest of the people, as they turned out in spite of it, and gave the General that night (March 7th) a large and most enthusiastic audience. The duty of introducing General Lee had been most appropriately assigned to Judge R. C. Beale, who had entered the Confederate service when a boy of fourteen, and had (as courier for his father, the gallant General R. L. T. Beale, who carried into the Ninth Virginia Cavalry his four sons, and made with them a proud record for gallantry and faithful discharge of duty) been frequently under the eye of "General Fitz." in some of the most daring exploits of his troopers.

Judge Beale had, the day before, shown his interest in the occasion, by saying to the bar and all others concerned: "The court stands adjourned until day after to-morrow, gentlemen. General Fitz. Lee will be here to-morrow, and the court cannot sit while he is in town." To remonstrances of members of the bar that their witnesses would scatter, he promptly replied: "Bring your witnesses before me and I will recognize them to appear day after to-morrow. But there is no use in argument. *This court cannot sit while General Fitzhugh Lee is in town.*"

The Judge's introductory speech was appropriate, graceful and eloquent. General Lee's lecture was received with the usual enthusiasm, and its finer passages rapturously applauded.

Then followed, at the hotel, an elegant banquet, seasoned with some very admirable speaking.

Early the next morning (the 8th) we were off for

## DALLAS,

where the same cordial reception awaited us. General W. L. Cabell, Major Helm, George T. Atkins, M. K. Thorburn, Rev. R. T. Hanks, and their efficient committee, met us at the depot, escorted us to comfortable quarters at the hotel, and gave us every attention during our stay.

It was pleasant to have even a bird's eye view of this pushing, thriving city, which has run up, within a short period, from a small town to a city of over twenty thousand inhabitants.

At night the two military companies escorted General Lee to the hall, where a large and enthusiastic audience greeted him, and applauded to the echo his eloquent story of Chancellorsville.

[Our printers are at this point clamoring for "copy," and hinting very strongly that they are already nearly full, so we shall be compelled to condense more than we had intended the balance of our sketch.]

We had purposed going to Fort Worth, and Denison, and were anxious to visit a number of other points in Texas, to which General Lee received cordial invitations, but the overflow of the Mississippi and the suspension of travel by railroad from Little Rock to Memphis compelled us to hurry on to

## LITTLE ROCK,

where we arrived at 3:30 A. M. Saturday, thereby flanking a grand military and civic reception for General Lee, which had been planned by the joint committee of the Legislature of Arkansas and the citizens of Little Rock for 12 o'clock Saturday—the hour at which we were expected.

But we found elegant quarters at the Grand Windsor, and Major John D. Adams and the committee soon found us out and extended every courtesy.

A stream of callers, a visit to the State House, and a call upon Governor Berry (the able one-legged Confederate Governor of Arkansas), and a delightful drive around the beautiful city, filled the day, and at night General Lee had a fine audience and a splendid reception. We saw enough of Little Rock to be charmed with the city, and to resolve to go there again at our very first opportunity. But at 12 we were off for

## MEMPHIS,

to reach which place we had, because of the overflow, to go by rail to Madison, and thence by steamer down the St. Francis and up the Mississippi. The trip would have been a very tedious one; but the courtesy of Captain W. A. Joplin, (an old Bedford, Virginia, Confederate,) and his polite officers of the steamer *Rene Macready*, made our time pass very pleasantly, and the sight of the Mississippi, forty miles wide at that point, was very interesting to us, though not so to the poor sufferers by the flood.

Arriving at Memphis we were met at the boat by the committee, who were introduced by our friend, Colonel H. D. Capers, and were at once "taken possession of" so cordially that the salute fired in honor of General Lee's arrival was entirely unnecessary to assure us of a cordial welcome.

Of our elegant apartments and entertainment at the Peabody House, our drives, dinners, lunches, suppers, concerts, receptions, &c., we have not space to speak.

Suffice it to say that Major Thomas F. Tobin, chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, Major S. W. Hampton, General Colton Greene, General Gordon, Judge Heiskill, and indeed, the whole committee, and the whole people gave Colonel Capers (our agent) their hearty co-operation in making every preparation to honor General Lee and ensure the complete success of the lecture.

Accordingly Leubrie's Theatre was filled on the night of the 13th of March with a brilliant audience. General G. W. Gordon made an eloquent and appropriate speech in introducing General Lee, and the General's address was received with enthusiastic appreciation and rapturous applause. Indeed, our whole visit to Memphis was a charming sojourn among warm-hearted friends.

Arriving at

#### NASHVILLE

on Thursday, March the 15th, we were met at the depot by General Wheless (chairman of the committee), Governor Porter, General W. H. Jackson, General B. F. Cheatham and others, were assigned elegant apartments at the Maxwell House, and during our whole stay were treated with the enthusiastic cordiality which old Confederates know so well how to bestow. Of our visit to the Governor (the gallant General W. B. Bate), and the House and Senate (both of which bodies adjourned to be introduced to the General), our inspection of the beautiful capitol building, the library, etc.,—our charming visit to the venerable and accomplished widow of President Polk—our pleasant visit to the splendid grounds and buildings of Vanderbilt University—our drives around the beautiful city, and the thousand courtesies shown us on every side—we may not now speak.

A magnificent audience greeted General Lee at Masonic theatre to-night (the 15th of March), and nowhere has his lecture been more warmly appreciated, or generously applauded. Ex-Governor Porter introduced General Lee in very fitting and appropriate style.

After the lecture, there was a reception in the parlors of the Maxwell, where many brave men, and fair women, paid their respects to the General.

The next day we had a charming day at "Belle Meade," the splendid estate of General Hardin, where his sons-in-law, General Wm. H. Jackson and United States Senator Howell E. Jackson, and their accomplished ladies, did the honors with unsurpassed grace, and where we could have spent days inspecting the blooded horses, or roaming through the magnificent park, which contains over three hundred deer. General Jackson and General Lee were room-mates and intimate friends at West Point; but entering different regiments of the old army, and serving in different departments of the Confederacy, they had not met since they parted soon after graduation, until this visit of General Lee to Nashville. It was pleasant to witness their cordial greeting, and the enthusiastic renewal of their friendship.

That night we were treated to a fine concert and superb banquet, at which there were some fine speeches; but our printers have called an imperative halt.

Nor can I now speak of

#### GALLATIN,

where, owing to the detention of the train, General Lee did not arrive until 10 o'clock at night, but complied with the earnest demand of the people to deliver his lecture even at that hour, and received a most enthusiastic greeting.

## SUMMARY OF RESULTS.

We realized from the tour as follows:

Knoxville, \$105.70; Montgomery, \$95.75; Mobile, \$109; New Orleans, \$833.75; Galveston, \$376; Houston, \$355.75; San Antonio, \$100; Austin, \$288.50; Waco, \$86.80; Corsicana, \$146.50; Dallas, \$125; Little Rock, \$253; Memphis, \$320; Nashville, \$467; Gallatin, \$52. Total, \$3,714.75. Less travelling expenses, etc., \$234.75. Total net proceeds, \$3,480.

But far beyond the handsome pecuniary result our visit has stirred up an interest which will tell on the future of the Society.

In connection with each lecture of General Lee the Secretary made a statement of the origin, objects, and plans of the Society, and made an appeal for contributions to our Archives, and help in our work. There were everywhere manifestations of interest which are already beginning to bear fruit, and we shall be woefully disappointed if they do not result in large accessions to our subscription-list, important contributions to our material, and liberal subscriptions to our endowment fund.

Our tour, then, has been one grand ovation to our gallant and accomplished friend, General Lee (to whom we can never be grateful enough for the splendid service he has rendered us), and a splendid success for the Society.

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WE ACKNOWLEDGE VALUED AND APPRECIATED COURTESIES on our recent tour from the following gentlemen: R. W. Fuller, General Ticket Agent Chesapeake and Ohio railway; W. M. S. Dunn, Superintendent Virginia Midland; Henry Fink, General Manager Norfolk and Western, East Tennessee and Georgia, and Selma, Rome and Dalton; M. H. Smith, General Manager Louisville and Nashville railroad; J. G. Schriever, Vice-President of the Morgan railroad; Colonel W. H. Harding, General Manager of the Galveston, Henderson and Houston Railroad; Colonel T. W. Peirce, Jr., Vice-President Southern Pacific; Colonel G. Jordan, Vice-President and General Manager Houston and Texas Central; H. M. Hoxie, Vice-President of the Missouri Pacific and Texas Pacific railroads; and Governor J. D. Porter, President Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis railroad.

These courtesies, cheerfully granted, enabled us to travel in comfort over these splendid lines, and we were favored in not encountering on this long journey a single accident, and in having no detention or failure of connection that seriously interfered with our programme.

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W. W. CORCORAN, ESQ., VICE-PRESIDENT OF OUR SOCIETY FOR THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, has recently done a very graceful and warmly appreciated act in purchasing from Dr. George W. Bagby, and presenting to the Society, a very valuable collection of war "annals"—embracing many thousand extracts from Confederate newspapers and other publications, containing heroic, patriotic, pathetic and humorous anecdotes, personal sketches, accounts of battles and sieges—incidents of the prison, the camp, the march, the bivouac, and the hospital—extracts from striking editorials—prices of commodities at different periods of the war—anecdotes of Southern women—and a general miscellany, too varied to be specially described—making a mass of material, which, if put in book form, would make probably one thousand six hundred octavo pages.



Dr Bagby is busily at work completing the arranging of this material into scrap-books and the preparation of an index of the same, and hopes soon to turn over to us his completed work.

We need not say that this will be a very valuable addition to our material, and that far beyond its intrinsic value we shall prize it as a new evidence of the wise and liberal interest which Mr. Corcoran has always taken in our work, as he does, indeed, in every "good word and work."

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A MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY IN NASHVILLE has been arranged for May 22nd, 23rd, and 24th, in response to a cordial invitation from the Tennessee Historical Society, and the Tennessee Soldiers' Association. We are not yet able to announce fully the programme, (which is in the hands of a local committee, of which General John F. Wheless is chairman,) but may say that we have every prospect of a large and interesting meeting,

We have already the promise of the following papers:

1. The Battle of Franklin. Discussed in papers by Generals B. F. Cheatham, G. W. Gordon, W. B. Bate, and E. Capers.
2. Biographical sketch of General Bedford Forrest—By Rev. Dr. Kelly.
3. Sketch of Major Strange, of Forrest's Staff—By Colonel M. C. Galloway, of Memphis.
4. Tishomingo Creek (Sturgis's Raid)—By Captain John W. Morton, of Nashville, late Chief of Artillery of Forrest's cavalry.
5. Forrest's Raid into West Tennessee—By Colonel Cox, of Franklin, and Major G. V. Rambaut, of Memphis.
6. Recollections of the Battle of Shiloh—By Captain S. W. Steele.
7. A paper by General J. B. Palmer, of Murfreesboro.
8. Prison Experience at Johnson's Island—By Captain Beard.
9. Memoir of General Pat Cleburne—By General John C. Brown.

Other papers and addresses will be announced. The meeting will be held during the week of the great competitive drill, and at such hours as not to conflict with that; the railroads will all give reduced rates of fare, and we urge our friends from every section to arrange to be present.

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OUR ENDOWMENT FUND PROJECT GROWS IN FAVOR, and we have now every confidence of realizing our goal—a *fire-proof building for our archives, and at least \$100,000 as a permanent endowment fund*, only the interest on which can be used for current expenses. If this scheme seems visionary to any, we beg them to note the following methods by which it can be accomplished:

1. Are there not men or women of large means who would be glad to *link their names* to a Society having for its object the vindication of the name and fame of our Confederate leaders and people, by giving large sums towards its endowment or building? We hope there are, and that our friends will help us to find them.
2. Will not the other Legislatures of the late Confederate States follow the lead of Texas, and make appropriations to our Society? We believe they will when the matter is properly presented to them, and we beg our friends to *work up a sentiment in that direction*.
3. It will only require one thousand contributions of \$100 each, to raise \$100,000, and we can surely find these among our many friends. At all events we mean to

make the effort. And even before we have begun our effort we have received the names of fifteen who agree to go on this list. We shall publish the names in our next number, and sincerely hope that we may have by that time many others who will make the same pledge—\$100, to be paid towards an endowment of \$100,000. Send on your names at once, and get others to go in with you.

4. That much can be accomplished by lectures, concerts, and other entertainments, the great meeting in New Orleans last Spring, the lecture of Father McGeveney, in Baltimore, and General Lee's lectures, abundantly show.

Let our friends (and especially our noble women) organize in every city and town in the South, to have lectures or entertainments for the benefit of this fund, and the work can be speedily accomplished.

In a word, we have "enlisted for the war" in this enterprise, and we beg the warm sympathies, wise counsels, and active help of *all lovers of the Truth of History*.

### In Memoriam General B. G. Humphreys.

PORT GIBSON, December 28th, 1882.

At a called meeting of the Claiborne county branch of the Southern Historical Society, held at the Courthouse in Port Gibson, on this date, the following memorial was unanimously adopted:

#### MEMORIAL.

I. When a noble citizen dies, it becomes the community in which he lived to stop for awhile the hum of business and pursuit of pleasure, to consider the lesson taught by his life-work, and to bear testimony to his virtues. The late Benjamin G. Humphreys was such a citizen. As a son, he was obedient and affectionate; as a brother, social and kind; as husband and father, loving and considerate; as a friend, steadfast and true; as legislator and ruler, wise in counsel, prudent in action; as a soldier, brave and zealous; in all the relations of life pure and without reproach; in all things setting an example worthy of universal imitation.

II. As brothers-in-arms with him, in a cause dearer to his loyal soul than life itself, we mourn him as in a special sense "our dead," and tender his bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy in the great sorrow which, by the will of God, has come upon them and us.

III. We know that he has left us for a higher sphere, yet the aroma of his life work remains and the memory of his many virtues will, in the future as in the past, incite our ardent emulation and keep alive in us the hope of meeting him in that land—

Where loyal hearts and true  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

*Resolved*, That this memorial be spread upon the minutes of the Society, and copies of it be sent to his family, and to the *Southern Reville* and the *Port Gibson News*; and that it be published in the records of the Southern Historical Society.

NOWELL LOGAN,  
A. J. LEWIS,  
JOB ROUTH,  
J. W. PERSON,  
AMOS BURNET,  
*Committee.*



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Richmond, Va., June, 1883.

No. 6.

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Life and Character of Ex-Governor B. G. Humphreys of Mississippi.

[*Funeral eulogy at Port Gibson, December 27th, 1882.*]

By REV. D. A. PLANCK.

The occasion that calls us together to-day is not only a sad one, in which it is proper to weep with those who weep, but it is also one of opportunity, in which it is befitting to speak forth the praises of a great and good man.

It is not too late to say over the bier of a friend or patriot or chieftain what might have seemed indelicate and immoderate flattery if spoken in his living presence; for, while there are some men whom it is our duty to forget, burying their memories with their bones; yet, there are others whom it becomes our duty to study; men whose lives are revelations, and whose histories are the unfolding of a manhood that reveals the purpose of their Creator.

And such men merit our study, not only because their experiences may assist us in solving the problems of life (for such an aim might be marked with an intensity of selfishness), but also because we should carry in our hearts the memories of those who, in unselfish and noble lives, sought the glory of God and the good of men.

Some one has said that "history is the glass by which the royal mind should be dressed," and you can appreciate the cleverness of the remark when applied to any mind that is able to distinguish what is solid from what is merely splendid, which with analyzing powers sifts the chaff from the wheat and strives to emulate the goodness of the good and the courage of the brave.

And it is circumstances of this sort that make this hour one of peculiar and solemn interest to us, as we stand in the presence of a finished life, from every side of which is reflected that which stimulates to noble purposes and worthy deeds. We gather to-day with mournful purposes of honor around the bier of no ordinary man. We stand under the shadow of a life that has spread out its noble branches, from every one of which drop upon our head the ripening fruit of wisdom and grace, integrity and virtue, benevolence and sympathy, piety and honor.

Benjamin G. Humphreys, a native of your own soil, your friend and neighbor, a man of unblemished character, an actor in many scenes, the hero of many battles, is no more.

As if conscious that his end was near, and weary of the struggles of life that were relentless even amidst the infirmities of age, he wrapped his mantle about him, ready to be gathered unto his fathers, and his spirit passed calmly and peacefully into the audience chamber of the blest.

He was born in Claiborne county, Mississippi, in 1808, of a house and lineage, to the honor of which no word need be spoken before this assembly.

As a youth he evidently manifested a precocity that encouraged his father to give him special educational advantages, which at that early day were purchased at great expense and inconvenience. He passed through a preparatory course in a classical school at Morristown, New Jersey, a State long ago famous for its educational facilities, and afterwards received an appointment of cadetship in the national school at West Point. And while there he was associated as classmate and confederate with such men as Jefferson Davis, Joseph E. Johnston, Albert Sidney Johnston, and Robert E. Lee, men of whom Southern history and Southern chivalry shall ever be justly proud.

It might have been expected that by such associations and influences he would have been tempted at once into public life; but public life as a matter of profession seemed to have no attractions for



him, and returning to his native home he devoted himself to the unostentatious calling of a planter's life.

And in this pursuit, which engaged but a small share of his diversified gifts, he found happiness and success, and won such confidence among the business men of the day, that, in the language of one of his old friends—his name was good for any amount he saw fit to write it.

But while yet a young man, in 1837, he was called by his fellow-citizens to represent them in the State Legislature, and upon his return, as an evidence of his fidelity and worth, he was returned to the State Capitol as a member of the Senate, and again later in life he was honored with the highest gift in the keeping of his fellow-citizens and became their Governor.

Considering his modest and retiring disposition, some distinguishing excellence of character, some uncommon and acknowledged gifts must have lifted this man above his fellows, and commended him to their confidence and affection.

And as we pause a few moments to-day on our way to the final resting place of our honored dead, let us calculate some of those virtues that made him what he was. Some men are the creatures of circumstance, but this is the exception and not the rule. Men of sterling worth, are men of sterling principle, and we may expect to find in the character of our lamented chieftain, that which signaled him as one worthy of pre-eminence among his countrymen.

Without being dogmatic, he was a man of *deep and sincere conviction*. He thought for himself, and by sober reflection he matured these convictions upon which he was willing to construct his history. When the idea of secession began to develop into a fact, he took his stand in opposition to it. Having canvassed the whole subject he pronounced it impractical if not unwarrantable, and to the end of his life this conviction was unchanged, but he saw no remedy but to fight, and his brilliant career as a soldier bears witness of his fidelity to an adopted duty.

When led on by a sense of duty he feared no enemy, spared no friendship, realized no difficulties, and dreaded no consequences. He was no disciple of utilitarianism, and scorned with an unutterable contempt every form of subterfuge and chicanery by which the mere interests of partisanship are secured.

Not only was he a man who acted upon honest and well-matured conviction, but there was born in his heart the truth that "no man liveth unto himself." He acknowledged that mutual dependence that

exists among men, out of which grow the laws of a common brotherhood. This made him benevolent, this made him conservative, and this made him public-spirited.

There was a time when his purse was full, and it was always at the command of a heart that was likewise full. No man was ever turned from his door hungry, and his ear was the first to catch the cry of distress. His was a benevolence that thought of no display—a concealed liberality, which, while it aided the unfortunate, kept the misfortune a secret.

And I reveal only another phase of his benevolent spirit when I say he was “conservative.” Fanaticism was not born in him, and he fixed himself upon that form of justice, which, while it injured none, blessed all.

He was a man fitted to stand between opposing parties, and check the rage of party spirit set on fire by the excitement of doubtful contest. In the most heated political canvass ever prosecuted in his county, and in which he was elected by a majority of only two votes, he exacted an agreement from his opponent to credit no slanderous or discreditable report until testified to in his own presence. Perhaps there was no other virtue that so distinguished him as a leader, or to which he was more indebted for his well merited success. It is remembered by some of you, how, that in your own streets he stood between the mob and its victim, until he conciliated the passions of men, and secured the triumph of law and order.

While he was unrelenting in his consciousness, and invincible in the discharge of his duty, yet he was as forgiving as a mother, and pursued the path of conciliation down to that point at which it became a wrong to go further.

But, in order to complete an estimate of him as a citizen, I must not fail to mention his public-spiritedness—not a spirit, indeed, that was the new-born offspring of sudden occasion, but that grew out of the fact that he considered himself a member in the body politic, a joint of the great machinery that grinds out the people's progress and happiness; a spirit pure in its exercise, and one that sprang from a combination of disinterestedness, integrity and true benevolence, and is the product of the formative influence of many domestic charities.

Some of you can recollect how promptly he came to the rescue, along with Judge Stamps, Hon. J. H. Maury and others, when the great fire had destroyed almost the entire business part of your town,

and provided the means necessary to bridge over that almost fatal calamity.

And before I pass from this line of remark, I would not fail to pay a tribute to that innate modesty that so adorned his character, and I had almost said achieved his greatness. He shrank from the gaze of men. He invariably took the lowest seat until invited to go up higher; and his whole life has been a beautiful commentary on that word of holy Scripture which says: "He that humbleth himself shall be exalted." His worth more appreciated by his fellow-citizens than by himself, he is by them brought forward and honored with the highest positions of confidence and trust that they could confer upon him.

During a transfer of a portion of the army with which he was connected in Virginia, they came to a stream greatly swollen by continued rains, and upon his arrival he was invited to join in council with his superior officers, concerning the situation, as there was no time for delay and no means of bridging the stream. Declining to counsel his superiors he simply requested that he be allowed to act at his discretion with his immediate command. The permission was granted, he plunged into the threatening stream with orders for his men to follow, and in a few moments his brigade was safely over. And immediately there went up a shout from the troops on the other side, applauding the daring but successful deed, and as soon as General Humphreys discovered that he was the subject of such applause, he put spurs to his horse and was soon out of sight in the woodland, his modest spirit carrying him away.

And likewise when he united with the church he sought an occasion that would be free from all notoriety. It seemed that he had heard his Master say to him, as He so often said to those who sought His grace when on earth, "See that thou tell it no man." Abundant in good deeds—the very synonym of charity, kindness and brotherly love—yet he would have scorned as unworthy and distasteful the publication of such acts, or the assumption of any merit on account of them.

But nowhere, perhaps, did he manifest so clearly his power and wisdom as when called to the Governorship of his State. It was a perilous time; the sound of arms had scarcely ceased its echo; all the disorganizing and demoralizing influences of war had to be met; a revolution had been affected. Pre-existing institutions having been swept away, every fortune gone, and every home in mourning, a new beginning must be made. From every quarter there came the in-

quiry, Who shall assume the leadership as we attempt to gather together the shattered pieces and rebuild? Where is there a man who can awaken hopefulness in the heart of the despairing, and at the same time check the heedless impetuosity of those maddened by defeat and restore their wrecked government to active and efficient service?

The problem was solved by one of your own boys when he suggested the name of General Benj. G. Humphreys. At once all parties acknowledged his peculiar fitness, and as by acclamation he was made the custodian of the highest interests of the Commonwealth.

And the success of his administration attests the wisdom of their choice.

His wise counsels, and his conservative measures, had brought again the reign of peace and prosperity—until he was called to meet a form of reconstruction, superinduced by the United States Government, which was at once unconstitutional in form, and destructive in tendency, and by which he was required to abandon his office, and give up the government. This he refused to do, regarding as sacred the trusts confided to his care, until at length, at the point of the bayonet, he was compelled to relinquish those trusts into the hands of strangers.

Leaving now civil life, in so many phases of which we find him conspicuous, I must speak of him as a *soldier*. So varied was the form of his genius that he was at home in any field that demanded his service. It cannot be expected that I should now give a detailed account of his military career. This part of his life I must leave chiefly to the pen of the historian. When he saw there was no alternative but to fight, he gave himself, with all the energy and sincerity of his nature, to the cause of the Confederacy. He raised a company, and became its Captain; he joined a regiment, and became its Colonel; was assigned to a brigade, and became its commander.

By nature he was singularly fitted as an official soldier. He had courage without impetuosity, fidelity without ambition, and firmness without oppression. Each soldier was his brother, and not one should suffer when it was in his power to furnish relief. He participated in nearly all the hard-fought battles of his command, coming out of one after having had two horses shot from under him, and with nine bullet holes through his cloak within a radius of eleven inches from his collar-button, and finally returned from the conflict bearing in his body four severe wounds, that undermined his health and doubtless hastened his death.



Other swords may be sheathed in scabbards of greater renown, but none in higher forms of valor and patriotism than his.

But I must speak of him yet again as a man of God. He felt that his duty was but half done when he had served his fellowmen; he must serve his Lord and Master too, and he responded to the claims of religion as he responded to all other duties, in no half-hearted service, but in a sincere and manly way. The Bible was the book for him, and there he found the spirit that made him one of God's noblest creatures.

He loved the house of God; he loved the fellowship of good people; he loved his Saviour; and he loved to think and talk about that glory which through faith he was allowed to inherit.

As a citizen, he lives in the hearts of his friends—honored in life, and lamented in death.

As a legislator and ruler, his people's praise is his monument. As a patriot and soldier his fame will stand immortal on the page of history. As a Christian he "rests from his labors and his works do follow him."

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**The Washington Artillery.**

**ADDRESS OF COLONEL B. F. ESCHELMAN AT THEIR REUNION.**

In response to the toast, "Our Veteran Association," to which Colonel Eschelman responded, he said:

*Comrades and Friends,*—Twenty-one years ago, the body of men which has now dwindled down to what you now know as the "Veteran Association," left this city to gather dear experience in the tented field. We had admired ourselves and each other in our gay uniforms, had felt our jackets swell with military ardor, had played at mimic war—delightful sensations, the heritage of all soldiers in peace. What a pity they do not wear better when the mimicry stops and the reality begins! They did not go far with us. Take it altogether, we did not find war nearly as interesting as parades before our sweethearts and wives, or even as such occasions as this. I cannot attempt to tell you what we did find, but I hope we may be permitted to spend the balance of our time on the peace establishment.

We thought we were doing our duty. It may have been an illusion, but nothing could have carried us through the work, which it is generally conceded we did grandly, if our hearts and

consciences had not been where we at least thought they ought to be. Some of us have never been able to get them in any other place to this day.

Now we are a very different body of men than we were twenty-one years ago. We are different—oh, how different—numerically! How memory rushes back to the brave fellows left in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Mississippi, Tennessee, and Georgia!

But we must draw a curtain over all that.

After the war was over, the greater part of those who survived drifted back to New Orleans. It was not long before we found that many of our poor fellows, either for themselves or for their families left in destitution, needed help. In order to meet this want, which touched our hearts, we formed ourselves into the Washington Artillery Association. We did not intend to recommence the war, or to hurt anybody, but the commanding officer here at the time—I need not mention his name—must have been “afraid,” for he ordered us to disband. We obeyed as loyal citizens, but reorganized, leaving out the belligerent element in our name, and became the lamb-like Washington Benevolent Association, under which peaceful designation we did our work quite as well. We not only did a good deal for the living, but went on to erect some memorial of the dead. The monument which you all know so well is not what the gallant fellows deserve, but it is the best we could do.

Time has now closed up most of the sad gaps made by the war, and our work as a benevolent association is pretty near at an end, and so we have dropped that name and settled down into the military, but not dangerous title of “Veteran Association.”

And now, gentlemen of the battalion, we leave to your keeping the name which we have had no little pride in inscribing on the tablet of history, and with it, we commit in some sort our honor. We do not fear that you will fail to guard it well, and if, unhappily, you shall ever bear it in the din of battle, bring it back, if you must, in defeat, but never in dishonor.

ADDRESS OF COLONEL W. M. OWEN.

To the toast, “Our Battles, Where They Tried Us,” General W. M. Owen responded as follows:

*Mr. Chairman and Comrades*,—A theme so grand,

“Our battles, where they tried us,”

would require a very eloquent man to reply fitly, and unfortunately

I am only a soldier and no speaker; but, appreciating to the full the great compliment paid me by the committee of arrangements in selecting me to respond to such a toast, I thank you sincerely, and only beg of you charity to cover and make amends for my deficiencies.

To "Our battles, where we were tried," I will gladly answer; but, Mr. Chairman, let me beg your indulgence in slightly changing the lines which follow, "Seeking the bubble reputation even at the cannon's mouth." To men who fought for principles, who cast their lives in the scale to uphold them, it went beyond such a motive as "seeking the bubble reputation." Amend the quotation, gentlemen; let it stand, "*Gaining* reputation at the cannon's mouth," and I am with you there.

When leaving home, bearing so proudly upon our breasts the tiger-head of our command, with the inscription, "Try us," little did we think how soon it would receive its baptism of fire, and how many well-fought fields would in after years attest our fidelity and our devotion to our motto.

On the 18th July, 1861, the guns of the four batteries were placed in position upon the banks of Bull Run, and we waited with the breathless interest, and varying feelings of men for the first time under fire, for the opening of the ball, tasting of

"That stern joy which warriors feel,  
In meeting foeman worthy of their steel."

It came at last, and the guns of the enemy, whose position could only be discovered by the smoke of their discharges, opened. Then the guns stationed at Blackburn's Ford responded, and with all the steadiness of veterans, men, till then unversed in the rudiments of war, beat back the trained batteries of the Federal army, and by their skill and prowess filled with amazement not only the South, but the world. General Beauregard, in his report of the battle, says: "The skill, the conduct and soldierly qualities of the Washington Artillery were all that could be desired. The officers and men engaged, won for their battalion a distinction, which I feel assured will never be tarnished, and which will even serve to urge them and their corps to high endeavor."

The engagement of the 18th was but the prelude to the opening scenes upon the theatre of the war. On the 21st was fought the battle of Manassas, and again did the battalion do yeoman service. Posted upon the ridge, near the Henry House, they fought the bat-

teries of Ricketts and Griffin, which were finally abandoned on the field. It was a case very similar to the description given by the Duke of Wellington to a lady, who asked him at a dinner party to describe to her the battle of Waterloo. "The battle of Waterloo, ma'am? Why, we pommelled the French, they pommelled us, and we pommelled the hardest, so we gained the day." Stonewall Jackson and Bee's brigades supported and fought with our guns. During the heaviest of the conflict, when shell and bullet were falling thickest, General Beauregard and staff dashed down the line of battle, and reaching our position, halted and said, "Colonel Walton, do you see the enemy?" "Yes." "Then hold this position and the day is ours. Three cheers for Louisiana!" The boys cheered heartily, and "voice after voice caught up" the cheer along the line. Thus, in the two engagements of July 18 and 21 the trial was met and successfully. And now came another trial, that of life in camp; sometimes more irksome to the true soldier than fighting, and yet not without its pleasures, which, however, are perhaps enjoyed more now in retrospection than was the reality at the time.

The second company, under Rosser and Slocumb, had also won their spurs at Munson's Hill and Lewinsville, under the dashing J. E. B. Stuart; and then came the long winter in huts on the banks of Bull Run.

Meanwhile the fifth company had sprung into existence in New Orleans, and at Shiloh the praise and admiration of the whole South was theirs for gallant fighting. Their guns were heard, too, at Monterey, Yorktown, Farmington and Corinth.

And our batteries in Virginia were not idle, as Mechanicsville, Seven Pines, Gaines's Mill, Savage Station, Frazier's Farm, and Malvern Hill, will attest.

Leaving McClellan upon the James, after his famous "change of base," the battalion marched with General Lee's army, and at Rapahannock Station engaged the batteries of General Pope, and then moved forward through Thoroughfare Gap. Manassas's great battle, of two days' duration, followed, resulting in the defeat and flight of Pope's army, notwithstanding his vain glorious proclamation from "headquarters in the saddle." The greatest compliment the Washington Artillery ever received was from the great Stonewall, who, on this occasion, turned to General Longstreet and said: "General, your artillery is much superior to mine."

"On to Maryland!" was then the cry, and the heads of columns were directed to the Potomac, and the river was forded with the high



hope of winning peace upon the soil of that State, but, alas, at Sharpsburg, from "early morn till dewy eve," we fought till

"To the right, to the left and around, and around,  
Death whirled in its dance on the bloody ground,  
'Till God's sunlight was quenched in fiery fight,  
And over the hosts fell brooding night."

It was a drawn battle—and sadly the Potomac was recrossed at Shepherdstown.

The fifth Company were not idle and were heard meanwhile at Mumfordsville and at Perryville, Ky.

In December, at Fredericksburg, Va., the battalions held the post of honor on Marye's Hill against repeated attacks of the Federal troops

"For the foe had crossed from the other side  
That day, in the face of a murderous fire  
That swept them down in its terrible ire:  
And their life-blood went to color the tide.  
The fern on the hill-sides was splashed with blood,  
And down in the corn where poppies grew,  
Were redder stains than the poppies knew;  
And crimson-dyed was the rivers' flood."

Murfreesboro and Stone river followed in quick succession.

In Virginia the four companies participated at Chancellorsville, and at Gettysburg, Pa., were honored by being chosen to fire the two signal guns that opened the great battle of July 3.

In the West came Jackson, Miss., Chickamauga, and Missionary Ridge.

In Virginia the battalion was doing brave work.

The Russian Field Marshal Suwarrow once sent word to the Austrian Archduke Charles, "I know nothing of defensive warfare; I only know how to attack." The Washington Artillery could not say they knew nothing of "defensive warfare," but certainly it was always more to their inclination to take the aggressive, and at Drewry's Bluff Suwarrow's tactics of "Stupay, Ibey" ("advance and strike"), was the order of the day, and with his army badly beaten, old "Ben Butler was bottled."

In the west the guns of the Fifth Company were engaged at Cassville, Dallas, New Hope Church, Pine Mountain and Kennesaw mountain. At the latter place fell Louisiana's lamented Bishop, General Leonidas Polk.

And then in the east began the siege of Petersburg

With scream of shot and burst of shell  
And bellowing of the mortars.

In the west battles followed in quick succession. Peach Tree creek, siege of Atlanta, Jonesboro, Mill Creek gap, Columbia, Franklin, second Murfreesboro, Nashville, and Spanish Fort in Mobile bay, Alabama.

Meanwhile, at Petersburg, in our trenches,

We lay along the battery's side,  
Below the smoking cannon,

But—

The enemy's mines had crept surely in,  
And the end was coming fast.

It was smoke and roar and powder stench,  
And weary waiting for death.

So the men plied their hopeless war  
And knew that the end was near.

April 2, the lines were broken. By a singular coincidence the Fifth Company held Spanish Fort, Mobile bay, and a detachment of the Washington Artillery were in Fort Gregg—the two last forts held by our two armies.

Fort Gregg, a detached work south of Petersburg, was defended by 150 Mississippians, of Harris's brigade, and two guns of the Washington Artillery, under the intrepid McElroy. The Federals, 5,000 strong, under Gibbon, attacked, and were thrice driven back by our messengers of destruction and death. Again and again they charged, until upon this little spot, it was like unto the fire of hell, and amid the crashing rain of leaden missiles, severing soul from body, the brave little garrison was overwhelmed and taken prisoners. Swinton says out of 200 souls in Gregg, but thirty lived to be taken, and the victory cost the Federals dear, as the defendants had killed three to one of the assailants, and our retreat began—*marching, starving, hopeless, yet still fighting* and keeping the enemy at bay, till in the forenoon of April 9, our beloved commander, the glorious Lee, laid down his arms at Appomattox Courthouse. His simple words are graven on our hearts: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you. My heart is too full to say more."

We all know the grand pathos of those simple words, of that

slight tremble in his voice, and it was no shame on our manhood that "something upon the soldier's cheek washed off the stains of powder"; that our tears answered to those in the eyes of our grand old chieftain, and that we could only grasp the hand of "Uncle Robert" and pray, "God help you, General." His last order, issued that day, April 9, 1865, is historical, and I will not refer to it. I will only say, could anything be grander?

Thus our battle flags were furled forever, and we bade a long farewell "to all quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

Thus were the five companies of the Battalion of Washington Artillery tried, "amidst the clangor of resounding arms," during the four years of active warfare, gaining for themselves the admiration not only of their own countrymen, but of the soldiers of the world—never lacking in spirit, energy, and courage, "stern to inflict, stubborn to endure, yet smiling undaunted in the face of death." In their country's cause, and in support of principles to them sacred, their guidons were carried from the Susquehanna to the Gulf of Mexico.

The guns reverberating over and beyond the hills and valleys of the Blue Ridge, were reëchoed by those of gallant Slocumb and Chalaron, in the mountains of Georgia and Tennessee.

Scarcely had the smoke of battle curled in wreaths above the pines of Virginia, than our brothers in the West took up and prolonged the dreadful note.

Then our guns were never quiet; now their roar is heard only resounding "down the corridors of time." And with the talented Zariffa we say—

"From the war-graves of Manassas,  
Fredericksburg and Malvern Hill,  
Carrick's Ford and Massanutton,  
Fast the Shadowy Legions fill.  
From the far off Rappahannock,  
From the red fields of Cross Keys,  
Gettysburg—the Wildernesses—  
From defeat and victories.

"Tired trooper—weary marcher—  
Grim and sturdy cannoneer—  
Veteran gray, and slender stripling,"

All shall ever be unforgotten by us. The names and gallant deeds of our fallen comrades shall live forever in our memories and upon the records of the battalion.

And now a few words to the present organization of the Wash-

ington Artillery. You see around you men who have been in the fore-front of battle; you see the father of the command, Colonel Walton, who has devoted a life to the service and welfare of the Washington Artillery. To whose tact, coolness and decision, the battalion owes much. His superior qualities as a commanding officer, and as a diplomat, have done much both *in war and in peace* to keep the battalion intact, and to preserve our *esprit de corps*.

And with such men as Eschleman, Richardson, Hero, Bayne, Dupuy, Kursheedt, McElroy, O'Brien, Fuqua, De Russey, Holmes, Palfrey, Leverich, and our whole host of veterans, the command will not lack backers and advisors for the future. And in the words of Coleridge, when

"These good knights are dust,  
And their good swords are rust;  
Their souls with God, we trust,"

they will leave you a precious legacy, of which you should be proud. Preserve it carefully without blemish, for it is purified by the blood of brave men; and should your country need you in case of foreign war, stand manfully by your country's flag, and this your ancient device, "Try us."

Show the world that the courage and honor of the Washington Artillery live forever. For until our eyes grow dim, this *Tiger's Head* will serve to strengthen in us our memories and associations of the past. And to our children it will speak most eloquently of the past battles of their sires, of our struggles, of our victories and our defeats, of our living and of our gallant dead. Our cross of honor it shall be unto the great "Resurrection Morn." And

"When the long years have rolled slowly away  
Even to the dawn of Earth's funeral day,  
When at the Archangel's trumpet and tread  
Rise up the faces and forms of the dead,  
When the great world its last judgment awaits,  
When the blue sky shall swing open its gates,  
And one long column march silently through,  
Past the Great Captain for final review;  
Then for the blood that has flowed for the right,  
Crowns shall spring upward, untarnished and bright:  
Then the glad ear of the war-martyr's son  
Proudly shall hear the glad tidings, "Well done!"

And with Schiller, we conclude:

"Brothers, God grant, when this life is o'er,  
In the life to come we may meet once more."



**A Reminiscence of the Christmas of 1861.**

*By* W. F. SHIPPEY.

It was Christmas day in the year 1861. A party of officers and soldiers of the old First Virginia Cavalry, then encamped near Bull Run, had assembled to celebrate the day at Stuart's Tavern, on the Little River Turnpike. The party was composed of Captain Jas. H. Drake, Captain Irving, Lieutenant Larrick, Dave and Gash Drake, Wm. Guy, Wm. Meade, and the writer of this; if there were others I cannot, at this distant day, recall their names. The day was "cold and dark and dreary," but the bright fire from the old fashioned fire-place, shining upon the polished and-irons, sanded floor and cheerful faces of "mine host" and his guests in their gray uniforms and their burnished side arms leaning conveniently in the corners of the room, gave an air of comfort and snugness to the scene which contrasted favorably with the out-door gloom, and gave something like a home feeling to the soldiers who, for several months, had known nothing better than a fly-tent, or a cross-roads bivouac.

Our horses were picketed at the front fence, ready to mount and away should any foraging party of the enemy happen along and disturb us in our festivities, but we trusted to the inclemency of the weather and proximity of our infantry pickets, to prevent any such interruption, but the rule of our lives in the front under "Jeb" Stuart, was vigilance, and on this occasion it was not relaxed.

With song and jest and story interspersed with occasional libation to the Shrine of Bacchus, (represented by a large bowl of punch and an egg-nog on the center-table,) the hours passed merrily away while the landlord busied himself with preparations for dinner, and the odor of roast turkey and other good things from the kitchen, sharpened the already keen appetites of the hungry soldiers—such appetites as we had twenty years ago.

In the midst of this scene of enjoyment, a "solitary horseman" rode up to the house, dismounted and entered—a tall soldierly looking man, in uniform of a Captain of Infantry. Seeing that we were a private party and believing himself to be an intruder, he was about to beat a retreat, but we pressed him to join us, and after some hesitation he consented to do so. He introduced himself as Captain Atkins, of Wheat's battalion, and told us that the battalion was on picket duty, and he on the grand round, and had come out of his way to warm himself by the hospitable fireside of the

tavern. Learning from him that Major Wheat was on the line, Meade and I started off in search of him. We found him at his headquarters, a fly under a tree, at the cross road, and it required no great deal of eloquence to induce him to join our dinner-party, for the Major was one of those whole souls that would never hesitate to exchange a mud-hule and camp-fare for a cheerful fireside, boon companions, and a good dinner, when his duty did not forbid it, as willingly as he would the reverse, when the long roll sounded, or the call was—duty. Of a genial disposition, graceful manners, and air of *savoir faire*, mingled with a certain amount of recklessness, and a lover of good things, he was at once installed, by virtue of military precedence and age, the ruler of the feast.

In fancy I can see the happy faces that gathered around the table and responded to the toast, "Our Dixie Land." Alas! ere another Christmas had come around some of them had paid the soldier's debt—friends were scattered, and other scenes were being enacted. For us there was but one Christmas of the four we spent in service at "Stuart's tavern;" and of those who answered to the roll-call that day, how many could now answer "Here! The gallant Wheat fell in the battle of Cold Harbor in June, 1862; Colonel Drake fell at the head of the Old First, at Falling Waters, on the retreat from Gettysburg. The others did their part, and some "laid their heads upon the lap of earth," to fame unknown, and in other commands, but under one flag bore the brunt of the Virginia campaigns.

The memory of those days seems like a beautiful dream—seen through the mists of the rolling years. We were boys then, fired with enthusiasm and ardor in the cause we loved so much. The dark side of war had not dimmed the halo that invested all things with a beautiful romance. Up to that time we had known no such word as defeat. The victories of Bull Run and Manassas, and several small cavalry fights, had given us a *prestige*, and we gloried in our colors and our chief. The cypress had not become so entwined with the laurel as to dim the lustre of our chaplets, and cause us to mingle tears with our songs of triumph; and "victory" was the watchword of those who followed the feather of Stuart.

The dinner passed pleasantly without interruption, and the stars had "set their sentinel watch in the sky" when we parted and made our way back to camp, filled with enthusiasm, turkey, and punch, to say nothing of egg-nog, oysters, and many other delicacies provided

by our host. Indeed, so happy were we, that we found some difficulty in getting back to camp, though the road was plain, and there were few paths in the country around Manassas unknown to Stuart's Cavalry. They had learned them all, as the infantry would say, in "buttermilk ranging."

I do not know that this will meet the eye of any of those who met at Stuart's Tavern that Christmas day, or even that any of them survive the storms of twenty years; but should it do so, I feel assured that they will recall with pleasure this little episode in our camp life, and sigh to think of the days that can come no more, and of the comrades who will meet no more, who counted it happiness to endure fatigue, hardships, and privations in the cause we loved, and under the man we loved as only soldiers can love such a leader as the glorious "Jeb" Stuart.

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**Laying the Corner Stone of the Monument Tomb of the Army of  
Tennessee Association, New Orleans.**

At Metairie Cemetery, on the evening of April 6th, 1883, this association of veterans, in the presence of a large crowd, and with very impressive ceremonies, led by comrade Judge Walter H. Rogers, laid the corner stone of their monument tomb, which is to be surmounted by a statue of General Albert Sidney Johnston. We regret that the pressure upon our pages forbids a full report of the ceremonies, or of the splendid banquet which followed that night; but we take great pleasure in giving the admirable address of Hon. C. E. Hooker, whose empty sleeve was mute eloquence, and the ringing little speech of President Davis, whose eloquent utterances never fail to create a thrill in the heart of every true Confederate, and a howl among the "invisible in war and invincible in peace" patriots, who are ever ready to heap abuse on this noble representative of our cause.

ADDRESS OF HON. C. E. HOOKER, OF MISSISSIPPI.

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Army of Tennessee :*

Honored by your selection to deliver the address on the life and character of General Albert Sidney Johnston on this memorable occasion, when in love, gratitude and reverence, you, of Louisiana, have assembled to lay the corner-stone of our Confederate tomb

and his equestrian statue, with ardent sympathizers all over the land he loved so well and for which he laid down his life, I approach the discharge of the trust you have confided me—for trust I regard it—with unfeigned diffidence in my capacity to discharge it.

I feel assured I shall escape the charge of affecting a modesty not truthfully and sincerely felt, when I say, for reasons too obvious to be mentioned, that I would have preferred the selection of one more intimate with his personal and private life, and more nearly connected with him in his military operations; but while yielding to many I could name in this regard, I could to none in my love and admiration for his civic and public virtues—a love and admiration which has been quickened and intensified with the brief study and examination I have made since I received the invitation of your chairman, and my old friend and comrade in arms, Judge Rogers, to be with you on this occasion. I beg further, by way of preface, in treating of the typical soldier of the Tennessee Army, to say I am largely indebted for facts, circumstances and history embodied in the address to two persons holding the closest and most intimate relations with General Johnston during his entire life—I mean ex-President Davis, and his son and truthful biographer, Colonel Wm. Preston Johnston. It has been thought, and perhaps said, by some that the natural filial affection borne by his biographer for the subject of which he treated would in a measure disqualify him for the discharge of this duty faithfully. But it must be remembered that if the biographer inherited the capacity to love, honor and reverence his great subject, he at the same time inherited *that fidelity to truth, that love of justice, that lofty sense of honor*, which was the legitimate inheritance of such a son from such a sire. I may be permitted to say to the young men of Louisiana, who are before me to-day, as I said to my own son, when I placed this biography in his hand, and bade him read and study it, that it presents a portraiture of civic virtues and public honor that all may take pattern after.

Albert Sidney Johnston was born on the 2d of February, 1803, in the village of Washington, Mason county, Ky. He was the youngest son of Dr. Johnston, a physician, and one of the early settlers of that town. After the loss of his first wife, Dr. Johnston married Abigail Harris, the daughter of Edward Harris, who was an old citizen and a soldier of the war of the revolution. From this marriage sprang six children—three daughters and three sons—of whom Albert Sidney Johnston, the subject of this address, was the youngest son. General Johnston inherited from his father that solid judgment,



powers of self-control, and rare equipoise of mind which so distinguished him in after life, whether in prosperity or adversity. From his mother, who died early in life, and who is described "as a woman of handsome person, fine intellect, and sterling worth," he may well be supposed to have inherited those softer traits of character which made his hearthstone a happy one, and charmed the home circle and the friends who gathered around it.

At fifteen years of age he was sent to a school in Western Virginia, and afterward to Transylvania, where he conceived the idea of entering the United States navy. But his father discouraged him from this enterprise and sent him in 1819 on a visit to his elder brother, Josiah Stoddard Johnston, who, with his other elder brothers, had moved to Rapides parish, in the State of Louisiana. His elder brother, Josiah Stoddard Johnston, had already become a distinguished citizen in this State, subsequently its representative in Congress and United States Senator. He became a second father to his young brother, and his sound judgment and affectionate love did much to shape and fashion the future life of the subject of this address. During the winter passed with his elder brother in Louisiana he was dissuaded from his purpose to enter the navy and prevailed upon to return to Transylvania University, where he prosecuted his studies with his accustomed vigor and energy, and on leaving the University, in 1822, was appointed by his elder brother, Josiah S. Johnston, then a member of Congress, from Louisiana, a cadet in the United States Military Academy at West Point. He won the respect and love of professors and class-mates at West Point. Mr. Jefferson Davis says of him at this period of his life: "He was Sergeant-Major, and afterward was selected by the commandant for the Adjutancy, then the most esteemed office in the corps. He was not a hard student, though a fair one. His quickness supplied the defect. He did not have an enemy in the corps or an unkind feeling to any one, though he was select in his associates." He graduated at the Military Academy in June, 1826, and was assigned to the Second Infantry, with the rank of brevet Second Lieutenant, to take date from July 1, 1826, and furloughed until November 1. He had as his companions and friends at the Academy such men as Leonidas Polk, of Tennessee, subsequently Bishop of Louisiana and a Lieutenant-General in the Confederate service, who was his room-mate and intimate friend. Robert Anderson, afterward famous for his defense of Fort Sumter; William Bickley, his fellow-townsmen; Daniel S. Donelson, of Tennessee, a distinguished Brigadier-General in the Confederate

army; Berrien, of Georgia; the veteran Maynadier Bradford, a grandson of the first printer in Kentucky; Lucien Bibb, son of the Hon. George M. Bibb, and Mr. Jefferson Davis. Speaking of this brilliant coterie of young men, who became his fast friends for life, his biographer remarks: "It was a society of young, ardent, and generous spirits, in which prevailed general good feeling and little bitterness—a generation of brave spirits, steadfast and reflective, but beyond comparison ardent and generous."

Lieutenant Johnston was subsequently assigned to duty at Jefferson Barracks, a short distance above St. Louis, on the Mississippi river, having been commissioned by John Quincy Adams, then President, as Second Lieutenant of the Sixth regiment of infantry, then regarded as the "crack" regiment of the army, under the command of Brigadier General Henry Atkinson. He reported for duty on the first of June.

Lieutenant Johnston's first military service was performed in the expedition sent from Prairie-du-Chien, on the 29th of August, to compel the Winnebagoes to make reparation for outrages committed on the whites.

He came for the first time in conflict with the red man of the forest, and saw the best specimen in the large and well-built Winnebagoes, then comparatively savage, but now the most peaceable and thriving of the semi-civilized tribes. Red Bird, Le Soleil, and the son and son-in-law of Red Bird were surrendered as the guilty parties, to make reparation for their people. General Johnston was greatly impressed with the magnificent physique and splendid bearing of Red Bird, and in a letter to his friend Bickley, describing the movement of troops to preserve peace on the Northwestern frontier, he says of him: "I must confess that I consider Red Bird one of the noblest and most dignified men I ever saw. When he gave himself up he was dressed after the manner of the sons of the Missouri, in a perfectly white hunting shirt of deer skin, and leggins and moccasins of the same, with an elegant head-dress of feathers. He held a white flag in his right hand and a beautifully ornamented pipe in the other. He said: 'I have offended. I sacrifice myself to save my country.'"

In 1828, Lieutenant Johnston was selected as Adjutant of his regiment by Brigadier General Henry Atkinson. The Colonel commanding, Colonel T. L. Alexander, who joined the regiment in 1830 says of him at this time: "Possessing in an extraordinary degree the confidence, esteem and admiration of the whole regiment, he was the very beau ideal of a soldier and an officer." Peace prevailed until

the breaking out of the Black Hawk war in 1832. In this war the Sixth regiment took an active part, and the careful memoranda or journal, kept daily by Lieutenant Johnston, forms the data mainly from which the history of this Indian war has been written. After a series of skirmishes and engagements, the Black Hawk war was terminated by a decisive engagement at the battle of Beras, so called from a stream near by, by which the power of the British band, under Black Hawk, was broken and the band dispersed, the remnant seeking refuge beyond the Mississippi.

General Johnston was married on January 20, 1829, to Miss Henrietta Preston, the daughter and eldest child of Major William Preston, a member of the Virginia family of that name, and an officer of Wayne's army, who had resigned and settled in Louisville, Ky.

General Johnston remained at Jefferson Barracks until the breaking out of the Black Hawk war, and at its close he returned to Louisville, and thence to New Orleans for the benefit of his wife's health. While in New Orleans he took with great reluctance the step which he thought duty demanded (and he was ever governed by duty) to the loved companion of his life; and on the 24th of April, 1834, sent in his resignation of his commission as second lieutenant in the United States Army. Returning from New Orleans after his resignation from the army, he devoted himself to the care of his invalid wife, making with her the tour of the Virginia Springs, thence to Baltimore and Philadelphia, consulting the highest medical skill with the hope to save the life of the noble woman who had been to him the light of his life and the joy of his household; but all his love and care was in vain. She died on the 12th of August, 1835, at the house of Mrs. Hancock, the daughter of Dr. Davidson. In a letter written in after years by this good lady to his son and biographer, among other interesting incidents and characteristics, she narrates one incident which gives the keynote to the life and character of General Johnston. She says of him: "In the smallest as in the greatest affairs of his life, he took time to deliberate before acting. I was struck with an observation of his (which goes to prove this) when I remarked that he took a long while to write a letter; he said, 'yes;' 'I do, for I never put on paper what I am not willing to answer for with my life.'" After the death of his wife, Mr. Johnston remained quietly on his farm, interrupted by an occasional visit to his family connections in Louisville, Ky., until the breaking out of the Texas revolution. When by joint resolution the Congress of the United States acknowledged the independence of Texas, he offered his heart



and his sword to her cause. A brief description of his personnel at this period of life, taken from his faithful and loving biographer, may not be uninteresting. He pictures him "with brown hair clustering over a noble forehead, and from under heavy brows his deep-set, but clear, steady eyes looked straight at you with a regard kind and sincere, yet penetrating. With those eyes upon him any man would have scrupled to tell a lie. In repose his eyes were as blue as the sky, but in excitement they flashed to a steel gray and exerted a wonderful power over men. He was six feet and an inch in height, weighed 180 pounds, straight as an arrow, with broad, square shoulders and a massive chest. He was strong and active, but his endurance and vital power seemed the result rather of nervous than of muscular energy, and drew their exhaustless resources from the mind rather than the body. His bearing was essentially military and dignified rather than graceful, and his movements were prompt, but easy and firm. He was, indeed, in appearance a model for the soldier."

Leaving Louisville, Mr. Johnston proceeded to New Orleans and thence to Alexandria, La. After tarrying a few days with his brother, Judge Johnston, who resided at Alexandria, he proceeded, on horseback, in company with Leonard Gives and brother, and Major Bynum, of Rapides, La., to the camp of the defenders. Here he found an army of men composed of every character, without discipline or order, and whom Santa Anna had characterized as the "Tumultuario" of the Mississippi Valley. When Mr. Johnston reached the Texan army, then under the command of General Thomas J. Rusk, though he bore letters of introduction from his old commander, General Atkinson of the Fifth infantry, and other distinguished persons in the States, he, with his instinctive dread of being an "office seeker," quietly volunteered in the little squadron of horse, from seventy to a hundred strong. General Rusk's attention was drawn to him, says Mr. Davis, "by his bearing as a soldier and the way he sat his horse; and calling on him, after a brief interview, tendered him the position of Adjutant of the army. On the same day (fifth of August) on which General Rusk appointed him Adjutant of the army, with the rank of Colonel, President Burnett appointed him a Colonel in the regular army, and assigned him to the post of Adjutant-General of the republic. President Sam Houston about the same time sent him a commission as aid-de-camp, with the rank of Major. He at once entered on the task of organizing and disciplining the army. This was partially accomplished, when, on the 17th of September, 1836, he was summoned by the Hon. John



A. Wharton, then Secretary of War, to the capital, to discharge the duties of his office there. Proceeding to New Orleans, in the interest of the Texan government, he was notified by President Sam Houston that he was placed in nomination as Brigadier-General of the army, and he proceeded to Texas and took command of her army.

When General Johnston assumed command of the army, a hostile meeting was forced upon him by his second in command, General Felix Houston, who claimed that he had been unjustly and unfairly overslaughed by his appointment as General in command. General Johnston was seriously (and it was at first thought mortally) wounded at the fifth fire. Though suffering great physical pain, he continued in command of the army, effecting the organization of the army and its thorough discipline, until worn down with fatigue and suffering he was warned by his physicians that rest alone could restore him to his accustomed vigorous health, and on the seventh of May he turned over the command of the army to Colonel Rogers. General Johnston repaired to New Orleans, and consulting eminent physicians, who insisted on absolute rest as the only remedy; and on the 27th of June he wrote to the Secretary of War tendering his resignation, which was declined. In December, his health having sufficiently improved, he returned to Texas. In 1838 Mirabeau B. Lamar was elected President, and David G. Burnet Vice President, and on the 22d of December, after their installation, General Johnston was appointed Secretary of War, a position which he filled with distinguished ability until 1840, when he resigned. After his resignation he repaired to his plantation in Brazoria county, Texas, and was made happy by the admission of Texas, in 1845, to a place as one of the independent and sovereign States of the American Union.

On the admission of Texas into the Union, General Z. Taylor was ordered to the Rio Grande to protect our western frontier from the threatened invasion of the Mexicans. The Mexicans began the contest by an attack on Fort Brown, where Major Brown was killed. But the fort held out until succor came. On May 8th the forces under General Taylor, returning from Point Isabel, encountered the Mexicans, led by General Ampudia, on the plain of Palo Alto and defeated them, with a loss of nine killed and forty-four wounded men. The loss of the Mexicans, 600 men. On the next day, the 9th, was fought the battle of Resaca de la Palma, when 6,000 Mexicans were defeated with a loss of 1,000 men. American loss, 110. Under the call for volunteers, General Johnston was made, by election, Colonel commanding the First Regiment of Texans, and repaired at once on

horseback, there being no other mode of conveyance, and arrived at Point Isabel too late to participate in the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. General Johnston had taken great pride and pleasure in the drill and discipline of his regiment, and General Taylor gave him the advance position in the march on Monterey. General Johnston was destined to see his hard labor of months thrown away, for on leaving it to a vote as to whether they would reënlist, a majority decided against reënlistment. This disbandment was under the construction of the War Department. General Taylor, after the disbandment of General Johnston's regiment, appointed him inspector general of the field division of volunteers, under Major General Butler, which he accepted, desirous as he was to participate in the campaign then opening. General Johnston in describing the attack made by Generals Worth and Twiggs, and the gallant charge made by the Tennesseans and Mississippians, proceeds to speak of that portion of the field occupied by the Ohio regiment under Colonel Mitchell. He says: "Colonel Mitchell's Ohio regiment entered the town more to the right, and attacked the works with great courage and spirit. But here was concentrated the fire of all the enemy's works. From this point, or a little in the rear, the regulars had been forced back, with great loss of officers and men. Having been ordered to retire, the Ohio regiment did so in tolerably good order. As it debouched from the streets of the city, believing that it was routed, the Lancers of the enemy charged the Ohio regiment; but it had none of the vim of an American charge, and was easily repulsed with some loss to them." This was a letter written to his son and biographer, but not even here, in the intimacy of his correspondence with one so near and close to him, does he say one word of his own share in this memorable part of the battle, in reforming the Ohio regiment in the cornfield, and sheltering it in good order behind the wall of the chaparal (like a stone fence), and gallantly and successfully repelling the charge of the Lancers. It was left for one afterward his foe and opponent on a wider arena of battle to do justice to his coolness and bravery, and the testimony is all the more grateful because it is the tribute of one great and large-hearted soldier to another. General (then Captain) Joe Hooker, afterward distinguished as the fighting general of the Federal army in the civil war, thus describes the action of General Johnston, and his coolness and power of control in arresting the rapid withdrawal of the Ohio regiment across the cornfield, in full range of the enemy's guns, and reforming it under the chap-

paral wall and successfully repulsing the charge of the Mexican Lancers. In a letter addressed to his son, since the close of the civil war, General Hooker says: "It was all the work of a few moments, but was long enough to satisfy me of the character of your father. It was through his agency mainly that our division was saved from a cruel slaughter, and the effect on the part of the army serving on that side of the town would have been almost, if not quite, irreparable. The coolness and magnificent presence your father displayed on the field, brief as it was, left an impression on my mind that I have never forgotten. They prepared me for the stirring accounts related by his companions on the Utah campaign, and for his almost god-like deeds on the field on which he fell, at Shiloh." Thus without a command, his cool, clear head and brave heart and single arm, ever seeking the post of danger and the point of duty, did more perhaps than any other one single man to secure the triumph of the American arms. During the assault General Johnston was attached to Hamer's brigade of Butler's division. Remaining with Colonel Mitchell's First Ohio regiment, he was near that officer when he fell wounded in the streets of Monterey. General Butler was wounded at the same point. General Johnston's horse was thrice wounded; but, though he was a conspicuous mark for the enemy's sharp shooters, he would not dismount, when all the officers around him were dismounted or disabled. Generals Taylor and Butler passed the highest encomiums on the efficiency and gallantry of General Johnston at the battle of Monterey and on the march, and united in recommending him for the position of Brigadier-General. Such appointment was not made, and General Johnston retired to his farm in Brazoria county, Texas. When General Taylor was elected President of the United States, he appointed General Johnston, in December, 1849, pay-master in the army of the United States, with the rank of Colonel. Although he would have preferred an appointment in the line, he did not decline, as it was in the line of his profession, and for which he had been educated. He was assigned to duty in the Department of Texas and the West.

One who knew him well while in command of the Department of Texas, as Colonel of cavalry, says of him, and of his future great Commander, then occupying the place of second in rank: "In the course of an eventful life and extensive travel, I have come in contact with many of the historic personages of the day; and yet, I scruple not to say, that of them all, but *three*, to my thinking, would stand the test of the most rigid scrutiny. Of these, by a singular coinci-



dence the Colonel and Lieutenant-Colonel of a cavalry regiment in the United States army—afterward respectively the ranking officers of a hostile army—Albert Sidney Johnston and Robert E. Lee were two. The third was Mr. Calhoun. No time-serving or self-seeking entered into their calculations. Self-abnegation, at the bidding of duty, was the rule of their lives. Could our much-maligned section lay no further claim to the consideration of mankind, the fact that it produced, almost in the same generation, such a triumvirate, typical of their people, is enough to place it among the foremost nations of the earth in the realm of thought, patriotism and knightly grace."

By the treaty of 1848 the Territory of Utah was ceded to the United States. Some of the Federal judges sent to the Territory were murdered, and others were driven from the Territory. General Johnston was put in command of the troops sent to restore order in the Territory. He arrived at Fort Leavenworth on the 11th of September, and by the 17th of the same month was on the road to Salt Lake City, his command acting as an escort to the civil officers sent to said Territory. His march was through ice and snow; the severity of the climate was such that nearly all his animals perished. But he proceeded on through every obstacle, and marching on foot at the head of his troops, by firmness and a proper display of his force, he restored peace and order to the Territory. This was his last military duty until the breaking out of the civil war, which found him in command in California. When Texas, his adopted State, cast her fortunes with the Confederacy, General Johnston resigned his command intact and with good faith to the government he served, and set out on horseback to Richmond, Va., and offered his services to the Confederacy. General Johnston's services were eagerly accepted by President Davis, his companion in his academic career and his comrade in arms, who knew his full worth. He was made a Brigadier-General by order bearing date September 10, 1861, and assigned to Department No. 2, embracing the States of Tennessee and Arkansas, and that part of Mississippi west of the New Orleans, Jackson and Great Northern and Central Railroads; also the military operations in Kentucky, Kansas and the Indian Territory—a command imperial in its extent and with unlimited military discretion. His biographer well remarks: "He lacked nothing except men and munitions of war, and the means of obtaining them." "His army had to be enlisted before it could be led."

General Johnston arrived at Nashville on September 14, 1861, and, acting with his accustomed promptitude of action, notified the Presi-



dent by letter on the 16th of the same month: "I design, to-morrow, to take possession of Bowling Green with 5,000 troops." These troops were under command of General S. B. Buckner, who had at his instance been made Brigadier-General. General Zollikoffer was ordered with 4,000 troops to advance and take up his position at the Cumberland Gap. General Leonidas Polk was already in command of the left wing of the army at Columbus, Ky. General Johnston made his headquarters at Bowling Green, the centre of his extended command, stretching from Cumberland Gap along the Barren river, to the Mississippi, on the left.

General Johnston had an available force to defend this entire line of only about 19,000 men. There was opposed to him, under the ablest leaders of the Union, General Anderson, his early friend at West Point; General Grant, who had seized Paducah, Ky.; General W. T. Sherman, General Thomas and General Wm. Nelson, aggregating a force of 34,000 volunteers.

General Johnston, by exaggerating his force and a skillful disposition of it, held against fearful odds this extended line for months, until the fall of Forts Donelson and Henry necessitated the removal of his army further south to protect the valley of the Mississippi. Bowling Green had to be evacuated and Nashville left unprotected—Nashville and the State of Tennessee. It was at this time that General Johnston was subjected to that which wounded his sensitive nature to the quick. The public, uninformed as to his real force, thinking it as large as he had been glad to impress the enemy it was, ignorant of the fearful want of arms and ammunition, they blamed him for leaving Nashville and Tennessee unguarded, and the Confederate delegation in Congress, save one man, marched in a body to the President, led by Gustavus A. Henry, and demanded his removal, and that *a General* should be appointed to defend their homes and firesides. Mr. Davis listened to the appeal with downcast eyes and saddened heart, knowing well the worth and soldierly qualities of him of whom they spoke. He raised his eyes and replied to them: "If Albert Sidney Johnston is not a General, the Confederacy has none to give you." By forced marches, his number diminished by disease, he effected a juncture with General Beauregard at Corinth, Miss., and on the 6th day of April, 1862, twenty-one years ago, fought the last and greatest battle of his life, and laid down that life for the cause to which he had given his heart and his sword. I will not attempt to go into the details of this great battle. General Beauregard says, in his report: "The remnant of the enemy's army

had been driven into utter disorder to the immediate vicinity of Pittsburg Landing, under the heavy guns of the iron-clad gunboats. Like an Alpine avalanche, our troops moved forward, despite the determined resistance of the enemy, and at 6 P. M. we were in possession of all his encampments between Owl and Lick Creeks but one, nearly all of his field artillery, thirty flags, colors and standards, over three thousand prisoners, including a division commander (General Prentiss), several brigade commanders, thousands of small arms, an immense supply of subsistence, forage and munitions of war—all the substantial fruits of a complete victory.” The last great charge was finally made. Says his biographer: “General Johnston had passed through the ordeal seemingly unhurt. His noble horse was shot in four places. His clothes were pierced by missiles. His boot soles were cut and torn by a minnie ball. At this moment Governor Harris (of Tennessee, now United States Senator) rode up elated with his own success, and the vindication of his Tennesseans. In the meantime the retreating Federal soldiers kept up a fierce discharge of firearms, and delivered volley after volley as they retreated on their last line, and to the shelter of the gunboats. By the chance of war, a minnie ball from one of these did the work. As General Johnston sat there on horseback, knowing that he had crushed in the arch which had so long resisted the pressure of his forces, and waiting until they could collect sufficiently to give the final stroke, he received a mortal wound. It came flying in a moment of victory and triumph from a foe. It smote him at the very instant he felt the full conviction that the day was won.”

Thus fell Albert Sidney Johnston. The records of war show no more knightly warrior. He combined science, skill, daring coolness, resolution, experience and all other characteristics and elements which go to make up a great leader. It was said of him by his great civic chieftain, when he saw him on the field of Monterey: “In combat he had the most inspiring presence I ever saw.” Well may his great leader and captain, who led the Confederates as military chieftain, have said: “When Albert Sidney Johnston fell at Shiloh *the right* arm of the Confederacy perished.” I will not close this brief eulogy of the life and character of Albert Sidney Johnston, which it is temerity to attempt to embody in an address of ordinary length, without putting on record the eloquent and touching tribute paid to his memory by my friend, General Wharton J. Green, of North Carolina—himself a distinguished officer in the Confederate service and Congressman-elect from the Fayetteville District of North Carolina:

"Portray him as he was—great, single minded and simple. He was the devotee of duty, but softened its asperities to others. His was a character with but few counterparts in ancient or modern story.

"Talleyrand's saying, 'No man is a hero to his valet,' is true in the main. Johnston would have been a hero to his very shadow. Those who knew him best admired him most. His peerless, blameless life was long enough for glory, and but one brief day too short for liberty. One hour more for him in the saddle, and the Confederate States would (in all probability) have taken their place at the council board of the nations of the earth."

You, gentlemen, have determined that the equestrian statue of Albert Sidney Johnston shall surmount and ornament the tomb erected to the Confederate dead. You thus transmit his image to coming generations as he loved best to be in life—a warrior who sat his noble steed so firmly, and yet so gracefully, as to make it part and parcel of himself. With his death this brief and imperfect eulogy of a typical Confederate soldier and officer ends, and laying manuscript aside, I turn to pay brief but heartfelt homage to the boys who wore the ragged gray jacket of the Confederacy, and whose steadfast and stubborn bravery forged the epaulettes that graced the shoulders and marked the rank of their great leaders.

In response to enthusiastic and continued calls from the vast crowd, President Davis came forward, and as soon as the deafening cheers with which he was received had subsided, spoke in substance as follows :

ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

You have heard the eloquent orator just speak of Albert Sidney Johnston, an orator whose eloquence is intensified by his sleeveless arm, and I can add but little to what has already been said. It was from Louisiana that Albert Sidney Johnston received his first commission in the army ; and there is no State so appropriate as Louisiana, and no city so appropriate as New Orleans for a monument to his memory ; here, among the people who followed the fortunes of the Confederacy with such devotion. I knew him well. He immediately preceded me to the United States Military Academy, and when I came there he received me as an elder brother might do. Together we served on the Indian frontier, together we served in Mexico. I have seen him in the most trying situations, and I never saw a man whose mind worked so quickly, whose voice was so calm, whose purpose was so fixed, and whose bearing was so great. Physically grand, intellectually great, morally sublime, his life was de-

voted to duty. Indeed, in the conscientious discharge of that duty he died upon the field of Shiloh in a moment of victory, when I firmly believe had he lived but half an hour longer, Grant would have been a prisoner. I loved him so that I dare not trust myself to speak of him as my heart would prompt me. As I have said on another occasion, when he came to us it appeared to me that a great pillar had been put under the Confederacy; and when he fell on the field of Shiloh, that ruin stared before us.

You have heard how he was left without a command in Mexico; and yet General Zachary Taylor, the best judge of human nature I ever saw, said that Albert Sidney Johnston had more sterling qualities than any officer he knew. I know not why it was; but I suppose that in those days, as in these, men were taken not so much for their capacity as for their position in some political organization. I do not know how we shall ever correct that; the civil service reform, I am afraid, will not do it. I will not detain you, my friends. I am sure there is nothing I could say to you that you do not feel or know of the great man whom you have assembled here to-day to honor. Thanks be to your generous natures, that bring you annually to decorate the graves of the Confederate dead, that has caused you to erect two monuments to two great Confederate leaders. And now you are about to erect a third. Very few eras of history have been marked by great soldiers. It is seldom that a generation produces one; but I think I may defy criticism when I say that the Confederacy had three great soldiers—three who would compare with the greatest soldiers of ancient or modern times. Struggling as they were without the proper means of carrying on the war—fighting, I may say, the whole world without arms—when the history of it all shall be truly written it will show the greatest record of human resistance, of the power of intellect to combat matter, that the world has ever seen.

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**The Shenandoah Valley in 1864, by George E. Pond—Campaigns of the Civil War, XI.**

A REVIEW, BY COLONEL WM. ALLAN.

This is one of the most interesting of the Scribner series and is valuable because of the clearness with which it is written, and of the amount of research it shows in bringing together information from widely scattered sources, concerning an exciting and important cam-



paign. As history, too, it is far better than General Doubleday's Gettysburg, though it is far behind the best numbers of the series. Mr. Rope's Army under Pope, and General Palfrey's Antietam, for instance. It is mainly a narrative of the Federal operations in the Valley in 1864, only describing and discussing the Confederate side, so far as is necessary to the comprehension of the achievements of the Union armies. While, too, Mr. Pond's language is temperate, and he aims at fairness, his bias is very evident, and often converts his pages into a defence of, or panegyric upon the Federal commanders. He is not careful to state the strength of the forces engaged in many of the battles (though he gives pretty full extracts from the returns in the appendix), and sometimes, perhaps unwittingly, gives a wrong impression. Nor has he a word of reprobation for any of the outrages and cruelties which marked the path of the Federal armies along the Shenandoah, though he is prompt to condemn the burning of Chambersburg, which was the outgrowth of some of these cruelties.

At the opening of the campaign of 1864, General Sigel commanded the Federal department of West Virginia. He had over 27,000 men present for duty under his command. These were scattered over his department, the two principal bodies being one of about 10,000 under Crook, in Southwest Virginia, and another of 8,500 under Sigel, in person, near Martinsburg. General Breckinridge commanded all the Confederate forces in this region. His forces amounted probably to over 8,000 men, scattered at different points. The Federal forces were ordered forward simultaneously with the advance of Grant on the Rapidan. Crook was to break the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad, and destroy the lead mines and salt works in Southwest Virginia, while Sigel was to move up the Shenandoah Valley, and threaten Staunton and Charlottesville. Crook sent his cavalry under Averell against Wytheville and Saltville, while he led his infantry towards Dublin and New River bridge. Averell was defeated and driven back from Wytheville by Jno. Morgan; but Crook's larger force met with more success. Sigel having begun his movement up the Valley, General Lee had ordered Breckinridge with the mass of his forces, to go to meet him. This left an entirely inadequate force to oppose Crook, who defeated it, under W. E. Jones and Jenkins, at Cloyd's Mountain, and subsequently pushed on to Dublin and New River bridge. After burning the bridge and doing some slight damage to the railroad, Crook promptly returned to Meadow Bluff, where he re-united with Averell.

Meantime Breckinridge had reached Staunton, and was moving rapidly down the Valley to meet Sigel, who was advancing. Learning on the 14th May that Sigel was near New Market, Breckinridge left his camp at Lacy Springs, nine miles south of that town, after midnight, and attacked Sigel early next morning. The advent of Breckinridge was probably unexpected by the Federal General. He accepted battle, however, and was entirely defeated and driven from the field, losing five or six pieces of artillery. He puts his force engaged at 5,500, though General Strother says in his report that Sigel's column numbered 8,500. Mr. Pond puts Breckinridge's numbers at from 4,600 to 5,000. Colonel Stoddard Johnston says that Breckinridge had 3,100 muskets in his infantry, and if so, his force was probably under 4,600, and not over it.

The curtain drops, and the principal actors now change. General Lee, pressed by Grant's overwhelming numbers, as soon as he learns that Sigel is disposed of, orders Breckinridge to Hanover Junction, and leaves the defence of the Valley to W. E. Jones, with some 5,000 or 6,000 men scraped together from every part of it. The result proved that the withdrawal of Breckinridge was unfortunate, but the necessity which prompted it was not less than that which forbade it. General Grant, when he learned of Sigel's defeat, had him removed promptly, and Hunter placed in command, and instructed the latter to renew the advance against Staunton, Charlottesville, and Lynchburg. Hunter ordered Crook to march on Staunton from the west, and moved towards the same point himself from the lower Shenandoah Valley. On June 5th Hunter, at the head of his column of 8,500 men, came up with W. E. Jones at Piedmont, some ten or twelve miles in advance of Staunton. Jones's mixed and not well-organized force of about 5,500 men was completely defeated, and Jones himself killed. Hunter next day entered Staunton, where Crook joined him with 10,000 men. The Federal army now had nothing that could oppose or seriously delay its progress, but Hunter, instead of moving on Charlottesville according to his instructions, marched to Lexington, (where he wasted some days in plundering the country), and thence (June 14) by Buchanan and the Peaks of Otter towards Lynchburg.

Meantime Lee was taking as vigorous steps as his resources permitted, to checkmate this movement in his rear. As soon as the defeat of Jones was known, Breckinridge was sent back to Rockfish Gap to unite with Vaughan (who had succeeded Jones) in opposing Hunter. Hampton, at the same time, was sent to drive back Sheri-

dan's cavalry, which had been sent forward to meet Hunter at Charlottesville and cooperate with him in the attempt on Lynchburg. A few days later, General Early, with the Second corps, was detached and ordered in the same direction to ensure the defeat of Hunter. Hampton performed his work admirably, barred Sheridan's progress at Louisa Courthouse, and forced him to return, baffled, from a fruitless expedition. Breckinridge transferred his troops to Lynchburg to hold it as long as he might against Hunter. It was the 13th June that Early left General Lee's lines at Richmond, and on this day Hunter threw forward his advance from Lexington to Buchanan. Early made a rapid march, reaching Charlottesville, 80 miles distant, in four days. During the night of the 16th June, and the day of the 17th, he hurried his troops, by railroad, to Lynchburg. On the evening of the 17th the advance of his infantry was thrown into the works on the Bedford road to support the troops who were delaying Hunter's advance. By the next day (18th) most of Early's infantry were at Lynchburg, and when Hunter attacked he was repulsed. The Federal army, of 18,000 men, was much superior to Early in numbers, but Hunter was far from his base and (he says) his supply of ammunition was limited. This, with the repulse on the 18th, caused him to retreat during the night. Early followed next day, overhauling the rear-guard under Averell and driving it through Liberty in the afternoon. Hunter reached Salem on the 21st, and here adopted a line of retreat as injudicious as had been his line of advance on Lynchburg. Though at the head of superior numbers, he declined to return down the Valley from fear of flank attacks, and decided to retreat through the mountains into West Virginia, by the shortest route. This retreat was really a flight, McCausland dashed in and captured eight of his guns. The Federal army hurried on almost in panic.

Mr. Pond says: "The retreat was continued through New Castle with the same headlong speed, not through fear of the enemy, but through necessity of reaching supplies. During the week that elapsed before these were obtained, the troops had no hard bread, and only one issue of six ounces of flour per man. But there was beef on the hoof, the cattle being driven by day and eaten the same night. Many horses and mules died for want of fodder and rest, and not a few wagons were burned for lack of animals to draw them." Hunter reached Gauley Bridge, June 27, with his army in a state of demoralization and exhaustion.

Early reached Salem on the 22d. He had moved 209 miles in



nine days, had saved Lynchburg and driven Hunter headlong back to the Valley, and then across it and into the Alleghany mountains. His instructions were to destroy Hunter if possible, and to threaten Maryland and Washington city by an advance northward, if the way should be open. Hunter was now out of reach, and his flight left the road to the Potomac open. Early, determined to seize the opportunity and try to relieve the pressure on Lee by a rapid advance to the Potomac and demonstrations against Washington and Baltimore.

Leaving Salem on June 24, Early marched rapidly to the Potomac, a distance of 212 miles, by July 4th, driving Sigel's forces from Martinsburg and other points, to take refuge on the Maryland Heights. Mr. Pond praises Sigel for remaining there with 6,000 or 8,000 men when he should have joined Wallace's troops advancing from Baltimore. Early finding he could not get at Siegel, marched round him, and on July 9th, entered Frederick; on the same day he attacked Wallace, who, with some garrison troops and Rickett's division, of the Sixth corps, which Grant had sent up, was holding the line of the Monocacy. Wallace had about 6,000 men. He was completely defeated and driven in rout towards Baltimore, with the loss of one-third of his command.

Early now continued to press forward by forced marches and in spite of heat and dust arrived before the defences of Washington during the afternoon of the 11th, while Bradley Johnson with a portion of the cavalry was making a circuit about Baltimore and breaking the railroads from the north. Great panic and consternation was produced in Washington and at the North. President Lincoln called for hundred day volunteers, Hunter was ordered to hasten forward from West Virginia to Harper's Ferry. Grant sent up the other two divisions of the Sixth corps from Petersburg, and the Nineteenth corps arrived in Hampton Roads from the South was also ordered to Washington. Some 20,000 troops of one kind or other were in and about Washington, half of whom, at least, were available for holding the defences until the troops sent by Grant could arrive. Early's forces after their severe march of near 300 miles from Salem were greatly worn, and probably did not number 10,000 men in front of Washington. It was never possible for them to enter the city. The garrison was ample to hold them in check until the arrival of the Sixth corps, which took place a few hours after the Confederate advance had reached the Federal lines. Early had fully and successfully carried out the purpose of his expedition. He had produced a tremendous scare and had caused two corps to be



detached by Grant to oppose him. A much larger force than his own had thus been drawn away from Richmond. His position in front of Washington quickly became critical. Hunter was hastening to Harper's Ferry, in his rear, and had reached Martinsburg on the 11th, while overwhelming forces were gathering before him. After skirmishing vigorously on the 12th, Early fell back on that night, and on the 14th recrossed the Potomac at White's Ford, and camped at Leesburg. This retreat was managed most skillfully and successfully, the Confederates slipping, without loss, between the armies gathering for their destruction. As the two Federal armies united and advanced south of the Potomac, under Wright of the Sixth corps, Early crossed the Blue Ridge into the Valley about Berryville. Here he repulsed an attack on the 18th, with severe loss to the assailants, and the next day began to fall back to Strasburg, a more secure position, now that 30,000 men were pressing him. On the 20th, Averell defeated his rear guard under Ramseur, near Winchester, but the Federals did not push on.

General Grant expected that Early would be recalled to Richmond, and he had therefore ordered that the corps (Sixth and Nineteenth) he had sent up, should, if possible, anticipate him. They were now withdrawn, and Hunter's forces, under Crook, were left to hold the Valley. Early quickly discovered this, and promptly advancing from Strasburg, on July 24th, fell upon Crook, on the battlefield of Kernstown, where Shields had repulsed Jackson in 1862. Early's victory was thorough, Crook's forces being routed with heavy loss, and in two days Early once more held the Potomac. Mr. Pond does not give Crook's strength in this fight, but as the returns for August show some 22,000 men in the "Department of West Virginia," it is certain that Crook outnumbered Early, who, according to Mr. Pond, had in all about 15,000 under his command.

This victory caused an immediate change in the Federal programme. The troops that had been recalled to Richmond were ordered back from Washington and others in addition were sent up. Meantime Early again broke up railroad and canal and spread consternation by sending two brigades of cavalry to levy a contribution upon Chambersburg, and in case of refusal to burn it. McCausland, in command of this expedition, burnt the town on July 30th, and as his men were improperly turned loose in it, there were no doubt many unjustifiable acts of plunder and wrong. But Mr. Pond gives an entirely unfair and one-sided account of this transac-

tion. Grant's instruction to Hunter as expressed in a letter about this time were that he should make "*all the Valley south of the Baltimore and Ohio road a desert, as high up as possible. I do not mean that houses should be burned, but every particle of provisions and stock should be removed, and the people notified to move out.*" When it is remembered that this policy was to be applied to a fertile and populous country some one hundred and fifty by twenty-five miles in extent, we think it has no parallel among civilized nations in modern times. It was never in General Hunter's power to carry out this order, but his acts of brutality that provoked the burning of Chambersburg exceeded even Grant's barbarous order. When Hunter had returned to the lower Valley from the Kanawha he selected the homes of three prominent citizens of Virginia (Messrs. Edmund I. Lee, and Andrew Hunter, and Colonel A. R. Boteler) and sending an officer and party turned out the lady occupants and burned the houses, refusing them permission to save anything from the flames. It is not claimed that these gentlemen had done anything to put themselves beyond the protection of the ordinary usages of war. Two of them, indeed, were not in the military service of the Confederacy and one of these was a kinsman of General Hunter who had in happier years been his host. This act of Hunter's was not in obedience to Grant's instructions, but rather in contravention of them. Yet Mr. Pond would place this burning on the same footing as the accidental or unauthorized destruction of private property (such as the burning of Montgomery Blair's house), by stragglers or drunken soldiers. Great numbers of houses had been shamefully pillaged by Hunter's soldiers in his march through Virginia, and many of them burned, and though such sights naturally exasperated the Confederate soldiers and made it difficult to prevent similar acts on their part, yet it was not for this, nor yet for the destruction of supplies under Grant's order, that Early resorted to the *lex talionis*. It was for the official act of General Hunter, above described, and for similar deeds that Early ordered a levy to be made upon Chambersburg, and directed that in case of refusal to pay the town should be fired. The necessity for this order may be regretted, the manner in which it was executed may be open to criticism, but it will be difficult to prove that this was not a case that called for retaliation. Mr. Pond thinks the burning of Chambersburg "indefensible," while he has not a single word to say in adverse criticism of Grant's orders or of Hunter's cruelties!

While McCausland was on the Chambersburg expedition Early made a demonstration across the Potomac to cover the movement

and kept the Federal troops in a constant state of excitement. Averell followed McCausland on his return and overhauled and defeated him at Moorfield, on August 7th, thus atoning to some extent for his remissness in having allowed McCausland, with a force not one-half as large as his own, to reach Chambersburg.

On this same August 7th, Hunter was relieved from command at his own request, made upon finding that Grant had determined practically to supersede him. This officer whose achievements had been in inverse ratio to his barbarities, now sank from view, destined to add, afterwards, but one more to his claims for distinction, in presiding over the court that hung Mrs. Surat. The defeat of Crook, and the advance on Chambersburg had caused Grant to send up two divisions of cavalry, from Richmond. Now Sheridan was put in command of all the forces gathered to crush Early. Grant had come up himself to see the situation. He added to the Federal forces in the Valley until they numbered, by the returns for August, 56,618 present for duty, (of which some 5,000 or 6,000 were on garrison duty) and gave orders for a vigorous following up and attack upon Early. Early's strength at this time by the returns given by Mr. Pond, was not over 15,000 men. There is no ground for Mr. Pond's unfair statement—that Sheridan's strength was "far below the official returns" while Early's was above them. The same causes affected both armies. In the above figures for Early's strength the cavalry under Ransom is put at 3,500. It probably never mustered more than the half of this at any one time ready for action. The truth is that Sheridan was sent forward with a movable column of about 50,000 men, to drive Early with a force of somewhere between 13,000 and 15,000 men out of the Valley. The large detachments that Grant had made to Sheridan enabled Lee to order Kershaw's division of infantry, and Fitz. Lee's cavalry, under General Anderson, to Early's assistance. Sheridan began to move from Harper's Ferry promptly, and Early fell back before him to Fisher's Hill, to await the arrival of his re-inforcements. By the 10th of August, Anderson came up, and Early was ready to resume the offensive, though his total strength now reached but 21,000 men. Early's boldness, and his aggressive attitude, deceived Sheridan, and convinced the latter that he was in a critical situation. Sheridan's over-estimate of Early's forces finds its only parallel in McClellan's estimates of the troops opposed to him in the Peninsula campaign. The Federal General, with his large army, fell back to Winchester, and the Confederate General, with his small army, followed close at



his heels. Sheridan availed himself, however, of the opportunity to plunder and ravage the country. He says, "I destroyed all the wheat, hay and provisions south of Winchester and Berryville, and drove off all the cattle." The Federal rear-guard, under Torbert, was overhauled at Winchester and severely handled, when Sheridan fell back behind the Opequan, and subsequently withdrew towards Charlestown. Here Early and Anderson made an attack upon him on August 21. After a sharp encounter Early drove his advance, and again Sheridan fell back, this time to Halltown. At last he had reached a position he deemed himself strong enough to hold against Early's 21,000 men. Early finding it impossible to get at the Federal army in its last position, moved on the 25th towards the Potomac, and ran against and severely defeated Sheridan's cavalry. Once more it seemed as if the North was to be invaded. Sheridan telegraphed that Early had marched with the intention of crossing the Potomac; that two of Longstreet's divisions were with him; that his own army might have to cross to the north side; that he hardly thought they would attempt to go to Washington. He hurried troops to hold the South Mountain gaps, near Boonsboro. But Early did not cross; he had already gone to the utmost verge of prudence in the presence of a foe, whose strength was between two and three times as great as his own, and he therefore fell back next day to Bunker Hill and Stephenson's.

Mr. Pond attempts a defence of these operations of Sheridan's, and would shelter him under some instructions of Grant's, which ordered him to be cautious, and not "attack" Early, while the latter's force amounted to 40,000 men. The facts above are the best reply. The cause of Sheridan's feeble policy at this time was his absurd over-estimate of the Confederate forces, which was itself a high tribute to the vigor and skill with which they were handled.

Grant now informed Sheridan that his own progress at Petersburg would compel the recall of the reinforcements Lee had sent to Early, and that he (Sheridan) must "watch closely," and "push with all vigor." He also reiterated his orders to convert the Valley into a "barren waste." Lee did order the return of Anderson, but the latter did not finally leave until the 14th September, and meantime Early held his position in front of Winchester, constantly breaking up the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Martinsburg and threatening Maryland. Sheridan remained strictly on the defensive, and exhibited great caution in all his movements. The incessant and aggressive activity of the Confederates imposed upon him still, and it was not until



Kershaw's division had left Early that he thought it prudent to move out against him. Grant, impatient, no doubt, at the failure of the campaign so far and staggered by Sheridan's persistent hallucination in regard to the forces opposed to him, came up to the Valley, and finding Sheridan about to assume the offensive, had only to say, "Go in."

Sheridan finally attacked on September 19th. Part of Early's force had gone two days before to Martinsburg, and Sheridan hoped to defeat the part near Winchester and seize that place before the absent troops could return. Early had tempted fortune too far; his campaign up to this time had been brilliantly successful, and the ease with which he had for six weeks baffled Sheridan, no doubt, made him over confident. The withdrawal of Kershaw, left him, even by Mr. Pond's account, but 17,000 men of all arms. His real strength was not over *one-third* of Sheridan's, and the boldness of his movements now was injudicious. They invited and led to attack in an open country. Had he fallen back to Strasburg after Kershaw left, it would have been far more difficult for the Federals to have attacked him. On September 19, Sheridan's troops were held at bay by Ramseur's division and the cavalry under Lomax and Fitz Lee, until the mass of Early's infantry could get up from Stephenson and Bunker Hill. Then ensued one of the longest and steadiest days of fighting that occurred during the war. Sheridan was repulsed with fearful slaughter in front, and at times it seemed as if his great army was about to yield to the fierce onsets of his antagonist, but the battle was finally decided in his favor by his large and well equipped cavalry, which, after driving in the Confederate horsemen on Early's left, dashed against and broke that wing of the Confederates. The heavy pressure of his numbers could no longer be borne, and late in the afternoon the Confederate lines gave way and their army was forced through Winchester. Early fell back to Fisher's Hill during the night. Sheridan suffered heavily but followed up, and on September 22, at Fisher's Hill, inflicted another defeat upon the Confederates. Here, he, under cover of the forest, outflanked Early's left and stampeded it. This quickly led to the abandonment of his whole line, and the loss of eleven guns. Though Early's loss here was nothing like so heavy as at Winchester, the injury done to the *morale* of the army was much greater. In both battles the Confederates lost valuable officers. At Winchester fell Rodes, Godwin, and Patton, at Fisher's Hill fell A. S. Pendleton, the Assistant Adjutant General of the army—a costly offering upon their country's altar.

Sheridan now marched forward with little opposition. Early fell back before him to Brown's Gap, while the Federals pushed on to Staunton and Waynesboro'. Kershaw's infantry and Rosser's cavalry were sent to Early's aid, and in a short time he was ready for fight again. The Confederate cavalry was so active that Sheridan found it difficult to protect his supply trains, and considered it impracticable to cross the mountains and move on Charlottesville, as Grant desired. He therefore retired down the Valley, plundering or burning everything in his pathway that he deemed might be of service to the Confederates. He supposed the campaign over, and advised that a large part of his force be taken elsewhere. Early followed as he retired, and though the Confederate cavalry was badly beaten on October 9th, Early continued to advance to Fisher's Hill, while Sheridan halted at Cedar Creek, and prepared to send some of his troops to Grant. Early now planned and executed one of the most daring exploits of the war. With a force of about 12,000 men he determined to attack the immensely superior and victorious forces of the enemy, relying on the very boldness and unexpectedness of the movement for success. Early properly disposed his troops, and at daybreak on October 19th Sheridan's camp was attacked. The Federals were taken completely by surprise, and in a short time two of Sheridan's corps were overwhelmed and dispersed, and their camps and artillery captured, and the third one was forced from the field. The force of Early's attack had now spent itself, his cavalry had not been able to drive the masses of Federal cavalry on the flanks, the country in front was open, and the Confederates halted for some hours. Meantime the Federals recovered from their surprise; their broken ranks were reformed upon the Sixth corps, which had preserved its organization; General Sheridan, who had been absent, came hurriedly up from Winchester, and exerted all his influence to allay the panic and reform his troops. When this was done, perceiving Early's small force and exposed situation, he attacked him in the afternoon, pierced his line, and soon had the Confederates in full retreat for Cedar Creek. Pressing them with his cavalry, he converted the retreat into a rout. The trains and artillery were jammed in the road, and fell into the hands of the Federals, and only the 1,500 prisoners he had taken was Early able to get off. Sheridan recaptured all the artillery he had lost, and a great deal more. The brilliant victory, which at mid-day had been Early's, was at night-fall Sheridan's. This was one of the most remarkable days in history, and the interest in it and discussion about it will grow with

time. The achievements of both Generals upon this day entitle them to high praise, Early for the audacity of his plan, and the skill with which it was carried out, Sheridan for the cool judgment with which he took in the situation, and the readiness of resource he displayed in converting a disastrous defeat into a great victory.

Sheridan was satisfied with the results of this day, and did not push Early up the Valley again. The latter rested and recruited at New Market, and on November 12th was again able to confront Sheridan at Middletown. The Confederate cavalry having again been worsted on the flanks, Early retired on the night of that day, no engagement of the infantry having taken place. For some weeks after this the Confederates remained at New Market, when it being manifest that important operations in the Valley were at an end for the season, the mass of Early's troops were withdrawn by General Lee to Petersburg. About the same time General Grant withdrew a large part of Sheridan's infantry to the same place. Early removed his headquarters to Staunton, and kept his cavalry busy during the winter in making dashes at exposed posts and at the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. He also checked effectually the cavalry expeditions sent out by Sheridan.

Matters were now rapidly hastening to an end. Late in February Sheridan set out from Winchester with "10,000 sabres," and moved up the Valley. Early attempted, with the 1,200 or 1,300 men he had, to stop him at Rockfish Gap. The Federals attacked the Confederates, however, at Waynesboro' before they had fallen back into the gap, and quickly routed, rode down and captured the greater part of this handful of troops.

Sheridan's command in the Valley was marked by excessive barbarity. Not only was Grant's order for the wholesale destruction of private property carried out, but, like Hunter, Sheridan took occasion to improve upon his superior. On one occasion a young Lieutenant (Meigs) upon his staff, having been shot while on a reconnoissance, by a Confederate scout, he ordered all the houses within five miles of the spot to be burned. This illustration is by no means an isolated one of the savage mode in which he carried on the war.

Early has been severely criticised, and naturally so, for in war success is with the mass the sole test of merit, and many disasters marked the latter part of his campaign. As time goes on, however, and the truth becomes more clearly seen, history will do justice to the vigor which drove Hunter almost in panic out of the Valley, to the

audacity and celerity—only comparable with that of Stonewall Jackson—which carried 15,000 men, in less than three weeks, from Salem to the suburbs of Washington and spread consternation in the North; to the skill which extricated his army in safety from the multitude of foes which quickly gathered about it; to the hard blows which demolished Wallace and Crook; to the splendid game of bluff, which for six weeks kept 50,000 men cooped up in a corner of the Valley; to the indomitable courage and tenacity which would never accept defeat but struggled on against overwhelming numbers and resources, almost snatching victory from Fate itself, until his cause and country sank exhausted in the unequal strife. That Early was bold to rashness, and that he often took fearful risks is true. Had he been cautious he would never have undertaken the campaign at all.

Mr. Pond's book, though marked by serious defects, is a valuable contribution towards getting at the truth.

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**"Marse Robert is Asleep."**

*By* MISS S. B. VALENTINE.

[A Gray Coat relates to his friend, a Blue Coat, the following incident of the late war: General Lee, sorely fatigued by a hard day's march, sat down to rest at the road-side, when he soon fell into a deep sleep. His soldiers, who observed him as he slept, whispered warnings to their nearest comrades not to disturb him. The whisper was then passed from man to man along the line of march.]

Had you heard the distant tramping  
 On that glowing Summer day!  
 Had you seen our comrades running  
 To meet us on the way!  
 Oh! the wondrous, sudden silence,  
 Th' unmilitary creep,  
 As down the line that caution ran,  
 "Marse Robert is asleep!"

Give me your hand, Old Blue Coat,  
 Let's talk of this awhile,  
 For the prettiest march of all the war  
 Was this of rank and file!—  
 Was the passing of that army,  
 When 'twas hard, I ween, to keep  
 Those men from crying out, "Hurrah!  
 Marse Robert is asleep!"



There lay that knightly figure,  
 One hand upon his sword,  
 The other pressed above his heart,  
 A vow without a word!  
 Two laurel leaves had flutter'd down,  
 For flowers their vigils keep,  
 And crown'd him, though, I think, they knew  
 "Marse Robert was asleep!"

In glorious Old Westminster,  
 No monument of war,  
 No marble story, half so grand  
 As this, our army saw!  
*Our* leafy Old Westminster—  
 Virginia's woods—now keep  
 Immortal that low whisper,  
 "Marse Robert is asleep!"

As we clasp hands, Old Blue Coat,  
 List, Brother of the North,  
 Had *Foreign* foe assail'd your homes  
 You *then* had known his worth!  
 Unbroken vigil o'er those homes  
 It had been his to keep:  
 Step lightly o'er the border then,  
 "Marse Robert is asleep!"

He's yours and mine, is Robert Lee,  
 He's yours and mine, Hurrah!  
 These tears you shed have seal'd the past,  
 And closed the wounds of war!  
 Thus clasping hands, Old Blue Coat,  
 We'll swear by th' tears you weep,  
 The sounds of war shall be muffled—  
 "Marse Robert is asleep!"

*Richmond, Va., May, 1880.*

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## Notes and Queries.

*General Doubleday's Slander of General Armistead once more.*

Our readers will remember how effectually we disposed of General Doubleday's slander of General L. A. Armistead, to the effect that he fought on the Federal side at First Manassas, and when dying at Gettysburg confessed that he had come to see that he had "wronged his country." We sent General Doubleday these proofs that he had

wronged a gallant soldier, and had a right to expect that he would hasten to make the *amende honorable*. How far he has done so we leave our readers to judge from a statement of the facts. We received, in due course of mail, the following letter :

“MENDHAM, NEW JERSEY, *March 23d, 1883.*

“*To the Publisher of the*

*Southern Historical Society Papers, Richmond, Va :*

“SIR,—I enclose you by this mail a copy of the second edition of my book on Gettysburg and Chancellorsville, in which some inaccuracies which were in the first edition have been corrected. As it was printed—through a misunderstanding—before I had an opportunity to correct it, there are still some typographical errors to be found.

“I regret that it was in print before I had discovered the mistake in relation to General Armistead’s having been at the first battle of Bull Run. Another edition will soon be called for, and I will amend that part of my narrative. I always admired General A. as a gentleman and a soldier, and had no intention of wounding the feelings of his friends. My statement as to his change of views, however, was founded on what was represented to me to be the general tone of his conversation, and I still think I was right in that respect.

“Yours, very truly,

“ABNER DOUBLEDAY.”

From this letter it will appear that he gives up the statement that Armistead fought on the Federal side at First Manassas, but still adheres to the charge, that “dying in the effort to extend the area of slavery over the free States, he saw, with a clearer vision, that he had been engaged in an unholy cause, and said to one of our officers, who leaned over him, “Tell Hancock I have wronged him, and have wronged my country !”

In the edition sent us there is a foot-note, written in red ink, after the statement concerning Armistead’s action at First Manassas, to the following effect: “This is a mistake. A Richmond paper erroneously stated that a Lieutenant Abercrombie, who went over to them, and who had been an officer in the regular army, was engaged on our side in the first battle of Bull Run. Camp rumor made the name Armistead.”

We ought, perhaps, to be duly grateful to General Doubleday for making even this small concession, especially if he sees that it goes into the *third* edition of his book. And we are greatly obliged to him

for thus affording us an explanation of many other most marvellous statements in his very remarkable book. He makes a grave charge against a gallant gentleman, whom he professes to admire and respect, on no higher authority than mere "*Camp rumor*," and adheres to a slander against the same gentleman, on the same veracious authority, notwithstanding we have shown that it is morally impossible that the charge can be true. Then, of course, when we read some of the other marvellous statements in General Doubleday's book, we know exactly how to account for them. He got them not from official reports, field returns, or other reliable evidence, but from his trusted authority, "*Camp rumor*," and her ally, the "*Grape-vine telegraph*." This being understood, General Doubleday's "*Chancellorsville and Gettysburg*" will soon sink into its merited oblivion.

But as cumulative evidence of the utter falsity of the slander to which General Doubleday still adheres, we give the following statement of the Rev. Theodore Gerrish, (now pastor of the First Methodist Church, Bangor, Maine, but during the war a gallant soldier in the Twentieth Maine Regiment,) author of "*Reminiscences of the War*."

In a letter to the Secretary, dated March 16th, 1883, Mr. Gerrish says:

"One of my church members, a very reliable gentleman, whose address is W. H. Moore, Cumberland street, Bangor, was formerly a member of the Ninety-Seventh New York Regiment, which, at Gettysburg, was in Robinson's Division of the First Corps. He was wounded on the third day and taken to a hospital in the rear. General Armistead was brought to the same hospital and placed beside him. Brother Moore had never read the discussions of General Doubleday's statements about General Armistead at Gettysburg, but when I learned that he saw General A., I asked him what opinion he formed of the General from what words he heard him utter. He replied that all who saw him there were strongly impressed upon two points in the General's character: 1. An intense, all-consuming desire for the Confederates to win the battle. 2. To die like a soldier. Brother Moore scorns the idea of General Armistead's making use of any such language as General Doubleday attributes to him. I have given you the substance of his statement, and you can put it into any form or make any use of it you may see fit."

With thanks to Mr. Gerrish and Mr. Moore for their generous de-

fence of the memory of a gallant Confederate, we add the above to the letters of Colonel R. W. Martin, General Hancock, and General Bingham, and respectfully submit that this testimony refutes, beyond all cavil, the reckless slander which General Doubleday based on "camp rumor," and to which he clings with a persistence which savors more of the blindness of the partisan than the calmness of the true historian.

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## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

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THE PROPOSED MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY in Nashville, during "drill week," in May, was formally postponed about a month before the appointed time, for the double reason that we were disappointed in securing expected papers and addresses, and were satisfied that we could not successfully wedge it into the crowded programme of the week. We were, however, none the less grateful to General John F. Wheless, chairman, and his committee, for their kind purposes in the matter, and hope to call on them again when the Society can meet in Nashville under more favorable auspices.

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THE APPROPRIATION OF \$5,000 BY THE TEXAS LEGISLATURE to purchase sets of the ten volumes of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, alluded to in our last number as probable, was consummated, the bill having passed both Houses, and been approved by Governor Ireland. We are now having the one hundred and sixty sets bound, and expect to deliver them at an early day, and pass to the credit of our "permanent Endowment Fund" this generous and wise appropriation of the "Lone Star State." It is due to our efficient General Agent, General George D. Johnston, to say that our success in this matter is due largely to his wise management, untiring zeal, and judicious presentation of the claims of the Society; but we desire to return our especial thanks to Governor Ireland, who always gave the scheme his influence, and to our friends in both the Senate and House, who (without distinction of party) had the enlightened wisdom to see that it would be money properly used to place these invaluable *Papers* in all of the counties of the State, and to aid at the same time a Society having such noble objects. All honor to Texas for being the first State to move in this matter. We doubt not that other States will promptly follow her noble lead.

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OUR "PERMANENT ENDOWMENT FUND" must be kept steadily in view and vigorously prosecuted. We are arranging plans for this end which will



be duly announced and steadily pushed. Meantime we are anxious to hear from friends who can help us, 1. By a personal contribution, large or small. 2. By arranging for lectures, concerts, or entertainments for the benefit of the Fund. 3. By sending us the names of those who can help us.

Remember we want, and by God's blessing *mean to have*, an endowment of at least \$100,000, and a fire-proof building for our archives.

*What can you do in the premises?*

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GENERAL FITZ. LEE has consented to make the address at the meeting of the Confederate Association of Missouri, at Jefferson City, August the 28th, and to repeat his lecture on Chancellorsville, for the benefit of the Southern Historical Society, at such points in Missouri as General Marmaduke may arrange for. Friends in Missouri, or Kentucky, or Arkansas, who desire to have General Lee's lecture, would do well to correspond at once with this office, or with General John S. Marmaduke, St. Louis, Mo. We are hoping for another successful tour with our gallant and accomplished friend, "General Fitz."

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IN OUR ACKNOWLEDGEMENT OF COURTESIES in our last number, we inadvertently omitted the name of J. F. Crosby, Vice-President and General Manager of the Texas and New Orleans and Louisiana Western Railways, whose cheerfully extended courtesy over his splendid "Crescent Route" was warmly appreciated. And we had purposed extending our very special thanks to our old friend Colonel J. G. James, President of the Texas Military College, who rendered invaluable aid in arranging the programme of General Lee's tour through Texas, and conducted a very extensive correspondence to make it a success.

Recently we have been brought under obligations to W. W. Peabody, General Superintendent of the Ohio and Mississippi, and renewed obligations to Colonel Hoxie, of the Missouri Pacific, and all the lines of the great Goul system; M. H. Smith, Vice President of the splendid Louisville and Nashville railway; and Henry Fink, Vice President and General Manager of the superb line from Memphis to Norfolk, for highly appreciated courtesies over their lines.

And we desire gratefully to record that in travelling in February and March, from Richmond to New Orleans, Galveston, Houston, San Antonio, Austin, Waco, Corsicana, Dallas, Little Rock, Memphis, Nashville, Louisville and back to Richmond by the Chesapeake and Ohio railroad, and recently to Louisville, St. Louis, Waco, Dallas, Memphis and back home by the Memphis and Charleston, East Tennessee and Georgia, Norfolk and Western, and Richmond and Danville railroads, we met with no accident, suffered no serious detention, encountered nothing but politeness on the part of railroad officials, and had all of the comforts attainable on such a journey.

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"CROWDED OUT" explains the absence of several articles intended for this number. Several of the articles left with the printer when the Secre-

tary started to Texas the 1st of May, greatly exceeded anticipated length, and left no room for a number of others; but we expect to have out our July number by the 20th of June, and the omitted articles will have an early chance.

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J. L. McCOWN, Dallas, Texas, will receive our thanks for a very accurate and beautifully-executed photograph of General Fitzhugh Lee, taken when we were there in March. Mr. McCown is an old Lexington (Va.) man, having learned his art with Miley; and we prize his work all the more because he was a gallant Confederate soldier and executed it *con amore*.

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### Literary Notices.

ARMY LIFE—A PRIVATE'S REMINISCENCES OF THE CIVIL WAR. By REV. THEODORE GERRISH, late a member of the Twentieth Maine. Portland: Hoyt, Fogg & Donham.

We have read this book through with unflagging interest, and in the main, with great pleasure. As a vivid narrative of what a private soldier in the Army of the Potomac saw, and felt during those days of camp, march, bivouack, battlefield and hospital, it possesses great interest and value. And as long as Mr. Gerrish confines himself to what he *saw*, his narrative is, doubtless, accurate and valuable material for the historian who shall wish to write the *inside life* of that great army. But we regret that candor compels us to add, that he by no means confines himself to what he saw, but frequently goes into the land of speculation and fancy, and mars his pages by *opinions* utterly at variance with established facts, and many of which smack more of the bitterness of a stormy past, than of "the era of good feeling between the sections," which it should be the duty of all to cultivate in these years after the close of the war. *E. g.*—His speculations and opinions about Belle Isle, and the prison question generally, in which he justifies the hanging of Wirtz, but attributes the responsibility of "murdering thousands of Union soldiers" to the "hellish malice" of the "representative men of the Southern Confederacy, two of the most prominent of whom were Jefferson Davis and Robert E. Lee," displays on his own part a blind "malice," only equalled by his profound ignorance of the facts. We shall hereafter pay our respects to some of these remarkable utterances—remarkable for one writing in 1882 instead of 1865—and show up their utter absurdity. Meantime, if Mr. Gerrish can produce a single one of the "orders" from General Lee or President Davis, or any other prominent Confederate leader which, either directly or indirectly, approved of cruelty to prisoners, he will make a contribution to history, which Holt and his infamous band of Perjurers, in the days when the "Bureau of Military Justice" was flourishing, sought for in vain.

But despite of these very serious blots, it is a well written book, which we advise our friends to read.



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Vol. XI.

Richmond, Va., July, 1883.

No. 7.

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**Confederate Artillery at Second Manassas and Sharpsburg.**

*By Colonel WILLIAM ALLAN, Late Chief of Ordnance Second Corps,  
Army of Northern Virginia.*

Is it possible to obtain a correct roster of the Confederate artillery present at Second Manassas, and also of that present during the Sharpsburg campaign?

The following is sent, with the hope that it may elicit additions and corrections:

**AT SECOND MANASSAS.**

*On Jackson's Wing.*

*Attached to Jackson's Old Division*, (Major L. M. Shumaker, Chief of Artillery).—Brockenbrough's Maryland Battery; Carpenter's Virginia Battery; Caskie's (Hampden Artillery); Poague's (Rockbridge Artillery); Raines's (Lee Artillery); Wooding's (Danville Artillery); Rice's; Cutshaw's—(8).

*Attached to A. P. Hill's Division*, (Lieutenant-Colonel R. L. Walker, Chief of Artillery).—Braxton's (Fredericksburg Artillery); Crenshaw's; Davidson's (Letcher Artillery); Latham's

(Branch Artillery); McIntosh's (Pee Dee Artillery); Pegram's (Purcell Artillery); Fleet's (Middlesex Artillery)—(7).

*Attached to Ewell's Division*, (Major A. R. Courtenay, Chief of Artillery); Lattimer's (Courtenay Artillery); J. R. Johnson's (Bedford Artillery); D'Aquin's (Louisiana Guard Artillery); Dement's (First Maryland Artillery); Brown's (Second Maryland Artillery); Balthis's (Staunton Artillery); Pleasants's (Manchester Artillery)—(7).

*On Longstreet's Wing.*

*Attached to Hood's Division*, (Major B. W. Frobel, Chief of Artillery).—Bachman's South Carolina Battery; Garden's South Carolina Battery; Reilly's North Carolina Battery—(3).

*Attached to Wilcox's Division*.—Anderson's (Thomas Artillery), with Wilcox's Brigade; Maurin's (Donaldsonville Artillery), with Pryor's Brigade; Chapman's (Dixie Artillery), with Featherston's Brigade—(3).

*Attached to G. T. Anderson's Brigade*, (D. R. Jones's Division). Brown's (Wise Artillery)—(1).

*Attached to Evans's Brigade*.—Boyce's South Carolina Battery (Macbeth Artillery)—(1).

*Attached to Anderson's Division*, (Major Saunders, Chief of Artillery).—Huger's Battery; Moorman's; Grimes's—(3).

There were also present, not assigned to special infantry commands:

*Washington Artillery*, Colonel J. B. Walton.—Squire's (First Company); Richardson's (Second Company); Miller's (Third Company); Eshleman's (Fourth Company)—(4).

*Lee's Battalion*, Colonel S. D. Lee.—Eubank's Battery; Jordan's; Parker's; Rhett's; Taylor's—(5).

*With the Cavalry under J. E. B. Stuart*.—Pelham's Battery; Hart's (?)—(2).

The following may have been present, but their assignments are not known to me: Leake's; Rogers' (Loudoun Artillery); Stribling's (Fauquier Artillery)—(3).

There came up, after Second Manassas, from Richmond—

*Of the Reserve Artillery*, five or six companies of Brown's First Virginia Regiment—Dance's (Powhatan Artillery); Hupp's (Salem Artillery); Macon's (Richmond Fayette Artillery); Watson's (Second Richmond Howitzers); Smith's (Third Richmond Howitzers); Coke's—(6?).



*Nelson's Battalion, Major William Nelson.*—Ancell's Battery; Huckstep's; Kirkpatrick's; Milledge's—(4).

*Cutts's Battalion, Lieutenant-Colonel Cutts.*—Blackshear's Battery; Rose's; Lane's; Patterson's—(4).

*With D. H. Hill.*

*Jones's Battalion, Major H. P. Jones.*—Wimbush's Battery; Turner's; Peyton's (Fry's); R. C. M. Page's—(4).

D. H. Hill had also Carter's (King William Artillery); Bondurant's (Jeff. Davis Artillery), and Hardaway's Battery—(3).

*With McLaws's Division.*—Read's Battery; Carleton's; Lloyd's (?); Manly's—(4).

Moody's Battery (1), was attached to Colonel S. D. Lee's command.

There were also with the army in September, G. W. Nelson's Battery (Hanover Artillery); T. J. Page's; Marmaduke Johnson's; Woolfolk's; Dearborn's—(5)—the assignment of which I do not know.

This gives a total of forty-seven batteries in the Second Manassas campaign, and of thirty-one added afterwards, or seventy-eight in all.

A report of General Pendleton in regard to the reorganization of the artillery, dated October 2, 1862, (page 569, vol. vi, Confederate Reports, as republished at Washington,) states that there were then attached to the army seventy-two batteries, exclusive of Stribling's and Bondurant's, which had been sent to the rear; but he includes, apparently, in this number, three companies of Brown's regiment (Wyatt's, Ritter's, and Young's), left at Richmond. If this be so, he had but seventy-one batteries, counting Stribling and Bondurant. The excess above may, in some cases, be due to counting the same company twice under different names, or to the fact that companies not present at all are enumerated.

Will old artillery officers please correct the errors they may see?

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**Reminiscences of the Siege of Vicksburg.**

*By Major J. T. HOGANE, of the Engineer Corps.*

PAPER NO. 2.

The first man killed in Vicksburg was a Major of infantry belonging to General Vaughn's command. I had just reported to General Vaughn for duty as engineer officer of the line under command of

Major-General Smith, and as a social recognition, he told me the news of the Major's death, how that he had crept between the opposing lines to relieve a wounded man, and there met his death. The angel of charity certainly had not far to come to meet him and to offer him the hand of fellowship. This fight was on the north side of Vicksburg, and outside the works proper. In company with a Lieutenant of engineers, I inspected the line of works to which I had been assigned, and was pleased with the strength of the natural position until I came to a depression in the line commanded by adjoining points. I asked the officer if he thought we could hold that position. "Why not?" he asked, and a smile irradiated his face. Asking the question more strongly and more to his personal satisfaction, I told him that if there was any other line I would like to see it, and so we rode to what he designated as the Fort Hill line. After a careful inspection, I decided that it was the strongest position, and though only provided with a stockade and three lunettes, yet it was better to build new works than to take the rain of bullets in rifle pits unfit to protect the troops. Accordingly, and in consequence of the urgency of the case, I sent a dispatch to General Pemberton direct, recommending the second line. At midnight, the order to fall back was issued, and the troops fell into line of battle on the Fort Hill ridge. I rode along the line, staking out in a hurried manner the line of the rifle pits, telling the men we would rectify mistakes another time. The gray dawn, and the morning odor of the spring verdure, brought peace and pleasant thoughts. It tempted my mind to wandering in memory into the meadows and gardens of old Missouri, where home, and home interests, had made life an enchantment. War was forgotten, there was such contentment in the spring air, the winter had passed away, the plumes of the blue-green grass waved in the bright sunlight in harmonic swaying with the delighted nerves. The toil of military service, the mind's review of foregone sieges with all their horrors and rigorous sufferings passed from the heart. I was brought back to the present by an admonition from an officer that the yanks were going to open fire. On casting my eye over the distant ridge, just abandoned, I could see the deploying Federal troops pursuing the advantage they supposed they had gained. Soon, firing commenced on the fatigue details sent out over our line to secure some tools which had been brought from Snyder's Bluff. By night the artillery was placed in position, and the rifle pits were dug to the right depth, and on proper lines to suit

the ground. Next day the United States troops formed a close investment; we were really besieged, and the outer world became a sealed treasure to the sixteen thousand unfortunate Confederates inside of Vicksburg. It was lucky for the "*amour propre*" of our General-in-Chief, that his peer, Grant, did not mass his troops into columns of attack, and walk right in on the Jackson road the second day he drew up his sixty thousand men before the city, which he could have done if he had pushed his artillery in to take our works in reverse. Of course he would have had to sacrifice men, but not near as many as he lost in his charges on the stockaded breastworks to the left of the same road, and by disease in his camps. The morning the charges were made, I started by the way of the graveyard valley to the right of our line near the Jackson road, and met a soldier, about fifty years old, shot through both cheeks; the blood had clotted his long beard, and he was then trying to staunch the flow of the crimson flood. In his disengaged hand he carried a shotgun that had been struck by a ball, and the barrels splintered by it. I consoled with him about his wound, and asked him where he was going. He replied that he was going to get another gun. Of such was the Southern soldier made. A little way further up the valley I came across a Missouri Major, trying to get a piece of artillery to the stockade; he had got the gun in a ditch, and from want of concert between Major, mules, drivers, and drink, that all hands seemed to be filled up with, it seemed likely that the gun would remain in *statu quo*. I volunteered to assist; the Major met me half-way by offering the bung-hole of his little keg of whisky. As an amendment, I proposed to lubricate the mules by giving the drivers a drink, which was agreed to. After getting the mules stretched out into line, I instructed the drivers to whip up when the Major sounded his yell, and never to stop until the gun landed in the rear of the works. One old white-haired darkey, whose temples sported a silk plug hat, who was riding the lead mule, allowed "he'd go with that dar gun to them folks fighting sure." Well, he did it, but just as he got to the works the gun upset, and niggers, Major, and Engineer officer "dissolved into thin air;" that is, they ceased putting on any heroic airs. It was hot at that point, for the Federals were making their second charge on the stockaded breastworks built across the valley of death. The rattle of minnie balls, the bursting of shrapnel shells was sharp and continuous. The dust flew in specks where the leaden messengers hit the ground, the whole air was full of excitement. I saw but one

place where things and men looked cool, that was where the men lay behind the works systematically shooting through the crevices of the timbers, so I lay for a spare interval, and went down on my knees with the rest of the boys. Blood being up I borrowed my neighbor's gun and covered the coat of blue in the ravine below me, but was suddenly thrown out of employment by the owner of the gun claiming his property. Poor fellow, it was the last sound of his voice that ever vibrated the air, for when he again took aim a crimson spot in the centre of his forehead gave exit to, and set the imprisoned spirit free to enter upon the work of peace instead of the work of hate and war.

General Grant had missed his chance. If he had pushed pell-mell into Vicksburg with Pemberton's rear guard, the contractors might have suffered, but *his* reputation or his men would not.

There were many funny incidents that occurred in spite of the increasing stringency and restrictive orders about food and work on the fortifications. On that part of the line in charge of Brigadier-General Baldwin, a Mississippi militia company was on duty, commanded by no less than a General officer. This company, either from zeal or inexperience, kept on night after night, adding depth to the rifle pits it defended, until, in the gloom of night if you wanted an officer you had to telegraph, by voice, to the far deep. After a few nights' work, I instructed the General to employ the energy of his men in filling up the caverns, hinting that, in the far bowels of the earth he might find it as hot as on the surface. After they took a rest there was less complaint about the disappearance of tools. The field of observation of any one man on a battle-ground is necessarily limited, and however violent and momentous the action may be as a whole, he can only act as the historian of what he individually sees or hears.

In a siege, prolonged over considerable time, the mental impressions of the acts seen, are of those salient transactions distinctly important, or that have the elements of tragedy or of fun in them. One part of the fun was to stand by a member of the signal corps and let him tell you what "they," the feds, were telegraphing by their flag signals. On Fort Hill we had a signal corps operator who was very skilled in reading the signal messages of Commodore Porter's fleet to General Grant's headquarters and *vice versa*; in fact, there seemed to be no difficulty in interpreting the intentions of the Federals at any of the signal stations. He reported that it was a part of Grant's plan to make a charge up the river road that ran between Fort Hill and the water batteries. So to make our outside



friends comfortable and give them a warm reception, I had caused to be constructed three deep ditches across the road, the bottom of each chasm being armed with *chevaux de frise*, and the intervals filled with mines. Field guns to enfilade the gorge and batteries with cotton bales for epaulments, were rapidly built to maintain our supremacy in the coming fight. After all, the Federal battalions did not risk defeat by another course of charges, but contented themselves by burning up the cotton walls of the advanced open lunette. This was one of the great events that "Old Father Time" placed back in his rear pocket, thinking perhaps that it was better to put an entire new play on the stage. The only one graceful favor that General Pemberton had the power to render was the consent he gave to a truce to bury the "braves" who had fallen in the charges upon our lines. The time was given and the dead were put out of sight. They had lain thickly where they fell, so much so that the ground took the color of the Federal uniform. "'Tis pity, pity 'tis, 'tis true." The burning of the building in which was stored war material and provisions, was one of the most exciting events of the investiture. It rose to a point of being sublime, for it was a strife between puny man and the raging elements of nature on a grand scale, and added to this a first-class battle. It rose from an incipient fire to a light sheet that blinded the eyes. It showed the mastery of man over himself and nature. The flashing of the Yankee guns at quick intervals brightened the glare of the flaming buildings. The rain of iron fell with a clang on the paved streets, startling the men who were running, laden with a burden of provisions or ammunition, from the burning commissary depot to a more safe place of deposit for the supplies.

Like a swaying pendulum, in automatic precision, the details ran to and fro amidst the squares that shot and shell made, indifferent to danger, only intent to obey the orders of the officers, and do the duty set before them. The tempest of battle gathered force as the heat of the flames grew greater. The heat scorched the devoted soldiers, the light increased until it was as the light of day, and the men showed only as dots on the field of conflict. After awhile the blazing embers fell, the light grew grey and dark, then sank to a glimmer, leaving the starlight alone to relieve the gloom, made darker by contrast. The worn men staggered to their wretched quarters in the trenches or sand hills, to suffer, to sleep the sleep of exhaustion, utterly indifferent to the blazing worlds overhead, the fluttering haze rising from the river, or the still

threatening guns that kept up a fire on the iron swept area of the now consumed depot. Of all the cannonading that General Grant ordered, the least effective, for the cost, was the bombardment by the fleet of mortar boats. When the fleet commenced throwing the thirteen-inch shells, it dwarfed all other menaces to our lives; but we soon became used to watching the course of the shells as shown by the glow of fire made by the fuse, and learned to dodge the spot where it would fall. They did more damage to houses than to the citizens or people. My first notice of the thirteen-inch shell practice was brought about by a practical joke played on me by the boys. Mrs. Captain Winters had cooked a first-class dinner for a few of us, from material that we had clubbed together out of our scanty resources. In the midst of the eating it was reported that one of the boss shells had taken the ear off my horse. So, being curious to see such a close shave, I ran out to investigate. I found one ear of the quadruped tied down with a string. I also found on the return trip, my share of the sweet potatoe pie eaten up. I was shelled out in earnest. A few days after that, Captain W. and his accomplished lady were sitting in a room, of the then engineer headquarters; two of their children were eating a lunch in the dining-room. Without warning, a thirteen-inch shell burst through the ceiling and partitions, and exploded in an adjoining parlor, throwing the plaster *débris* over the children. When I got to the spot, Mrs. W. was backing out from under the table with her children, unhurt. It was no unusual thing for the fronts of houses to be blown out by the explosion of these shells, but I knew of but one instance where life was lost. It occurred one evening about dusk. The mortar had been evidently trained to throw its shell to the court-house, but falling to the South, struck an iron balcony of the hospital building, that was crowded with wounded convalescents. It was distressing to hear the cries of the poor fellows as they fell to the ground, victims of a cruel and spiteful fate. The horses and mules soon learned to calculate, from the sound the shells made, where they were going to fall, and gave a wide berth to exploding missiles. Lucky was the officer who had a servant sufficiently courageous to lead his favorite horse to spots of comparative safety, between extreme danger line and absolute protection from the breast works, and where the Bermuda grass flourished. It was a picture of content to see nigger and horse in the evening—one having got his fill of grass, the other his fill of sunshine and rest. After all the care and devotion I gave to my steed, one of Grant's

pilferers borrowed him the day of the surrender. If the mules had a hard time to make a living, it was worse for the men. The animals got little, but it was natural food ; the men got little, and it was of a kind disgusting to the sharp-set hunger, that insufficiency both in quality and quantity made chronic. With the fertile valley of the Mississippi and Yazoo to draw from, millions of bushels of corn could have been stored in Vicksburg—abundant rations for the army and its animal equipment, and of a wholesome kind. Two days after we were closed in, Federal prisoners and our surplus mules were driven out because corn was scarce, and as time wore on, the bread of the period, issued to the men, was a cold glutinous paste, a compound of pea meal and flour. Was—finish the query with reference to General Pemberton or his Commissary General, to suit your own fancy. A personal loss was felt by every Missourian the day that General Green was killed. He had been cautioned not to expose himself several times, and, a few minutes before he was hit, had remarked that the bullet was not moulded that would kill him. His death put another name upon the tablet of eternity that was already emblazoned with the names of thousands who had died for love of country.

When the Yankees blew up the mine in which so many Missouri troops lost their lives, the severed lines of others of their comrades kept back the surging numbers that mounted the parapet of the works. Like the knights of St. John, led by the grand master at Rhodes, they were in every gap and point of danger, making successful resistance the master of danger.

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*Diary of Rev. J. G. Law.*

*January 1st, 1862.*—Spent the day at the hospital, having no heart for new year calls in these trying times. It is really frightful to reflect on the events of the past year, and I sometimes imagine that I am dreaming through an age of terrible import, but alas, I awake to the stern reality of the unhappy and distracted state of our country. I see no prospect of a speedy peace, and can only hope and pray for the best. It is said that every life must have its "rainy days." The same might be said of nations. We cannot always have prosperity, and enjoy peace and plenty. Grim visaged war must stalk through our fair land, uproot our institutions, both civil and religious, revolutionize society, and shake its foundations to

their very centre. But we must toil on, and try to recognize in this terrible calamity the hand of God, and believe that all things are working together for good. His ways are mysterious and past finding out.

*February 20th.*—Our infant nation is passing through the baptism of adversity. General Zollikoffer has been killed, and his army is routed. Fort Henry has fallen, and the enemy have possession of Tennessee river. Roanoke Island has been taken with 2,000 prisoners. Fort Donelson, after four days' hard fighting, was compelled to surrender to an overwhelming force, and General Buckner, with his entire command are prisoners; and Nashville is about to fall into the hands of the enemy. My own native State is invaded by the vandal hordes of Lincoln, and from this time forth I am a soldier in the field, until the last footprint of the foe is removed from our fair land. I give up my profession, and lay my life on the altar of my country, with resignation to the will of the most high God.

*February 21st.*—Rode out this morning to see my mother and bid her good-bye. She said to me, "My son, I am glad to see that you know your duty." I do not return to the field for glory or renown, but from a stern sense of duty in this hour of my country's peril. I consider it to be the solemn duty of every son of the South to go into the ranks and fight until our independence is achieved.

*February 22nd.*—On board steamer De Soto. Left Memphis at 5 o'clock this evening, to rejoin the old One Hundred and Fifty-Fourth at Columbus, with the intention of fighting as long as the war continues, or until my Heavenly Father calls me home. I am anxious to live to see the end of the war, but if it be the will of God that I should fall in battle, I am ready to exclaim, "Thy will and not mine be done." To-day Jefferson Davis was inaugurated permanent President of the Confederate States of America.

*Sunday, February 23d.*—This is a beautiful Sabbath day, but alas! how it has been desecrated. All day long the saloon tables have been surrounded by card-players, just as if there were no God to punish such wanton violation of his holy day. I tremble for my country when I see those who are to fight her battles manifesting such reckless disregard for the sanctity of the Sabbath.

*February 24th.*—Columbus. Arrived at this little city of mud and log cabins about noon to-day, and found everything in readiness to repel an anticipated attack by the Lincolnites. Ten gun-boats were in sight, and a number of transports were reported landing troops.

*February 25th.*—It is the general impression that we are about to



evacuate this place, as large quantities of ammunition and provisions are being sent away. The Federals are reported to be within ten miles of us—fifty-five thousand strong.

*February 26th.*—It is reported that a fight is now going on at New Madrid, and that General McCown's division has been ordered to reinforce our troops, but I am disposed to believe that it is the advance of our retreat. Dark clouds are hovering over our young Republic, but we must struggle on, trusting in God for the success of our cause. General Polk, it is said, has received a dispatch to the effect that France has recognized the Confederate States.

*March 3d.*—Jackson, Tennessee. On last Thursday I was detailed for picket duty. Soon afterwards the regiment was ordered to pack up baggage, and be ready to move at a moment's notice. I passed a miserable night, sleeping in the open woods with only one blanket to protect me from the chilling blasts of winter. Returned to camp at 3 o'clock Friday evening, and was detailed to go on the cars with the regimental baggage, expecting to leave that night. A long weary night passed away, and no train. Saturday, March 1st, dawned cold and cheerless, and we were doomed to wait another day and night for the expected train, with nothing to eat, save a few hard, indigestible crackers. On that day, our army burnt their cabins, and evacuated Columbus. I walked over the deserted town in the evening; it was a grand and gloomy sight, the lurid flames were shooting into the air from thousands of log cabins, and in some instances, private dwellings were consumed by the devouring element. Ere night the work of destruction was well nigh complete, and what had the day before been the homes of thousands of Confederate soldiers, now lay a heap of smouldering ruins. At two o'clock, our baggage was all on board the train, and we were ready to consign Columbus to the tender mercies of the Lincolnites. I made my bed on the top of a box car, and with one blanket slept soundly and sweetly, although the rain fell in heavy showers. Sunday morning I awoke feeling badly, and as the rain was still falling, I sought shelter in a car attached for the sick. At half past two o'clock, we started at a snail's pace, and reached Humboldt at seven o'clock this morning having travelled seventy-nine miles in nineteen hours. I suffered greatly from hunger and thirst. At Humboldt I got a good breakfast, and at nine o'clock, we were off for Jackson. I was obliged to ride in an open platform car, and notwithstanding Miss Façkler's comfortable helmet, Mrs. Pope's gloves, and mother's overcoat, I suffered intensely from the cold. Enjoyed a fine dinner

at the Jackson City Hotel; but had to borrow money to pay for it, as I had loaned my last cent to my hungry comrades to get breakfast at Humboldt. Such is my experience of the retreat from Columbus.

*March 4th.*—Humboldt. Left Jackson this morning at 8 o'clock, and rejoined my regiment at this place. Arrived here at ten o'clock, and pitched tents in the afternoon. Lost my knapsack with several articles of clothing, towels, and blacking brush. Raining hard.

*March 6th.*—A very cold day. As I was going to the depot this morning, I met Captain Mellersh, who said "Come with me," declining to tell me where he was going, but intimating that he was about to start on a secret and dangerous expedition in the direction of the enemy. He selected fifteen trusty fellows, and we were soon at the depot, waiting for the train. At 12 o'clock the conductor shouted "all aboard," and at 3 o'clock, we were at Paris, twenty miles from the Tennessee river. It is now understood that we are to go as near the river as we can and take down the telegraph wire. We all supped at the Yowell house. It is snowing, and we may look for a rough time.

*March 7th.*—We proceeded as far as West Sandy Creek with the cars, where our progress was arrested by the burning of the bridge. Our squad here divided—five going forward with a hand car that we lifted across the stream; the rest of us returning with the engine, and taking down the wire at the rate of one mile an hour. We secured about four miles of wire, and will probably get the remainder tomorrow. On our way down the car was thrown from the track, but we were fortunately running at a very slow rate of speed, and no damage was done. We enjoyed a fine country dinner at a farm house.

*Sunday, March 9th.*—Paris. Attended preaching this morning, and visited the cemetery. There were a few handsome monuments, but the place seemed greatly neglected. On the gate was this inscription, "Injure nothing here; it may be thy resting place." After dinner we started to West Sandy to meet our comrades who had been taking down the wire from the river to Big Sandy. John and Will Trigg, Claridge, Ed. Owen, and I were left with the train while the others went on to bring the wire. While they were gone we employed ourselves in getting wood and bailing water for the engine. At nine o'clock we went to supper. The early part of the night was beautiful and the moon was shining brightly, but dark clouds began to gather, and while at supper a heavy rain com-

menced falling. As we returned to the creek with the engine, we struck the cars a tremendous blow that sent me reeling on my face. Fortunately none of us were seriously hurt, and the only damage done was the throwing of the hindmost car from the track. Our boys had begun to arrive with the wire, and in a few minutes they were all in, wet and hungry. We detached the box car, went up to the farm house, and will wait until daylight for further operations.

*March 10th.*—Bright and early this morning we were at work getting over the wire, which was rather a dangerous business, as the logs on which we crossed were slippery, and the creek very high, almost running over its banks. We, however, succeeded in getting over all the wire without an accident, and after putting the car on the track we turned our faces towards Humboldt, the whistle blew, and we were off. We stopped at the farm house and enjoyed a substantial breakfast. At 2 P. M., we left Paris, and arrived at Humboldt about five o'clock, all in fine spirits, and highly pleased with our trip, notwithstanding the fact that I returned minus my boots and hat. We secured the whole of the wire from Tennessee river to Paris.

*March 15th.*—Bethel, 12 M. We have had a hard time for the past twenty-four hours. On Thursday night we were ordered to get ready to march. At two o'clock our baggage was all on board the train, and we left at six o'clock yesterday morning, and reached here last night. The rain poured down in torrents all day and night, and the cars were so densely packed, that I was compelled to stand on the top of a box car, with no protection from the rain. I have not been in a horizontal position for two nights, and haversacks are empty. Wet and cold, sleepy and hungry—such are some of the hardships incident to a retreating army.

*Sunday, March 16th.*—Have just finished reading a few chapters in my Testament. We are cooking three days' rations, and are expecting marching orders every moment. The enemy are reported advancing on Purdy, and it is supposed that we will be ordered to meet the advancing foe. General Bragg is in command of our troops, and I feel confident of our ability to drive the enemy back to their boats. Am getting anxious to hear from home. Suffered last night with severe pain in my bones. We have received intelligence confirming General Price's victory in the west; also that General McCown has repulsed the enemy at New Madrid. It is reported that General Price killed and captured 18,000 of the enemy.

*March 17th.*—Purdy. A bright and beautiful morning succeeded the dark and gloomy weather of the past few days. We left Bethel at noon, and arrived here at 3 o'clock. We are encamped in the woods, without tents, having left everything except our blankets and such provisions as we could carry in our haversacks.

*March 18th.*—The weather is so pleasant that I lay under the shade of a large oak all the morning and read a worthless novel. This evening Colonel Smith secured comfortable quarters for us in the town of Purdy. We marched in about 3 o'clock, and after "dress parade," repaired to our quarters in the old College building. We had just laid aside our arms when a courier came galloping up at full speed, and reported the enemy just outside the town. We were soon drawn up in line of battle, and a body of Lincoln cavalry appeared on the top of a neighboring hill, overlooking the river. They presented a very imposing spectacle with their gay uniforms and sabres gleaming brightly in the rays of the setting sun. We charged with a cheer, when the enemy turned their faces towards the Tennessee river and fled without a single exchange of compliments.

*March 19th.*—Was delighted to find, this morning, in the college library, the "Life and Works of John Adams." Read a few extracts from his diary. Detailed to escort the provision wagons to Bethel. Soon after we reached here we were ordered to pack up everything for Corinth. The enemy are reported advancing in force on that place. The regiment arrived at 3 o'clock.

*March 20th.*—This morning we were ordered to leave our baggage in an old shop, and march back to Purdy with the Second Tennessee regiment, and two guns of Polk's battery.

*Sunday—March 23d.*—Have spent the past few days in the old College building at Purdy, lolling about lazily and indifferent to surrounding circumstances. The weather has been cold, dark and dreary, and my spirits are in sympathy with the weather. I see no bright ray of hope, no bow of promise in the cloud. Sad and weary I turn to the Word of God for encouragement and consolation.

*March 24th.*—On picket duty with the entire company. We lay in ambush for the enemy, but he did not pass this way. Spent a portion of the day reading the "Lost Heiress."

*March 25th.*—This has been one of the loveliest of days. I am writing in the observatory of the college, and have a most enchant-



ing view of the little town of Purdy, and the surrounding country. The sun has just gone down, and this is the hour when I love to be alone for meditation on the works and nature of the great Creator. I form good resolutions, but, alas, how soon they are shaken like a reed by the wind, when I descend from the mount and walk along the dusty highways of the busy world.

*March 26th.*—On guard to-day. The quiet of our camp was broken by a false alarm, caused by our cavalry. Fielding Hunt and his gang keep out of danger.

*March 28th.*—The weather is so mild and pleasant that I could not resist the inclination to bathe, and as I had not changed my clothing for four weeks, I washed my clothes and hung them out to dry while I was in the water.

*March 29th.*—Awoke this morning, after a very uncomfortable night, feeling quite unwell from the effects of my imprudence. Company drill in the morning, and battalion drill in the afternoon.

*Sunday, March 30th.*—This morning the solemn peals of the church bells, summoning the people to the house of prayer, reminded me that this was the day of our Lord. After inspection, I mechanically followed the crowd, and soon found myself seated in the house of God. The preacher dwelt upon the goodness of God, and made an urgent appeal to the soldiers to cease cursing and blaspheming the name of their Creator and best friend.

*March 31st.*—My company is on picket to-day. I was excused from duty on the ground of sickness. Remained in camp all day, and spent the time in reading a temperance novel.

*April 2nd.*—The enemy are reported advancing, and are said to be only five miles away. If the report is correct, we may look for warm work to-morrow. Am feeling quite unwell, but hope to report for duty before we are ordered to meet the enemy.

*April 3d.*—The regiment is under marching orders, and the sick are to be sent by rail to Corinth. I am not well enough to march, and am compelled to go to Corinth with the invalid corps. I hope, however, to rejoin the regiment before they meet the foe.

“Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori.”

**A Cursory Sketch of General Bragg's Campaigns.**

*By* MAJOR E. T. SYKES, *of Columbus, Miss.*

## PAPER NO. I.

[The following sketches were written by Major Sykes in January, 1873, and are now given just as they were originally prepared, with a few notes added. It is scarcely necessary to say that we publish without comment of our own, and without expressing any opinion as to certain controverted points.]

Although remotely removed from the exciting events which transpired during the four years of "War between the States," and reason has had time to coolly weigh with the accuracy of justice the motives and conduct of those superiors, who were at the helm of State, or generalship in the field, how few there are who have given thought sufficient to the real issues, its magnitude and surrounding, or sufficiently studied the military genius in more than one way displayed by our commanding Generals to meet the ever varying emergencies, to correctly estimate their respective merits. The cause of this apparent apathy and indifference to studious reflection and investigation of the philosophy of the war's history, can only be referable to the tyranny inflicted by our conquerors upon the South, and the consequent dethronement for the duration of their oppression, of all spirit of their former patriotism or desire to know ought else save the means of escape from this the "Iliad of their woes," "pro-consuls for governors and task-masters to rule over us." The truth is, the South is too supine—while the North and West are pursuing with vigor the path which their high destiny is pointing out to them, and wooing every breeze which may waft them onwards, we have cast anchor in the midst of a howling political and social storm, and are amusing ourselves with conjuring up phantoms of a past age, discussing the principles of a departed race of politicians, and talking of bringing back the government to its old republican tack; as if any government ever did or ever could go backwards. We forget, for the time, that the political institutions of a country may be wrecked on the rock of faction, or engulfed in a vortex of effeminacy or vice, may fail from too much weakness or too much weight, yet that it is certain, no nation was ever rescued from a danger before it, by an attempt to recede, or ever found a grave near the spot where it was "rocked in its cradle."

For one, I am disposed to forego these once honored, but now useless reflections, and for a time to recur to the scenes of the past, simply to note down my recollections as an eye-witness and observer of the movements and operations of the "Army of Pensacola," and subsequently of Mississippi and Tennessee, while commanded by General Braxton Bragg, thinking the same will be appreciated by those who followed the varying fortunes of his standard, but were not behind the scenes, and hence could not know so much as I.

If, as one of his little, but solid army of Pensacola, I should be led to write aught in these lines which could be interpreted into a partial narrative, I desire it to be attributed to my high appreciation of that officer's worth, whether displayed in the arduous and ungrateful returns incident to the organization and disciplining an army, or skill exhibited in planning and executing a campaign, or unflinching courage brilliantly shone forth on the field of battle, and not to an invidious spirit, hoping to do injustice to others whose mead of praise arising from Southern bosoms, is deservedly overflowing.

THE PENSACOLA CAMPAIGN.—As a member of one of the first companies who left (March 27th, 1861), the borders of his home to participate in the threatened struggle, which soon thereafter assumed and continued to maintain gigantic proportions, I was ordered to Pensacola where General Bragg was hastily but surely organizing his little army which was afterwards to play a conspicuous part in the great drama of war. I pass hurriedly over the incidents of his bold threatenings of Fort Pickens, and the masterly defensive cordon of forts and batteries extending from the Navy Yard to and beyond Fort McRea, a distance of nearly five miles, the whole being equidistant from Fort Pickens, conceived in his brain, and erected under his immediate supervision, as well as the bombardment of Fort Pickens, we will soon notice him in a broader and nobler, if possible, field of action.

The first incident of importance and which looked like work after the burning by the enemy of the dry-dock in Pensacola harbor, was on the night of September 3d, 1861, when about three o'clock in the morning, five launches from Santa Rosa Island, distant two miles, containing about thirty men each, manning a pivot howitzer, with muffled oars quietly landed at the Navy Yard under cover of the darkness, and led by an officer with the courage of a Numidian lion, succeeded in burning the large schooner of our harbor police. They were not discovered until very near the wharf, and not in time to call out the troops, before the schooner was boarded with the

command, "board her boys!" whilst the officer, with cutlass in one hand and a torch in the other, led the way until he had succeeded in throwing the flambeau into her hold, and then seeing that their mission had been accomplished beat a hasty retreat. As they were rapidly putting for the Island and had gained a safe distance from the yard, they sent back a shower of grape from their howitzers, directed upon our men, then being rapidly formed, which fire being rendered uncertain by the darkness, only two were wounded.

The next incident of a really exciting nature was an attack in three columns, respectively led by Colonels J. Patton Anderson, of Florida, Jas. R. Chalmers, of Mississippi and J. R. Jackson, of Georgia, all under command of Brigadier-General Richard Anderson, upon Wilson's Zouaves, encamped just outside Fort Pickens, in which a partial success was gained, and, but for an unfortunate accident, great advantage would have accrued. This was a little before day on the morning of the 8th of October,—a few were killed and wounded on both sides, and some prisoners captured by each belligerent. Among the prisoners taken from us was the entire medical corps, (Dr. W. L. Lipscomb, of the Tenth Mississippi included) who had remained with the wounded. The prisoner of the most importance taken from the enemy, and the first prisoner of war I had ever seen, was one Major Vodges. On returning from the Island, and while the machinery of one of our tow-boats was out of order, several of our men were wounded by small arms fired from the enemy on the Island, among them, General Anderson, who was shot in the arm.

The bombardment of the 22d and 23d of November, 1861, was commenced by Colonel Brown, commanding Fort Pickens, and in about one-half hour afterwards, responded to by our entire line of fortifications. The enemy's land fortifications were aided by the two large men-of-war, the Richmond and Niagara, commanded by flag-officer McKean. 'Twas said by the enemy that the damage done to Fort Pickens was slight, whilst they with their hot shot and shell set fire to several houses at the Navy Yard, silenced several of our land batteries, and came near demolishing Fort McRea. Be the enemy's damage slight as he represented it, it is pregnant with meaning, when he failed to renew the bombardment on the morning of the 24th, after boastfully commencing it two days previous.

THE ARMY UNDER GENERAL ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON AT CORINTH AND SHILOH—General Bragg's forces remained in the



successful defence of Pensacola and the Navy Yard, until February or early in March, when the disasters of Fort Donaldson on the Cumberland, and Henry on the Tennessee rivers, together with the evacuation by our forces, and the occupation by the enemy of Southern Kentucky, Middle and West Tennessee, and North Alabama, resulted in a concentration of all our available force under Albert Sidney Johnston, along the line of the Memphis and Charleston railroad, with Corinth as its center and base.

Having organized his splendid troops, General Johnston, with General Beauregard as second in command, put in motion on the morning of the 3d of April, 1862, the "Army of the Mississippi," to offer battle to the invaders of our soil. The attack was to have been made on the 6th, before Buell, who was marching to the assistance of Grant, at Pittsburg Landing, could possibly reach him, but owing to the bad roads, the Confederates were unable to reach the destined point in time. Resting for the night in order of battle, a short distance from the enemy's camp, with only now and then a picket shot to relieve the suspense, we commenced to advance at early dawn, and by sunrise came fairly upon them. Hardie commanded the front line, with Gladden's and Chalmers's brigades of Bragg's corps on his right, Bragg's corps, less the two brigades above-mentioned, constituting the second line, followed about four hundred yards distant. The corps of General Polk, following the second line at the distance of about eight hundred yards, in lines of brigades, deployed with their batteries in rear of each, protected by cavalry on their right. The reserves under General Breckenridge followed closely the third line in the same order, its right wing supported by cavalry. Well do I remember, being then Adjutant of the Tenth Mississippi infantry, of Chalmers's brigade, how all were spoiling for their maiden fight, in which, before they were through, they were willing to acknowledge that of choice, they would thereafter exhibit less of reckless anxiety, and more of prudent discretion. As the Tenth Mississippi (Colonel Robt. A. Smith commanding, and who was subsequently killed in the battle of Mumsfordville, Ky., and than whom no braver spirit or better officer gave up his life during the war,\*) descended the last hill, in full view of the enemy's

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\* General Bragg's estimate of Colonel Smith may be seen from the following letter:

SUPERINTENDENT'S OFFICE,  
WATER WORKS DEP'T COMMERC'L BANK,  
*New Orleans, Jan'y 22, 1868.*

DEAR SIR:—It affords me great pleasure to receive your note of the 4th

camp, it was discovered by the position of an Indiana regiment standing behind an improvised breastwork of knapsacks, a little retired from the crest of the hill beyond, with "arms ready," that we were too far to the left, and ordered to march by the right flank down the ravine, until our right opposed their extreme left.

And now comes the strange part of this sketch. Not a gun in our regiment was loaded. In the verdancy of our military career and ardor for fight, we had overlooked one of its most essential precautions.

I heard Colonel Smith, who was sitting upon his horse a few paces in front of his line, and from his elevated position, exposed to the enemy not fifty yards off, give the commands: "Order arms," "Load," "Fix bayonets," "Shoulder arms." Then followed this pertinent language: "Soldiers, we have been ordered to charge those fellows in blue (pointing with his sword to the enemy); I want you when I give the order to forward, to advance steadily to the top of the hill, fire with deliberation, and then *give them the bayonet*." "Forward, then," was the next sound heard, and Smith's orders, as always, were observed. Both parties fired about the same time with deadly effect, after which the enemy broke and fled in confusion. General Chalmers immediately rode up to Colonel Smith, and after remarking in my presence, that he deserved to be a Major-General, commanded him not again to expose himself so recklessly, but it being purely a personal, and not strictly a military order, was not obeyed, until soon after his horse was shot from under him.

Throughout that day, the right, under Bragg, did not sustain a reverse, but took position after position in such quick succession as to justify the confident belief that the entire Federal army under General Grant would be annihilated before the close of the day.

About 4 P. M., as we were halted in line of battle to reform, while a brigade of prisoners just captured were being escorted by our

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inst., enclosing the *carte de visite* of my late friend and fellow-soldier, Colonel Robert A. Smith, Tenth Mississippi volunteers. Entering the service at an early age, without military experience or education, the Colonel fell in the gallant discharge of an almost desperate assault, in less than eighteen months, esteemed and honored for his acquirements and heroic deportment. To me his loss was severe, for I had looked to him for support, in a much higher and extended command.

Please convey my thanks to the Colonel's brother for this mark of kind remembrance, and believe me, truly,

BRAXTON BRAGG.

To *Chas. L. Gaston, Esq'r*, Jackson, Miss.

cavalry to the rear, and preparatory to our final attack on that day, General Bragg, who justly felt proud of his day's work, was seen riding alone in front of his victorious lines, and rapidly approaching our front. As he reached us, General Chalmers, who was likewise exultant over the action of his brigade, rose in his stirrups, and waving a flag shouted, "Pensacola troops, three cheers for our beloved commander!" Recognizing the compliment, and feeling that he had troops to follow where he was prepared to lead, he reined up, faced the brigade, and with head uncovered, looked the "noblest Roman of them all."

The white-plumed Henry of Navarre never inspired his fiery Frenchmen with more ardent enthusiasm than did this scene of Bragg's awaken the glow of patriotism in the breasts of his Pensacola boys. They—officers and private soldiers—mutually felt that that day's victory belonged equally to both and all.

Soon after this exhilarating scene, we were again put in motion to attack the enemy's last stronghold, being twenty-two guns massed in a semi-circle on an elongated eminence protecting his centre and left, and which proved a bulwark between us and their destruction or surrender. Amidst the confusion of orders, some to "advance," some to "retreat," occasioned by the general order of Beauregard to retire for the night, we were in a fated hour repulsed, never again to enjoy the pleasure of having them so near in our grasp. Time, such as Wellington prayed for on the plains of Waterloo, "Oh! for Blucher, or for night," was given to them, and they profited thereby. Buell crossed the Tennessee, and the next morning, the 7th, was as disastrous to our arms as the day before had been propitious.

About 11 o'clock A. M. on the 7th, Bragg's line, or at least that part of it in which was Chalmers's brigade, which had been fighting from the firing of the first gun on the 6th till then, fatigued and worn out, was ordered to lie down, whilst Breckinridge, with his brave Kentuckians, passed over them to the front, and in a few moments to fall like sheep in the shambles.

This was the last of my participation in the battle of Shiloh. From that time until our retreat that evening, I enjoyed the safety of being simply an eye-witness of other combatants—a condition in war far more satisfactory and preferable to one who has just had enough, than rushing headlong against minnie-balls and grape-shot.

Though in that battle many a brave and good man was made to bite the dust, others equally brave and good survived to receive

their country's praise and honors. Among the latter was General Braxton Bragg, who was immediately promoted to the full proportions of General in the regular army.

EVACUATION OF CORINTH, AND GENERAL BRAGG PLACED IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY.—Shortly after the evacuation of Corinth by our forces, which was completed on the night of the 29th of May, General Beauregard's health having for a time failed him, he was granted a leave of absence by the Department at Richmond, and General Bragg placed in full command of the "Army of the Mississippi," and soon thereafter inaugurated his celebrated Kentucky campaign. Leaving General Price behind, he moved with the remainder of his army from Tupelo, Mississippi, by rail through the States of Alabama and Georgia, and massed it in and around Chattanooga and Knoxville, in advance of Buell, who, about the 10th day of June, left Corinth with the main body of his army, *via* Huntsville, Alabama, for Chattanooga.

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"The Nathan Hale of Arkansas"—David O. Dodd.

*By Prof. W. C. PARHAM.*

BENTON, ARK., MAY 26TH, 1883.

REV. DR. J. WM. JONES,

*Secretary Southern Historical Society:*

MY DEAR SIR,—I enjoyed the great pleasure of hearing General Fitzhugh Lee's graphic description of the Battle of Chancellorsville, in Little Rock, last winter. In the felicitous prefatory remarks made by yourself, I was particularly struck with one terse sentence: "Let those who made the history tell it as it was." In this connection you distinctly expressed it as the desire of the Society, to receive contributions from any source, particularly from Confederate sources, giving information bearing either upon the general conduct of the "War between the States," or even upon well authenticated incidents of a personal nature, in that great struggle. In reply to that request, publicly expressed, I propose to give you an account of a tragical incident which occurred in the Trans-Mississippi Department, during the winter of 1863-4.

Some years ago, while I was lecturing on the Greek and Latin languages in St. John's College of this State, the editors of a



monthly periodical, *The St. John's College Record*, published and edited by our students, requested me to write for their paper, a series of articles, giving a history of the college, and of some of its prominent alumni. In the course of these articles I gave a detailed account of the apprehension, conviction and execution, *as a Confederate spy*, of David O. Dodd, an ex-student of the college, and whose tragic death had been embalmed in verse by Fannie Green Borland, the gifted poetess of the West, under the caption of "The Nathan Hale of Arkansas." I have recently endeavored to find a file of that paper, from which I wished to extract the account there given, and send it to you. I have been unable to procure it, and so will write it out again for your use, as my memory may best serve me.

On the 10th day of September, 1863, the Confederate commander of this district, Major-General Sterling Price, evacuated Little Rock, and went into winter-quarters eighteen miles west of Camden, on the Ouachita river. The enemy, under Major-General Steele, occupied our capital on the afternoon of the same day, and at once established garrisons at several points on Arkansas river. The father of David O. Dodd, our hero, had refuged with his family and effects to Texas before the fall of Little Rock. In November of that year, he sent his son David, a youth just seventeen years of age, back to Arkansas to settle up some unfinished business in Saline county, their late home, about fifteen miles southwest of Little Rock. While he knew it would be hazardous for him to venture so near the Union lines in person, he thought that there could be no risk in sending his son, who had not reached military age. Of course David could not pass the Confederate pickets on Saline river without a pass from Confederate headquarters. General James F. Fagan was at that time in command of the Confederate cavalry, with headquarters in Camden, on the Ouachita, some ninety miles south of Little Rock. General Fagan's home was in Saline county, and the General had known young Dodd from his infancy. He promptly gave him a pass to go beyond the Confederate lines, and jocularly remarked to him as he handed it to him, "Now, David, you know every foot of country about Little Rock, and, as a return for this pass, I shall expect you to go into Little Rock, inform yourself as to the position, numbers, and designs of the enemy, and report to me on your way back to Texas." General Fagan knew him to be brave, patriotic, and trustworthy. He

determined to enter Little Rock, remain long enough to pick up all information of value that he could get, and report to Fagan as directed. Consequently, early in December, he went as a farmer's son to Little Rock, where everybody knew him, and pretended to be seeking business of some sort. He had spent the most of his school life in the city, and, of course, had no difficulty in getting lodging and accommodations without expense. He remained in the city three weeks, freely mingling with the Federal officers and soldiers in that garrison. Finally, he applied at General Steele's headquarters for a pass to go into the country. He was told to apply at the provost-marshal's office. He did so, and unhesitatingly and almost without question was granted a pass. He left the city on the military road, leading in a southwesterly direction, intending to cross Saline river just west of the village of Benton, the county seat of Saline county, twenty-six miles from Little Rock. Within a mile after leaving the city, he had to pass the infantry pickets, who examined his pass and permitted him to proceed. He knew that the cavalry videttes were stationed about three miles down the road, and might very easily have avoided them by taking the woods on either side of the road; but supposing that his pass would prove as safe a protection with the cavalry as it had with the infantry, he proceeded down the road till he reached the headquarters of the cavalry picket, when his pass was demanded, examined, and pronounced good. He was allowed to pass, but the officer in charge of the picket *retained the pass*, saying that orders had been issued *that day* to take up all passes as soon as the holder should pass the last station, and this was the last on that road. Thinking that he would not again be challenged, he still kept on the road leading to Benton. About ten miles from Little Rock the Hot Springs road branches off from the military road, and by mistake he took this road, and did not discover his mistake until he had proceeded some miles. He now thinking himself safe, started through the woods to intersect the road, he ought to have taken, near Benton. In his attempt to do this, he unexpectedly came upon a squad of cavalry that had gone into the country on a foraging expedition. Having no pass to show, he was at once arrested and examined carefully; and *sewed up between the soles of his boots were found papers with unintelligible marks and dots on them*. He was taken back to the city, and his papers proved to contain a complete and accurate description of Steele's positions, and *some of his real intentions*, (which he

(Steele) thought that nobody, excepting his own military family, knew,) in *telegraphic characters*.

Of course, he was tried and condemned as a spy. In view of his extreme youth, General Steele was at first unwilling to execute him, and he paid him a visit in the prison, and offered him his life, on the condition that he would tell what Federal officer had furnished him such intelligence as his papers disclosed. Young Dodd did not deny that he had received aid in gathering the information, but positively refused to inculcate any one else. He had served as telegraph operator for a short time, and knew how to use the characters. On the eighth day of January, 1864, he was hung just in front of the main entrance to St. John's College, his alma mater, after again refusing to give General Steele any information as to his accomplices. General Steele approached him while the rope was around his neck, and said, "David, I *know* that one of my own personal staff must have given you a part of that information, for nobody else knew it. Give me his name and I will give you your life." With perfect calmness, but in tones of the deepest resolution, he answered, "General Steele, I don't blame you for what I am about to suffer. I thank you for your great kindness to me while under arrest, but I will not betray a friend, even to save my own life; and 'my only regret is, I have but one life to give to my country;'" thus repeating the last words of Nathan Hale of Revolutionary fame.

He was hung. His body was buried in Mt. Holly cemetery, and the ladies of Little Rock have erected a marble monument to his memory.

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Report of Major-General S. B. Buckner of the Battle of Chickamauga.

HEADQUARTERS NEAR CHATTANOOGA,  
November 11, 1863.

COLONEL SORREL,

*Assistant Adjutant-General Longstreet's Corps:*

COLONEL,—I have the honor to submit, in connection with the reports of my subordinate commanders, the following synopsis of the military movements of Buckner's corps on the 18th, 19th and 20th September, 1863:

The corps consisted of the division of Major-General A. P. Stewart, which was composed of Johnson's Brown's, Bates's and Clay-

ton's brigades, and of the division of Brigadier-General William Preston, composed of the brigades of Brigadier-General Gracie, and of Colonels Trigg and Kelly, of a battalion of artillery to each division, and a battalion of reserve artillery, under Major S. C. Williams, Brigadier-General Johnson's brigade having been detached several days before, by orders from army headquarters, was engaged under its gallant commander under the orders of another corps commander, and did not report to me until two days after the battle.

On the morning of the 18th, I moved from a point on Peavine Creek, midway between Peavine Church and Rock Spring Church, under orders to cross the West Chickamauga river at Thedford's ford, after Major-General Walker's division had succeeded in crossing below me. Part of my route being common with that of Walker's column, my march was somewhat retarded by the encounter of the two columns, but notwithstanding this I occupied, about 2 P. M., with Stewart's division, after a brisk skirmish, the crossing at Thedford's ford, and with Preston's division, without opposition, the crossing at Hunt's or Dalton's Ford. In this position, holding both banks of the stream, I awaited the movements of Walker on my right.

At daylight on the 19th, under instructions from the commanding General, I crossed my entire corps to the west bank and formed it in line of battle—Stewart on the right, (on the left of Hood's division,) facing southwest, in the direction of Lee and Gordon's Mill ; General Cheatham's division, as I was informed, being directed to sustain me in the proposed advance. About noon, when the enemy's attack on Walker had been met, and Cheatham's division, which had been sent to sustain him, had become hotly engaged, Stewart's division was detached, by the orders of the commanding General, to support Cheatham. For the operations of his division until he again came under my orders, on the following afternoon, I refer to the report of its able commander.

In obedience to the orders of the commanding General, I remained with my remaining division to hold the extreme left of the line. With this view I deployed Preston's division on a line extending from an abrupt elevation on the bank of the river along a ridge in a northwest direction—the flanks well sustained by artillery. Considerable skirmishing took place towards the right of this line—the enemy falling back in a southwest direction—and the troops were



considerably exposed to artillery fire during the day. Being informed by a staff officer of the commanding General, that General Hood, who had advanced to my right, was hard pressed, and being requested to reinforce him, as far as I could, I immediately, about 3 o'clock P. M., sent to his assistance the brigade of Colonel Trigg. The gallant and successful charge of this brigade drove back the advancing enemy and relieved the left of Hood, which was outflanked and retiring before the enemy's heavy attack. During the day both Stewart's division and Trigg's brigade had penetrated the enemy's line and passed beyond the Chattanooga road; but at night both were drawn back into positions which would conform to the general line, which had pushed forward during the day's action. During the night of the 19th I materially strengthened the position on the left by entrenchments.

On the morning of the 20th, Lieutenant-General Longstreet assumed command of the left wing. About 2 o'clock in the afternoon he, in person, ordered me to conduct Preston's division—leaving one regiment and a battery to hold the left—to the Chattanooga road. Between 3 and 4 o'clock it was formed as follows: Gracie's and Kelly's brigades in two lines, at right angles to the road north of Brotherton's, and just in rear of Poe's, commonly called the "Burnt House"; Trigg's brigade just south of Brotherton's house, and supporting Williams's artillery. At this time Stewart was in line, his left advanced in front of Preston's right, his right receding, forming an obtuse angle with Preston's line. In his front was a heavy breastwork of logs, on the summit of a slight ridge heavily wooded and strongly held by the enemy's infantry and artillery. His right flank was opposite the angle of this work; his centre, facing towards the northwest, was opposed to the flank of the work, which was perpendicular to the road. On Stewart's right, in front of the face of the work, and parallel to the Chattanooga road, was Cleburne's division, of Hill's corps. Brigadier-General Law's brigade, of Hood's division, was in line perpendicular to the road to the left, and slightly in advance of Preston, and close by the burnt house (Poe's), near which was a battery of Hood's artillery. A personal reconnoissance, in company with the Lieutenant-General commanding, showed an advantageous position for artillery in front of Poe's burning house, from which point the enemy's main line, which fronted eastward, and was situated a little to the east of Kelly's field, was exposed to an enfilade fire, or rather to a fire slightly in reverse. His right flank, as before stated, was

thrown back at right-angles to the road, and was located behind log breastworks, in the heavy wood between Poe's and Kelly's fields. As the enemy's right had been beaten back, it had, by a conversion on this angle of their work as a pivot, been gradually driven to assume a position also at right angles to the road, his right resting on a chain of heights beginning near Snodgrass's house, about a fourth of a mile west of Kelly's house, on the road, and extending westward about one mile to the Crawfish road. These heights constitute the southern spurs which terminate Missionary Ridge—are covered with open woods—have a gentle but irregular slope on the south, the north and the east, and their summits are fully a hundred feet above the level of the surrounding country. A little after four o'clock P. M., under instructions from the Lieutenant-General commanding, I ordered Preston, with Gracie's and Kelly's brigades, to support Kershaw's brigade in the attack on the heights near Snodgrass's house, sustaining him afterwards by Trigg's brigade, under the able direction of Brigadier-General Preston, the first two brigades passed Kershaw's and Anderson's brigades, which had suffered severely in the action, and, with great impetuosity assailed the enemy in his almost impregnable position. Trigg, on coming up, was directed to the left of Kelly, and joining in a simultaneous movement of Brigadier-General B. R. Johnson's division still farther to the left, pierced and turned the enemy's line, and, in conjunction with Kelly, Gracie and Robertson drove him from his strong position into the ravines beyond, where a large number of prisoners were captured. For the details of this brilliant action, I refer you to the graphic report of Brigadier-General Preston.

While this action was progressing, the Lieutenant-General commanding directed Stewart's division to advance, and to aid the combined attack, I ordered, by his authority, Williams's battalion of reserve artillery to be placed in position in front of Poe's house. This was done under the immediate direction of Major Porter, my chief of artillery. About this time the enemy were moving re-inforcements to sustain his right, which was staggering under the terrific assault of Preston. Williams, with eleven pieces of artillery, opened upon this re-inforcing column with destructive effect, dispersing it in every direction, and silencing his artillery. At the same time Stewart assaulted the enemy's works, and captured a number of prisoners, who dared not cross the stream of fire which Williams poured across their path. Stewart, in advancing, also

threw forward one of his batteries, which joined in the fire. As he advanced, I conducted Darden's battery, of Williams's artillery, to Kelly's field; but this battery, as well as Stewart's division, it now being nightfall, was withdrawn into the edge of the wood, as we encountered in our advance the right wing of our army, which joined in the assault of the enemy's works, and was moving in a direction perpendicular to our line of march. The continued cheers of the army announced, at dark, that every point of the field had been gained. Stewart bivouacked within the entrenchments he had assaulted; Preston, upon the heights he had so gallantly won.

For the details of the action, of which this report is only a brief synopsis, and a notice of individual conduct, I respectfully refer you to the reports of the division, brigade, and regimental commanders, and of the chief and battalion commanders of the artillery, which are herewith transmitted.

To the gentlemen of my staff I am indebted for their prompt and gallant discharge of duty on every occasion. No commendation from me can add to the well earned reputation of Major-General Stewart and his able brigadiers—Johnston, who was detached, and in command of an improvised division, Brown, Bate and Clayton. They were worthy leaders of the brave troops, nearly all of them veterans, whom they so gallantly led.

Upon Brigadier-General Preston and his brigade commanders, Brigadier-General Gracie, and Colonels Trigg and Kelly, I cannot bestow higher praise than to say, that their conduct and example were such as to convert a body of troops, but few of whom had before been under fire, into a division of veterans in their first battle. Stewart's veterans maintained the reputation they had won on many fields. Preston's troops emulated their example and equalled them in merit.

The recapitulation of the heavy losses sustained in both divisions, is a sad testimony of the soldierly qualities of the survivors. Few troops, who have suffered so heavily, have been victorious on the field of their losses. But the result is only another evidence of the invincible spirit of our people, which, under the guidance of Providence, must finally win us our independence as a nation.

I am, Colonel, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

S. B. BUCKNER,

*Major-General, lately commanding Buckner's Corps.*

**Anecdotes of the War.**

*By Major* JOHN A. HAMILTON.

A young Englishman—a specimen Dalgetty, joined our command. When asked, why? he replied, “I happened over here.” Had he “happened” over there, he’d have shot at us briskly as he shot for us. In those days field glasses pretentiously decorated the lowest order of officers as well as the higher. Our Dalgetty saw this, and got him three joints of cane which he adjusted to imitate a spy-glass. Fastening it with a profusion of tarred string he mounted a lofty lookout and leveled his mock glass at the enemy’s batteries. Soon after he slid with a thump to the ground, and threw away his spying tube; when asked, “what ailed him,” he replied, “I brought the Yanks too close up.” Field glasses were seen only with field officers after that.

An order had gone out, “furloughs only when death is in the family.” Our Englishman applied for leave; his paper read, “I’ve lost my grandmother.” It was approved, and Dalgetty was passing Colonel ——, a splendid officer, “I am sorry to hear of your affliction, when did your grandmother die?” “She was very old, Colonel, and could not have lasted longer.” Dalgetty moved on. “But when did the old lady die?” returned the ex-West Pointer. “It is quite an affliction, sir, and we’ll miss her,” said Dalgetty, still on the move. “Perhaps you are hard of hearing—when did she die?” asked the Colonel with a voice sufficient for a brigade front. “She’s been dead *forty years*, sir; I can’t lie about it, but I ought to get a furlough on it.” The Colonel had to break out in a laugh as he saw Dalgetty going doggedly back to camp. A few days after Dalgetty got a ball in his leg; as it hit him he slapped the limb and shouted: “Thirty days and no death in the family.”

One dark and rainy winter’s night the writer was ordered to carry food to the men in the trenches. A team was hitched up, and with a loaded wagon and driver we started out. Every challenge was made with the least noise, as the enemy were only a few rods in front. “Halt, dismount, and give the countersign,” came at every thirty paces. It was rough on my teamster, who was rheumatic and cold. However, we made the trip, and halted at a cavalry post. Major ——, a very Palladin for courage and strength, had rolled



in my blanket for a snooze; he had driven the enemy with slaughter that day. My Jehu began to recite his annoyances thus, "cuss the durned infantry, they mek me halt, dismount, and give the counter-sign, till I was weary and tarrify wid their foolishness." A roar followed from the couriers. At this moment a trim staff officer of a General, who had lost an arm, put in his say so: "I say, hold that noise, the General wants to rest; don't let me hear any more of it." Staff had hardly gone into darkness before Jehu began his old story. It was folly to try to keep back the laugh. A second outburst, and a second entry of staff; "—— it, did I not order you to stop this noise. Who is it? I'll have him arrested." Just then, by some strange accident, a donkey put his demure snout in at our fire, and flapping his ears, began his unmistakable bray. Jehu jumped to his feet, and shaking his fist at donkey, said, "*One at a time, if you please.*" Staff left amid a burst of laughter, as Major —— (the prince of soldiers) rolled over and over with my blanket, trying to restrain a big laugh.

Lieutenant —— was drill-master. He could polish a steel bit or scabbard, or roll a blanket as neatly as any of the "Queen's Horse Guard," of which he had been. He messed alone—cause, a huge appetite, and personal want of regard for soap. One morning I met him standing with one boot on, the other laying about fifty feet away, and his *tout ensemble* of morning toilet in sorry plight. "What is the matter, Lieutenant?" "The matter is it? The devils the matter, I'm thinking." He pointed tragically at the boot, then at his log shanty. "Anything wrong?" "Wrong is it, down with the sheebang; blow her up wid gunpowder; she's full of shnakes; look in my boot." Sure enough a little grass snake had gone to bed in his boot, and the Lieutenant put his foot in it. He felt the squirm and his Celtic nature disgusted fled from boot and house with horror. The drill-master could face the foe but could not foot a grass snake.

A Soldier's Account of the Gettysburg Campaign. Letter from George W. Beale (son of General R. L. T. Beale)

FOUR MILES NORTHWEST OF WILLIAMSPORT, MD.

July 13th, 1863.

DEAREST MOTHER,—My last letter to you was written in Loudoun county, and so hurriedly and under such circumstances as to render it very brief and unsatisfactory, I have no doubt. In that letter I informed you of the many trials and dangers we had passed through, and how the tender mercy of our indulgent Heavenly Parent had so wonderfully attended us, and how through it we had been spared in health and soundness. How few and trivial the sufferings and dangers I then referred to, compared with those through which we have since passed; and if such were possible, how more boundless and vast the compassionate love and care displayed towards us by Him who ordaineth all things! We, are yet alive and well! Surely our hearts should melt in gratitude to God, for the privilege of being able to say so. I am this morning lying flat upon the ground under a very low-pitched, leaky shelter, our horses saddled and bridled, and we in momentary expectation of being called upon to fight.

Meanwhile the rain is descending in torrents, so dampening my paper as to render it almost useless to attempt to use ink upon it. Under these circumstances, I am sure I will not be able to write you such a letter as our long silence should lead you to expect. Upon the very day I wrote to you last, our brigade, with General F. Lee's and Hampton's, started from Lovdon in a southerly direction, encamping at night, for a few hours, near Salem, in Fauquier. This move, considering the direction our army was marching, filled us all with astonishment, and was one, the mystery of which, none of us could understand. The fact that General Stuart headed the expedition led many of us to believe that our journey southward would not continue long.

Leaving Salem at 3 o'clock A. M., Thursday morning, June —, we moved against Thoroughfare Gap, and crossing the rugged mountains, attacked a wagon train, but did nothing more than throw some shells in among them. That night was rainy and disagreeable, and we spent it without shelters or fires. Next day we moved to attack the Yankees at Bristoe Station, but they had fled before we got

there. Continuing the march that day, we halted near Occoquan for the night.

Started very early Saturday morning, attacked the enemy at Fairfax Court-house, routed them, capturing many prisoners and stores, and secured rations, for which the men were suffering much. There were many nice things taken here and speedily consumed by "*us ravenous rebbs.*" Being in anticipation of attack by the enemy all the time we were at the place, no opportunity was allowed many of us to secure the valuable merchandise with which many of the stores were well supplied. However, hurrying on from Fairfax Courthouse we moved directly to Drainsville, where we remained in line of battle till dark, then filing off into hidden paths in the woods, proceeded to the Potomac, over a difficult and dangerous ford, of which we, after some delay, passed in safety, and spent the rest of the night on the heights beyond, in line of battle. At light we moved forward, engaged the enemy a mile from the river, routed and drove them off in confusion, killing and capturing a few; then halted a few moments to feed, and commenced the march for Rockville, near which town General Hampton was in line of battle, having there had a little fight, in which he captured many prisoners and wagons. General Hampton supposing the enemy to be in force near the town, waited for us to come up before making an attack. When we came up, a charge was ordered, which the squadron I commanded led, Company "K" taking a road to the right, and Company "C" moving straight down the pike. We charged down the pike for six miles or more, captured nearly two hundred wagons of the most elegant kind, and about 12,000 of the most magnificent mules I ever saw, besides many prisoners and runaway negroes. The last wagon caught was within six miles of Georgetown. Many elegant wagons were upturned and broken and burnt, and many mules and drivers (especially negroes) escaped. The wagon train was four miles long, and the fight and chase was the most interesting, exciting and ludicrous scene I ever witnessed or participated in. It was truly sad and distressing though to witness the frequent piles of wagons and mules that in many places blockaded the roads. In several places I saw as many as four wagons, with their teams, drivers and bales of hay, all piled together indiscriminately in a gully, with the poor mules stretched upon the ground beneath the wagons, struggling in vain against the heavy burden and strong harness that held them, sufferers, in their places.

Returning to Rockville from the charge, we were joined by Fitz.

Lee, who had been operating on a different road, and who brought with him many prisoners, among them a great many contrabands, some of whom were recognized and claimed. There were some known to me, among whom was one of Uncle Tom's, two of F. W. Cox's, one of J. W. Branson's, besides several free negroes.

From Rockville we continued the march towards the Baltimore and Ohio railroad; traveled all night, and crossed the track, a part of which we destroyed next morning. This day we traveled all day, and had a sharp fight in the evening at Westminster, in which the Fourth regiment lost two Lieutenants. The enemy were routed, and most of them captured, and many stores fell into our hands, which were all destroyed or consumed.

The men, now well-nigh exhausted, were allowed four hours' rest, after which we started and proceeded towards Hanover, in Pennsylvania. Reaching Hanover we learned that the enemy held the town in force. Both men and horses being worn out, all of us regarded the prospect of a fight with no little regret and anxiety. No time was to be lost though, and whilst I was sent with a small party to the left to prevent the enemy's flanking us from that direction, the Thirteenth and Ninth Virginia, and Second North Carolina regiments, were ordered to charge. The charge was made, and the enemy driven from the place. But our men were soon turned upon by the enemy, again, or else attacked by another force, and driven off in confusion. We lost many men, principally from the North Carolina regiment. Our company lost E. D. Brown, wounded badly in the leg, and Wm. Franklin, missing, who I fear was killed. Being on the left I did not participate in the charge, and do not know how our men acted, but I am quite sure, if they had have done their duty bravely, we would have captured the town and held it. Having failed to do this, all of us regarded our situation as critical; blockaded in front, but twenty miles from the Yankee army, and encumbered by an immense wagon train and escort of more than a thousand broken down horses and men, as we were. After fighting the enemy for several hours with our sharpshooters, and shelling the town quite furiously, thus giving our train time to move around and get many miles away, we withdrew without being pursued. In the fight to-day, we captured and killed as many of the enemy as we lost, though Colonel Payne, Captain Billingsly of this regiment, and several subalterns were captured from us. We marched all night, and the next day, and arrived in front of Carlisle about dark. It was here we confidently expected to meet our



troops; but what was our surprise, and almost dismay, when we learned that General Ewell had left the place twenty-four hours before, and quite a large force of Yankees held the town.

It is impossible for me to give you a correct idea of the fatigue and exhaustion of the men and beasts at this time. From great exertion, constant mental excitement, want of sleep and food, the men were overcome, and so tired and stupid as almost to be ignorant of what was transpiring around them. Even in line of battle, in momentary expectation of being made to charge, they would throw themselves upon their horses necks, and even the ground, and fall to sleep. Couriers in attempting to give orders to officers would be compelled to give them a shake and a word, before they could make them understand. This was true of Colonels.

As soon as we reached the town, General Stuart sent an order for its surrender, which was refused. A charge was made, but repulsed by the enemy, who fired upon our men from the windows of brick buildings. After this, General Stuart put his artillery into position and opened a terrible cannonade, to which the Pennsylvanians made a feeble reply.

Weak and helpless as we now were, our anxiety and uneasiness was painful indeed. Thoughts of saving the wagons now, were gone, and we began to consider only how we, ourselves, might escape; but this was not so with that "lady's man," Stuart. He seemed neither to suppose that his train was in danger, or that his men were not in condition to fight. He could not have appeared more indifferent with fresh men and horses and no incumbrance. Most of us were kept in our saddles to fight till 12 o'clock—though neither the prospect of a *melee*, nor the thunder of artillery, nor the bright red glare of a burning town, "in the enemy's country," kept me awake that night. About 12 M. we started, the wagons moving behind us, F. Lee in the rear, and traveled till nearly light, when we stopped on the summit of South Mountain. The mountain side was yet illumined by the light from burning Carlisle. Tired—exhausted as I was, I could not but reflect, as I looked back upon the burning town, upon the wickedness, the horrors of this fell war. Frightened women driven with screaming children, in terror from burning homes, could not have suffered much more keenly, than many of the "vandal rebels" who with "fiendish delight" (?) beheld the conflagration in Carlisle that night. Truly, I was made to feel unhappy, indeed; God grant that *terrible war* may lead to early peace!

Next morning found us upon the mountain, more jaded and and wearied than I ever saw men before ; but with our train safe and the enemy considerably behind us. This day we marched all day, expecting all the time to be attacked on the flank by Yankee cavalry. About 12 o'clock M. we reached the pickets of our army. This ought to have been a source of profound relief and gratification, but was not, for our army was then engaged furiously in the great battle of Gettysburg, and we well knew, that tired as we were, there was to be no rest for us, till it was over. We marched straight into position, and commenced the fight about dark, which soon ended for the night. We were ordered to remain mounted ready to drive the enemy back should he attempt to move that way that night; but General Stuart being informed by the proper officer, that there was a limit to human endurance, replied "yes," and as he noticed that one of our brigade in attempting to get over a fence fell to sleep on it, he said that we might rest that night ; accordingly we went back one-quarter of a mile, fed our horses, and spent the night in peace. Next morning commenced early the hard day's fighting at Gettysburg. The appearance of the sun was welcomed by the roar of a cannon ; as he rose higher and higher in the heavens, louder and louder became the roar of heavy guns and at breakfast time, the thunder sound of artillery was truly deafening. Then the roar became less loud, and, until perhaps half-past 10 o'clock, the firing was not regarded as very heavy, meanwhile the cavalry was carried far down on the left of our line, almost in rear of the enemy and far away from the scene of carnage at Gettysburg. The guns there were audible to us though, and so furiously did they seem to fire that we knew a terrible scene of death and slaughter was being enacted there. Though we were all day expecting to fight we did not become engaged until about 12 o'clock, when the Yankee cavalry made a powerful assault upon us. The combat did not last long, not more than three or four hours, but was the fiercest I ever saw waged by cavalry. The enemy fought well; and our men evinced no disposition to yield an inch of ground. The fight occurred on an extensive plain. The enemy in vain endeavored to force our sharpshooters back to the woods. Drove them back in several places, and at a moment when our men were hard pressed, their cavalry dashed forward in a charge to clean the field. This regiment and the Thirteenth, numbering in the charge no more than 150 men, dashed forward to meet the Yankee charge. We met them at a fence over which neither party could readily get ; they outnumbered

us, and were well supported by their sharpshooters, yet we dismounted, pulled down the fence and drove them out of the field and through another, almost back to their artillery. We then fell back to our sharpshooters, followed by the enemy, who were charged by another brigade and driven from the field. The loss of the enemy in this fight was very great, indeed. We suffered considerably, but small, I think, in proportion to them. General Hampton who led the second charge, was severely wounded. Ashton is missing in our company; Rust (mortally); Carroll and Palmer were wounded, the two latter very slightly. Poor Eddie —— did not go into the fight, but lost his horse subsequently, wandered off, and was, I fear, captured. Since I parted with him that evening, looking for his horse, I have not heard from him. I think it likely he went to our hospital in the neighborhood, and being without a horse, remained to attend to our wounded. A. Cox was left for that purpose. That night we traveled about ten miles, and spent the night in quietude.

Next day we were ready for, and in anticipation of, a fight, but had none. Commenced in the evening a march after the Yankee cavalry, who were said to be after our wagon trains. Marched all night, all next day, and had a fight at a pass in the mountains below Emmettsburg. Were in the saddle all next night, reached Lightesburg where we learned we were close upon the enemy, who had that day captured about thirty of our wagons, besides many prisoners. Next day we followed the enemy towards Hagerstown, where we came up with him. This day we captured many prisoners, who with those caught yesterday amount to nearly three hundred. The fight at Hagerstown lasted nearly all day. Our company was in three distinct charges. We killed and captured a great many Yankees. In the evening we drove the Yankees off, and General Stuart ordered us to follow them up. Our brigade endeavoured to take a piece of artillery. We were front. We charged up almost to the mouth of the piece. They poured the grape or canister into us. When we got close up to the gun, we found it so well protected by sharpshooters and cavalry, that we could not hold it; we accordingly left the pike and formed in the field, and fought until our support came up, when the enemy broke and fled, our men closely pursuing. Our company had but a handful of men. We lost but one in number, a host though in value, Orderly Sergeant Richard Washington, than whom no truer or braver spirit has yet been martyred in defence of our country's freedom. My horse was broken down, (the fifth since I left Virginia,) and when Washington

fell, I paused to take a last look at him—one whom I had not known long, but one whom I had learned to esteem, admire and respect. He spoke not a word after he fell, nor was there any evidence that he was alive visible, though with my hand upon his breast I felt his heart still to beat. Driven from the body by the enemy before I could pull a ring from his finger, ere I returned the blood had left his cheek, and he lay calmly, painted in the sallow and ashy paleness of death. I remained, after taking his arms and effects, until arrangements could be made to carry his body off, and as I saw him wrapped from view in a coarse blanket, distressed as I was, I felt relieved. I contrasted the excitement, the strife, the horrors of this world, with the peace, the happiness, and bliss this Christian soldier had found in death. Peace to his ashes! The next day was spent in camp, and we were not interrupted except by a severe rain storm.

For the last five days we have been skirmishing with the enemy very heavily, whilst our army has been making preparations for the impending battle. We have lost very heavily in men. Yesterday we had a very severe fight, in which we suffered quite severely. One man, young Sandford, was slightly wounded in our company.

You will be able to form some idea from this account of how much in need of rest we are. Indeed, we have had a most laborious time of it. Thus far we have had enough to live on, how much longer it will continue so, I cannot say. The cavalry was driven in yesterday, since which time heavy skirmishing has been going on along our lines. The enemy, I have no doubt, are going to make a desperate effort to crush us here. If we are defeated, indeed the blow will be a terrible one to us and our cause; but we have no reason to fear we will be defeated. If we do our duty, that Divine Being who has so often given victory to this army, will surely not desert us now. The issue is in His holy hands; may He comfort and aid those who put their trust in Him!

Our Generals think the cavalry will have a heavy part to bear in the coming battle. We are called upon to do our duty bravely. I look to the only true source of safety, for protection, amid the dangers to which we may be exposed.

I saw Captain Davis a few days ago; he was well and hearty. Captain Bowie was badly wounded at Gettysburg, and Ferd. Blackwell, slightly. These are the only casualties I have heard of in that battle—in the Fortieth. I saw Wilbur Davis yesterday; he was very well; not engaged in the battle of Gettysburg. Captain



Murphy arrived a few days ago with Holliday. Your letters reached us safely, and we were much delighted to hear such cheering news from home. May the peace, quiet and health, now your fortune to enjoy, continue long! I have not seen Captain M. yet; he will show himself soon, though, I reckon. I wish, as you say, General Lee would not let the Yankees come back to the Northern Neck again. Unhappy as I was made to feel by hearing of the unauthorized depredations of our men in Pennsylvania, upon the private rights of the people, I had much rather those people should be made to feel the horrors of war than that an armed Yankee should ever tread our soil again. If we should be so fortunate as to gain a great victory here, I do not think the enemy will be upon us for some time. Father says do not think of making any such arrangement in reference to the farm, as the one you spoke of. He unites with myself and the boys in best love to yourself and the children. Remember me to each one of my uncles, aunts and cousins whenever you see them.

Excuse bad writing and incoherency of what I have written. You know the circumstances under which I have written.

You son, very affectionately,

G. W. BEALE.

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**Allan's History of the Valley Campaign.**

*By Major F. SCHEIBERT.*

The readers of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS may be surprised that a Prussian should venture to give a notice of an American book. But I regard this work of Colonel Allan's, and the beautiful maps of Major Hotchkiss which it contains, as worthy of being held up as a *model for military study*.

The original development of the designs of Jackson—the many interesting details of his movements—the clearness with which the marches, manoeuvres and battles are described—the full survey of the whole military situation, and the vivid description of the state of political affairs in Washington and abroad—the settling of the numerical strength on both sides—and last, but never least, nay first for the foreign reader, the excellent maps of Major Jed. Hotchkiss (which, by the way, he showed me and I greatly admired during the Gettysburg campaign of 1863,)—all combine to make Colonel Allan's book a military classic.

I had already translated into German Colonel Allan's address before the Army of Northern Virginia Association on this campaign, as it appeared in the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, and had made a lecture on the subject at Stuttgart, as this address gave me a clear idea of this most interesting campaign of Stonewall Jackson. But the book gives an even better picture of it and excites a wish to possess still more of *this kind*.

How often have we foreigners complained of *the want of good maps* in your war literature, without which we cannot get a clear idea of military movements. European military writers who give detailed accounts of campaigns are accustomed to accompany all of their chapters by accurate maps; and we hope the example of Colonel Allan will give a new turn to the military literature of the valiant South.

We tender him our sincere thanks for his able, accomplished, and greatly admired book.

F. SCHEIBERT.

*Hirshberg Silesia, Prussia.*

NOTE.—We fully concur with our gallant and accomplished friend, Major Scheibert, that good maps are very essential to a correct understanding of military narratives, and have deeply regretted our inability thus far to give maps regularly in our PAPERS. We hope, however, to be able to do so before long.

We again express our warm appreciation of the very valuable service Major Scheibert is doing us in translating so many of our papers into German and thus making them accessible to the military critics of that land of patient, painstaking research. Only let them have the facts and we fear not their verdict.

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**"Our Fallen Comrades."**

*Speech of Colonel T. L. BAYNE, of the Washington Artillery.*

[At the Reunion of the Washington Artillery in New Orleans, May 27th, 1882, Colonel T. L. Bayne made the following response to a toast to "Our Fallen Comrades," which we cheerfully give a place with the other speeches on the occasion which have sketched the history of that famous old command:]

Every heart in this company throbs with a response to this toast more eloquent than words: "Our Fallen Comrades."

I see in the faces of the veterans around me evidence of the emotion called forth by this reference to their brave companions, with whom they have marched, and bivouacked and fought. They recall the faces and forms of their comrades, whose names appear upon this roll of honor. They remember with what enthusiasm they joined them as members of this now historic command—with what patriotism and courage they followed its flag over more than forty battle-fields of the war, and finally gave up their lives in defense of their country—leaving to us their names and their history, which we will not willingly let die. We have sculptured their names and their battles upon the granite monument erected to their memory, and we carry them engraved in our hearts, where they shall remain enshrined until the pulse of their last comrade shall cease to beat. And then we will pass their memory to our successors, the present and future members of this battalion, who will come to know more and more, as long years shall pass, what an honorable heritage has been left to them.

" But their memories e'er shall remain for us,  
And their names without stain for us,  
The glory they won shall not wane for us,  
In legend and lay  
Our commander in gray  
Shall forever live over again for us."

And now, after having paid our tribute to our noble dead, whose memory we will ever cherish, I ask my friends by my side to unfurl the glorious battle-flag of the Fifth Company of this command, which the widow of its gallant Captain, Cuthbret H. Slocomb, returns through me to those who bore it, and with their assent I commit it to the custody and safe-keeping of this battalion. You are charged to guard it well, for it has been borne upon many a battle into the thickest of the fight by strong arms which are now cold in death ; it has been followed by our brave comrades, who have fallen under its folds. It was almost the last flag that floated over Confederate troops at the close of the war, and when Spanish Fort was evacuated, it was sewed around the body of Orderly Sergeant Bartley, to be yielded only with his life. It comes to us through the hands of the noble wife of that gallant chief, whose untimely death will ever be lamented, not only by this command, but by all of the people of this great city, and of this State—by all good men and women everywhere, who love courage, fidelity and patriotism.

There are other leaders among our honored dead whose names and leadership are worthy to be associated with that of our beloved Captain, and those names are already upon the lips of the veterans around me. I mean Lieutenants Vaught and Blair; Sergeants De-Merrett, Denegre, and others of the Fifth Company. Under this flag they led our comrades to victory, and during all of the war showed that they were soldiers without fear, and gentlemen without reproach.

There are still other names both among the dead and the living which deserve to be mentioned as associated with this precious relic. The living are among you. Your eyes and hearts turn to them without naming them.

The officers and men of the Fifth Company feel that the names of all our hallowed dead are now associated. They are all upon the same roll of honor. The living will draw together in closer fellowship with you and with each other and will ever cherish with you the honored memory of "our fallen comrades."

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#### **Prison Experience of a Northern Soldier.**

*By Rev. GEORGE T. SMITH.*

[We print with pleasure the following paper from a quondam Federal soldier, now a minister of the gospel, and about to go out as a foreign missionary:]

It is with some reluctance that the writer calls from the misty past, the images of his four years in the army. He would prefer to live in the future, but as every item of personal experience will be of value to the future and impartial historian, he makes this (his first) contribution to the press on that topic.

The echoes of the cannon of Manassas on Sunday, July 21st, 1861, had not died away before the writer was enrolled as a private in Co. G., Thirty-fourth Ohio volunteers, in the city of Cincinnati.

The first year was one of petty skirmishes enlivened by a severe engagement at Princeton, West Va. After the battle, the Union troops under General J. D. Cox fell back to Flat Top Mountain where they remained during the summer. Reports of a general advance by the Southern forces, caused the troops thus guarding the valuable salt works of the Kanawha Valley to fall back to



Fayetteville, and summoned General Cox to the aid of General McClellan with the larger portion of his command.

In September, General Loring advanced towards the Valley with a rumored force of 10,000 troops. On the 10th of September, they reached the outpost at Fayetteville, W. Va.; here were two regiments the Thirty-fourth and Thirty-seventh Ohio. The skirmishing began in the morning, but it was not until noon that we could see the line advancing, and were ordered to strike tents and prepare for battle. We started at a moderate pace but soon quickened our step, the dust arose so thick we could not see each other when the bullets began to whistle through our ranks. Knapsacks were peeled instantly; inside of mine was the picture of "the girl I left behind me." I never saw it again, and was it any wonder that she married the fellow I left behind me?

Suddenly we marched by the left flank, leaving the road for the grass and a heavier storm of bullets. Only a portion of the command was in this part of the engagement, and the enemy outnumbered us six to one. Of this we were ignorant as they were on a hill, and hid by woods. One man in three, of that band was either killed or wounded. The writer advanced with the front rank until it was broken into a skirmish line, when each man sought what shelter he could, yet going forward. The idea that we should not drive the enemy was not entertained by the writer, hence, in his ardor, he did not hear the bugle-call retreat. He was lying down with his head to the enemy, and some bushes between them loading his gun, when a ball passed under his shoulder and lodged at his feet. "They are getting the range of you," said a comrade. "Yes, and I will leave here," and that was the last he saw of his own men. Crossing a depression he lay down behind a log, replenished his cartridges, fired at the enemy two hundred yards away, and then ran with an empty gun for some bushes a dozen yards distant to his right and forward, where he supposed his men were. Judge of his surprise to find, as he dropped down exhausted, men in butternut uniform.

His first impression was that they were Union men driven in by the enemy; they had not seen him until he was near, and supposed that he was deserting. One said to him, "You are all right," but he responded, "I don't know about that." Another having hold of the muzzle of the prisoner's gun, said, "Give me this gun." "I will," was the reply, "if you will take good care of it." Another requested him to pass over his cartridges. "I have given you half

of them through the muzzle of my gun," was the response as the prisoner unbuckled the strap, "and if you had waited awhile longer I would have given you the rest." By this time the Confederates saw that the prisoner was not a deserter, and one raised his gun as if to shoot, "Hold on," said the Lieutenant, the only officer there, "He is my meat." To his intervention the writer considers his life due; his name was, if memory is correct, McIlvain, of Liberty Va., a third Lieutenant in the Sixty-First Virginia. "What do you want me for?" asked the prisoner. "Oh, my sister wants a Yankee for a plaything." "What will she do with me." "She will put you up in a corner and spit tobacco juice in your eyes." "All right, I will stay there till the war is over." So jesting, they went back to the Lieutenant-Colonel in command of the regiment, who interrogated the prisoner as to the number of Union troops. The prisoner mentally multiplied them by as large a multiple as he thought they could stand, and answered accordingly.

The officer seemed satisfied, and led the prisoner to the Colonel in command of the brigade. He was a perfect gentleman, and generously said to the prisoner, "If you feel that in honor you ought not to tell me the truth, do not say anything."

The prisoner never blinked, and assented to the righteousness of that course and then lied to him outrageously. Lied! What is called a mistake in a lady, a falsehood among the educated. A lie by plain men is merely diplomacy in statesmanship and strategy in war. The prisoner strategized. If he had told them the weakness of the two regiments, with no field artillery, they could have thrown a line across the only road out of the village and captured the entire number. Hence he said there were 4,000 in the village and 10,000 more below, about 10,000 too strong.

That night the Union forces burned their commissary stores, and marched unmolested to the nearest reinforcements—ten miles away.

The afternoon was spent by the prisoner in talking with officers about the war. They treated him well and endured some things which politeness should have kept him from saying. A man was led past the group of officers with a look of intense pain on his features, and a bullet hole precisely in the middle of his forehead. The Colonel expressed his sympathy, and calling him by name, said, "It will be an honorable wound if you get over it."

"It would be if gained in an honorable cause," said the prisoner. "It is an honorable cause," said the officer emphatically. "There's where we differ," was the reply.

The next morning other prisoners were brought to face the writer with the question, "How is it that your accounts differ so much; one says 4,000, the others 1,200 to 1,500." The first prisoner, learning that the Union troops were gone, acknowledged the deception and told the reason of it. Some among the Confederates were for shooting him, some called him hard names, the only time he was insulted by soldiers, but others said he did right, and his life was in no danger.

The prisoners requested the privilege and were allowed to bury their dead. They were then placed under guard in the jail, a stone building, where they remained for two weeks, during which time others were added to their number until there were about one hundred prisoners.

This was but a meagre return for 10,000 men, and subsequently the writer saw in a Richmond paper that the Confederate Congress had passed a vote of censure on the conduct of the campaign in West Virginia. To that vote the writer may have contributed by his parsimonious use of the truth on the day of his capture.

The journey from Fayetteville to Dublin Station, on the Tennessee and Virginia railroad, about 100 miles, was made on foot, the guards riding. At Dublin Station we camped in a woody pasture, and two wagons were driven up with provisions in the way of meal and pork, for the prisoners. The writer had a companion with whom he messed. This companion went to a wagon, about dusk, and drew rations for himself and his partner, he then went to the other wagon and repeated the heroic action. The writer then went up and drew for two also, and they spent the larger portion of the night in rustic cookery. They had heard of *Hotel de Libby*. The next day the journey was made on the cars to Lynchburg. A number of Southern officers were on the train, who conversed with the prisoners. One, a Major in the Twenty-Ninth Virginia, sat down with the writer and they debated the question of the war keenly. The possibility of being overcome by the North (this was in '62) he would not admit. "Then," said the writer, "will you, when you have gained your independence, allow the West to join your Confederacy? Our interests are bound up with yours more than with New England!" "No," was the indignant answer. "You have tried to subjugate us, and we will have nothing to do with you."

We concluded that the South would be harder to conquer than the North thought. He also told the writer that some ham, wine and other delicacies which had been sent from Cincinnati, directed

to Colonel A. Moore, Twenty-Eighth Ohio, had, at the battle of Princeton, fallen, unopened, into the hands of Colonel A. Moore, of the Twenty-Eighth Virginia, and the latter Colonel Moore presuming that they were intended for him, had appropriated them with thanks to his unknown Cincinnati friends.

The next day the ride was in freight cars fitted up with seats. A number of canteens belonging to the Confederate States Army were promptly appropriated by the prisoners as relics of the invasion. Alas! they never left Dixie. When the train reached Richmond, by some misunderstanding, we were marched up past the Capitol and around to our destination, marching into Libby after dark. "Pass up your canteens," was the order, and the thirsty souls passed up every canteen, not knowing that water ran from a hydrant, and that was to be our last sight of the canteens. In Libby we sang and enjoyed ourselves as best we could.

Every day we fell into ranks and were counted before rations were given out.

As to food, it was too delicate. To tell the square truth, we were not satisfied. The complaint was not that it was not good, it was only of its scarcity. Two meals a day were fashionable when we went there, and we readily fell in with the fashion. Not to eat till 11 A. M. was the custom of the majority, and we were suddenly convinced that it was the best plan. Another slight repast at five completed our attention to the gross act of eating, and we were ready for whatever else could take up our time.

The regiment to which the writer belonged wore the Zouave uniform. In passing through a little town on our march to the railroad, a generous citizen had given twenty-five dollars for our little party, this we were now allowed to spend for food, though it could not purchase much.

For a week every day had new reports of what was to be done. Fortunately an agreement had been made by which all prisoners should be paroled, and by it we were released.

Of cruelty or unnecessary hardship in Libby, I saw none; yet not one cried to remain. On a bright morning in October, after several times forming and breaking ranks, we started for a march of twelve miles, to Aiken's Landing, where a United States steamer waited us. It brought up 2,500 paroled Confederates, and strange to say, men in our ranks there met men who had captured them at the beginning of the battle of Antietam, and were themselves taken later. The meeting between them was most cordial.

Between the Richmond coveted by the North, and Aiken's Land-



ing, the writer saw but one or two lines of breast-works. After he reached Annapolis, he was inclined to write to the President, and to say that 10,000 men could take Richmond on a sortie. He did not write, however; if he had, the probabilities are that he would never have heard anything about it.

Two years later the writer was wounded and taken prisoner in the Shenandoah Valley. For two months he lay in the enemy's hands, but with all that could be given by brave men who scorned to take advantage of the helpless.

GEORGE T. SMITH.

Warren, Ohio.

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## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

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RENEWALS continue to be very much "in order," and in fact very much desired. \$3,00 is a small matter to each individual, but the aggregate of the subscriptions due us make an amount which *we need just now*, and we beg our friends who are in arrears to *remit at once*.

And you will make your own remittance all the more welcome if you will send another subscription along with your own.

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MR. CORCORAN'S VALUABLE AND HIGHLY APPRECIATED GIFT of the "Ana," of the war, collected and arranged by Dr. Geo. W. Bagby, has been completed by the turning over to us of the last two volumes. We again express our warmest acknowledgements of this renewed expression of Mr. Corcoran's interest in our work—an interest to which he has again and again given *practical* expression.

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OUR ENDOWMENT FUND PROJECT grows upon us, the more we think of it, both as to its necessity and the practicability of its accomplishment. An endowment fund of at least \$100,000, and a fire proof building are both *absolutely essential* to our full success. And the conviction increases that we *can and will* (by God's blessing and the coöperation of our friends) *accomplish both objects*.

We are perfecting and pushing our plans. But in the meantime let us hear from our friends without their waiting to be called on personally:

1. Can you not make a *large* contribution and link your name with this effort to vindicate the name and fame of our Confederate people?

2. Can you not be one of those who will give \$100 towards raising the \$100,000?

3. Can you not become a *Life Member* by paying the fee of \$50?

4. Can you not get up in your community a lecture or entertainment of some sort for the benefit of the fund?

5. Can you not send us lists of names of those likely to help us?

*Let us hear from you.*

GENERAL GEORGE D. JOHNSTON, our efficient representative, is now canvassing Texas in behalf of the Society, and is doing, as is his wont, a good work—organizing local branches, enrolling members, and stirring up general interest in our cause. Having just made a most successful canvass of Dallas, he now goes to Houston, where we are sure he will meet a cordial greeting and the hearty coöperation of our friends there. A gallant and accomplished soldier, a graceful and eloquent speaker, a genial and popular gentleman, and an enthusiast in his work, General Johnston never fails to make friends for the Society wherever he goes.

We hope to be able before long to announce for him a programme which will go far towards ensuring the success of our effort for *permanent endowment*.

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A CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS' HOME for Louisiana was organized in New Orleans in April last, and our friend, Private John H. Murray, advised us that he had sent us an account of its organization; but we regret to say that the paper containing it somehow miscarried, and we must ask for a brief sketch of it for future publication.

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VALENTINE'S RECUMBENT FIGURE OF LEE will be unveiled at Lexington, Va., on the 28th of June, with appropriate ceremonies, a full account of which we hope to give in our next. Meantime we cordially congratulate the Lee Memorial Association on the completion of their labors in the production of one of the most superb works of art in the country, and in so appropriately decorating the grave of our grand old chieftian.

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### Literary Notices.

THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN OF '64 AND '65; THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AND THE ARMY OF THE JAMES. By A. A. HUMPHREYS. Price, \$100.

STATISTICAL RECORDS OF THE ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES. By FREDERICK PHISTERER. Price, \$100. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

We have received these books from the publishers through West & Johnston, of Richmond, and we are also indebted to General Humphreys for copies of his book.

Reserving for the future a full review of both, we can only say now that we are reading General Humphreys's with great interest and pleasure, and while we shall have occasion to controvert some of his statements, we regard it as the work of an able soldier, very carefully prepared after a full study of all accessible material, and written in fine style and admirable spirit. The contrast between the fairness with which General Humphreys treats the men who fought against him, and the miserable partisan spirit shown by such writers as Doubleday and Badeau is very striking and pleasant.

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"CONFEDERATE ANNALS," published by J. W. Cunningham, 720 Chestnut street, St. Louis, is the name of a new candidate for public favor, which we cheerfully place on our exchange list, and bid "God speed" in its work. It is a semi-monthly, published at \$3 per annum. We regret that we have not more space now than to cordially commend it to our friends everywhere as likely to prove a valuable co-worker in the vast unexplored mines of Confederate history.

*Other matter "crowded out."*



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Vol. XI.    Richmond, August-September, 1883.    Nos. 8-9.

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Unveiling of Valentine's Recumbent Figure of Lee at Lexington, Va.,  
June 28th, 1883.

*Remarks of General EARLY—Oration of Major JOHN W. DANIEL, LL.D.,  
of Va.—Description of the Ceremonies, &c.*

The occasion of the unveiling of Valentine's superb figure of Lee, was one of extraordinary interest, and deserves a place in our records.

General J. A. Early, First Vice-President of the Lee Memorial Association, presided on the occasion, called the vast assemblage to order, and called on the Rev. R. J. McBryde, of Lexington, who made an appropriate and fervent prayer.

General Early then made the following

#### INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

*Friends, Comrades and Fellow-Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen:*

The sickness of General Joseph E. Johnston, the distinguished President of the Lee Memorial Association, which prevents his attendance here, has devolved on me, as First Vice-President,

the unexpected duty of presiding on this occasion ; and I am sure no one can regret the cause of this change in the programme more than I do.

The great commander of the Army of Northern Virginia died on the 12th of October, 1870, and as soon as his remains were consigned to the tomb a meeting of the citizens of Lexington was held and steps taken for the formation of an Association to erect a monument to his memory. More effectually to carry out that purpose an act of incorporation was obtained from the Legislature of Virginia on the 14th of January, 1871, by which certain gentlemen, most of whom were residents of Lexington, and such other persons as they should associate with themselves, were incorporated by the name and style of "The Lee Memorial Association." Subsequently the Association was further organized by the appointment of General John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, who had been the last Secretary of War of the Confederate States, as President, and of fifteen Vice-Presidents, as also a Treasurer—the nineteen persons named in the act of incorporation, by the terms of the act itself, constituting the Executive Committee. The chairman of that committee was General William N. Pendleton, the distinguished Chief of Artillery of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the secretary was Captain Charles A. Davidson, a gallant officer of the First Virginia Battalion.

The act of incorporation does not specify the place at which the proposed monument should be erected, nor the nature of it ; but, after the passage of the act changing the name of Washington College to that of Washington and Lee University, it was determined by the Executive Committee, with the sanction of the authorities of the University, that the monument should consist of a mausoleum, attached to the University chapel, which latter had been constructed under the supervision of General Lee himself, where his remains should be deposited in a vault, to be surmounted by a recumbent figure in marble representing our great chieftain at rest, it being part of the plan to provide vaults also in the same mausoleum for the immediate members of his family, especially the estimable and noble lady who had been his partner in life.

The resident members of the Executive Committee proceeded to carry out this scheme with great energy and perseverance, in which the chairman and secretary were especially conspicuous. A distinguished Virginia artist was selected to execute in marble the recumbent figure, and years ago he completed his work in a manner that links his name forever with that of Lee.



Upon the death of General Breckinridge General Joseph E. Johnston, the senior surviving officer of the Confederate army, and the predecessor of General Lee in command of that army, which, under the lead of the latter, became so renowned as the Army of Northern Virginia, was made the President.

On the 29th of November, 1878, the corner stone of the mausoleum was laid, under the superintendence of a distinguished architect of Baltimore, who was charged with its construction. The requisite funds have been raised by great exertion, a large part having been contributed in small sums. The noble work has now been completed, and we are assembled here to perform the crowning act, in unveiling the recumbent figure of one of the grandest and noblest heroes, soldiers and patriots, who have figured in all the history of the world. In doing this we are not conferring honor on the memory of General Robert E. Lee—we are merely demonstrating to the world that we were worthy to have been the followers and compatriots of such a man. Unfortunately, neither the gallant soldier and Christian gentleman, General Pendleton, Chairman of the Executive Committee, nor the gallant Davidson, the efficient Secretary of that Committee, have survived to witness the completion of the work, to the success of which they contributed so largely.

It is deeply to be regretted that President Davis, who was expected to deliver an address on this occasion, has been prevented by circumstances from being present, but his lovely and accomplished young daughter, whose pride it is to have been born on the soil of Virginia, has sent from his Southern home two Confederate flags made of immortelles, and two bay wreaths, one of each to be placed on the tombs of Generals Lee and Jackson, respectively, as tokens of her admiration for their great characters, and of the sympathy of her family with us. There is also another whose absence is to be deeply regretted, though he is nearly within reach of my voice—I mean that war-Governor of Virginia, who conferred upon Generals Lee and Jackson the commissions which brought them into the service of their native State, in defence of right, justice, liberty and independence, and who sustained them throughout, whether they were in the State or Confederate service, with such unswerving fidelity and unselfish devotion—you must know that I can mean no other than John Letcher, with whom we all so heartily sympathize in the bodily affliction, which alone prevents him from being with us.

And now permit me to introduce to you, as the orator of the

occasion, Major John W. Daniel, who needs no words of commendation from me, but will speak for himself:

ADDRESS OF MAJOR JOHN W. DANIEL, LL.D.

*Mr. President, My Comrades and Countrymen:*

There was no happier or lovelier home than that of Colonel Robert Edward Lee, in the spring of 1861, when for the first time its threshold was darkened with the omens of civil war.

Crowning the green slopes of the Virginia hills that overlook the Potomac, and embowered in stately trees, stood the venerable mansion of Arlington, facing a prospect of varied and imposing beauty. Its broad porch, and wide-spread wings, held out open arms, as it were, to welcome the coming guest. Its simple Doric columns graced domestic comfort with a classic air. Its halls and chambers were adorned with the portraits of patriots and heroes, and with illustrations and relics of the great revolution, and of the Father of his country. And within and without, history and tradition seemed to breathe their legends upon a canvass as soft as a dream of peace.

The noble river, which in its history, as well as in its name, carries us back to the days when the red man trod its banks, sweeps in full and even flow along the forefront of the landscape; while beyond its waters stretch the splendid avenues and rise the gleaming spires of Washington; and over all, the great white dome of the National Capital looms up against the eastern sky, like a glory in the air.

Southward and westward, toward the blue rim of the Alleghanies, roll away the pine and oak clad hills, and the fields of the "Old Dominion," dotted here and there with the homes of a people of simple tastes and upright minds, renowned for their devotion to their native land, and for their fierce love of liberty;—a people who had drunk into their souls with their mother's milk, that Man is of right, and ought to be, free.

On the one hand there was impressed upon the most casual eye that contemplated the pleasing prospect, the munificence and grandeur of American progress, the arts of industry and commerce, and the symbols of power. On the other hand, Nature seemed to woo the heart back to her sacred haunts, with vistas of sparkling waters, and verdant pastures, and many a wildwood scene; and to penetrate

its deepest recesses with the halcyon charm that ever lingers about the thought of *Home*.

THE HOST OF ARLINGTON.

The head of the house established here was a man whom Nature had richly endowed with graces of person, and high qualities of head and heart. Fame had already bound his brow with her laurel, and Fortune had poured into his lap her golden horn. Himself a soldier, and Colonel\* in the army of the United States, the son of that renowned "Light Horse Harry Lee," who was the devoted friend and compatriot of Washington in the revolutionary struggle, and whose memorable eulogy upon his august Chief has become his epitaph;—descended indeed from a long line of illustrious progenitors, whose names are written on the brightest scrolls of English and American history, from the conquest of the Norman at Hastings, to the triumph of the Continentals at Yorktown,—he had already established his own martial fame at Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Cherubusco, Molino del Rey, Chapultepec and Mexico, and had proved how little he depended upon any merit but his own. Such was his early distinction, that when but a Captain, the Cuban Junta had offered to make him the leader of their revolutionary movement for the independence of Cuba;—a position which as an American officer, he felt it his duty to decline. And so deep was the impression made of his genius and his valor, that General Scott, Commander-in-Chief of the army in which he served, had declared that he "was the best soldier he ever saw in the field," "the greatest military genius in America," that "if opportunity offered, he would show himself the foremost Captain of his times," and that "if a great battle were to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, his judgment was that the commander should be Robert Lee."

Wedded to her who had been the playmate of his boyhood, and who was worthy in every relation to be the companion of his bosom, sons and daughters had risen up to call them blessed, and there, decorated with his country's honors and surrounded by "love, obedience, and troops of friends," the host of Arlington seemed to have filled the measure of generous desire with whatever of fame or happiness fortune can add to virtue. And had the pilgrim started in

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\* Appointed Colonel March 16th, 1861.

quest of some happier spot than the Vale of Rasselas, well might he have paused by this threshold and doffed his "sandal shoon."

#### THE ANTECEDENTS OF COLONEL LEE.

So situated was Colonel Lee in the spring of 1861, upon the verge of the momentous revolution, of which he became so mighty a pillar and so glorious a chieftain. But we cannot estimate the struggle it cost him to take up arms against the Union—nor the sacrifice he made—nor the pure devotion with which he consecrated his sword to his native State—without looking beyond his physical surroundings, and following further the suggestions of his history and character, for the springs of action which prompted his course. Colonel Lee was emphatically a Union man; and Virginia, to the crisis of dissolution, was a Union State. He loved the Union with a soldier's ardent loyalty for the Government he served, and with a patriot's faith and hope in the institutions of his country. His ancestors had been among the most distinguished and revered of its founders; his own life from youth upward had been spent and his blood shed in its service, and two of his sons, following his footsteps, held commissions in the army.

He was born in the same county, and descended from the same strains of English blood from which Washington sprang, and was united in marriage with Mary Custis, the daughter of his adopted son. He had been reared in the school of simple manners and lofty thoughts which belonged to the elder generation; and with Washington as his exemplar of manhood and his ideal of wisdom, he revered his character and fame and work with a feeling as near akin to worship as any that man can have for aught that is human.

Unlike the statesmen of the hostile sections, who were constantly thrown into the provoking conflicts of political debate, he had been withdrawn by his military occupations from scenes calculated to irritate or chill his kindly feelings toward the people of the North; and on the contrary—in camp, and field, and social circle—he had formed many ties of friendship with its most esteemed soldiers and citizens. With the reticence becoming his military office, he had taken no part in the controversies which preceded the fatal rupture between the States—other than the good man's part, to "speak the soft answer that turns away wrath," and to plead for that forbearance and patience which alone might bring about a peaceful solution of the questions at issue.



Years of his professional life he had spent in Northern communities, and, always a close observer of men and things, he well understood the vast resources of that section, and the hardy, industrious, and resolute character of its people; and he justly weighed their strength as a military power. When men spoke of how easily the South would repel invasion he said: "You forget that we are all Americans." And when they prophesied a battle and a peace, he predicted that it would take at least four years to fight out the impending conflict. None was more conscious than he that each side undervalued and misunderstood the other. He was, moreover, deeply imbued with the philosophy of history, and the course of its evolutions, and well knew that in an upheaval of government deplorable results would follow, which were not thought of in the beginning, or, if thought of, would be disavowed, belittled and depreciated. And eminently conservative in his cast of mind and character, every bias of his judgment, as every tendency of his history, filled him with yearning and aspiration for the peace of his country and the perpetuity of the Union. Is it a wonder, then, as the storm of revolution lowered, Colonel Lee, then with his regiment, the Second Cavalry, in Texas, wrote thus to his son in January, 1861:

"The South, in my opinion, has been aggrieved by the acts of the North as you say. I feel the aggression, and am willing to take any proper steps for redress. It is the principle I contend for, not individual or private benefit. As an American citizen, I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions, and would defend any State if her rights were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. I hope, therefore, that all constitutional means will be exhausted before there is a resort to force. Secession is nothing but revolution. \* \* Still, a Union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets, and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of love and kindness, has no charm for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved, and the government is disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and, save in defence, will draw my sword on none."

## WAR.

A few weeks later Colonel Lee was ordered, and came to Washington, reaching there three days before the inauguration of President Lincoln. At that time South Carolina, Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia and Louisiana, had already seceded from the Union, and the Provisional Government of the Confederate States was in operation at Montgomery.

The Virginia Convention was in session, but slow and deliberate in its course. The State which had done so much to found the Union was loth to assent to its dissolution, and still guided by the wise counsels of such men as Robert E. Scott, Robert Y. Conrad, Jubal A. Early, John B. Baldwin, Samuel McDowell Moore, and A. H. H. Stuart, she persisted in efforts to avert the calamity of war. Events followed swiftly. The Peace Conference had failed. Overtures for the peaceful evacuation of Fort Sumter had likewise failed. On the 13th of April, under bombardment, the Federal Commander, Major Anderson, with its garrison, surrendered. On April 15th President Lincoln issued his proclamation for 75,000 men to make war against the seceded States, which he styled: "Combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings." This proclamation determined Virginia's course. War had come. Her mediation had been in vain. She was too noble to be neutral.

Of the arts of duplicity she knew nothing save to despise. She must now level her guns against the breasts of her Southern brethren, or make her own breast their shield. On April 17th Virginia answered Mr. Lincoln's proclamation with the Ordinance of Secession, and, like Pallas-Athene, "the front fighter" stepped with intrepid brow to where, in conflict, history has ever found her—to the front of war.

"UNDER WHICH FLAG?"

Where now is Robert Lee? On the border line, between two hostile empires, girding their loins for as stern a fight as ever tested warriors' steel, he beholds each beckoning to him to lead its people to battle. On the one hand, Virginia, now in the fore-front of a scarcely organized revolution, summons him to share her lot in the perilous adventure. The young Confederacy is without an army. There is no navy. There is no currency. There are few teeming

work-shops and arsenals. There is little but a meagre and widely scattered population, for the most part men of the field, the prairie, the forest and the mountain, ready to stand the hazard of an audacious endeavor, to meet aggression with whatever weapons freemen can lay their hands on, and to carry high the banners of the free, whatever may betide.

Did he fail? Ah, did he fail? His beloved State would be trampled in the mire of the ways; the Confederacy would be blotted from the family of nations,—home and country would survive only in memory and in name; his people would be captives, their very slaves their masters; and he,—if of himself he thought at all,—he, mayhap, might have seen in the dim perspective, the shadow of the dungeon or the scaffold.

On the other hand stands the foremost and most powerful Republic of the Earth, rich in all that handiwork can fashion or that gold can buy. It is thickly populated. Its regular army, and its myriad volunteers, rush to do its bidding. Its navy rides the Western seas in undisputed sway. Its treasury teems with the sinews of war, and its arsenals with weapons. And the world is open to lend its cheer and aid and comfort. Its capital lies in site of his chamber window, and its guns bear on the portals of his home. A messenger comes from its President and from General Scott, Commander-in-Chief of its army, to tender him supreme command of its forces. Did he accept, and did he succeed, the conqueror's crown awaits him, and win or lose, he will remain the foremost man of a great established nation, with all honor and glory that riches and office and power and public applause can supply.

Since the Son of Man stood upon the Mount, and saw "all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof" stretched before him, and turned away from them to the agony and bloody sweat of Gethsemane, and to the Cross of Calvary beyond, no follower of the meek and lowly Saviour can have undergone more trying ordeal, or met it with higher spirit of heroic sacrifice.

There was naught on earth that could swerve Robert E. Lee from the path where, to his clear comprehension, honor and duty lay. To the statesman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, who brought him the tender of supreme command, he answered:

"Mr. Blair, I look upon secession as anarchy. If I owned the four millions of slaves in the South, I would sacrifice them all to the Union. But how can I draw my sword against Virginia?"

Draw his sword against Virginia? Perish the thought! Over all

the voices that called him he heard the still small voice that ever whispers to the soul of the spot that gave it birth, and of her who gave it suck: and over every ambitious dream, there rose the face of the angel that guards the door of home.

On the 20th of April, as soon as the news of Virginia's secession reached him, he resigned his commission in the army of the United States, and thus wrote to his sister who remained with her husband on the Union side:

"With all my devotion to the Union, and the feeling of loyalty and duty of an American citizen, I have not been able to make up my mind to raise my hand against my relatives, my children, my home. I have, therefore, resigned my commission in the army, and save in defence of my native State (with the sincere hope that my poor services may never be needed) I hope I may never be called upon to draw my sword."

#### LEE DEVOTES HIS SWORD TO HIS NATIVE STATE.

Bidding an affectionate adieu to his old friend and commander, General Scott, who mourned his loss, but nobly expressed his confidence in his motives, he repaired to Richmond. Governor John Letcher immediately appointed him to the command-in-chief of the Virginia forces, and the Convention unanimously confirmed the nomination. Memorable and impressive was the scene when he came into the presence of that body on April 23d. Its venerable President, John Janney, with brief, sententious eloquence, addressed him, and concluded saying:

"Sir, we have by this unanimous vote expressed our convictions that you are at this day, among the living citizens of Virginia, 'first in war.' We pray to God most fervently that you may so conduct the operations committed to your charge, that it may be said of you that you are 'first in peace,' and when that time comes, you will have earned the still prouder distinction of being 'first in the hearts of your countrymen.'

"Yesterday your mother, Virginia, placed her sword in your hand upon the implied condition that we know you will keep in letter and in spirit: that you will draw it only in defence, and that you will fall with it in your hand rather than that the object for which it was placed there should fail."

General Lee thus answered:



*"Mr. President and Gentlemen of the Convention :*

"Profoundly impressed with the solemnity of the occasion, for which I must say I was not prepared, I accept the position assigned me by your partiality. I would have preferred had your choice fallen upon an abler man. Trusting in Almighty God, an approving conscience, and the aid of my fellow-citizens, I devote myself to the service of my native State, in whose behalf alone will I ever again draw my sword."

Thus came Robert E. Lee to the State of his birth and to the people of his blood in their hour of need! Thus, with as chaste a heart as ever plighted its faith until death, for better or for worse, he came to do, to suffer, and to die for us, who to-day are gathered in awful reverence, and in sorrow unspeakable, to weep our blessings upon his tomb.

LEE'S VINDICATION—A PEOPLE IS ITS OWN JUDGE.

I pause not here to defend the course of General Lee, as that defence may be drawn from the Constitution of a Republic which was born in the sublime protest of its people against bayonet rule, and founded on the bed-rock principle of free government, that all free governments "must derive their just powers from the consent of the governed." I pause not to trace the history or define the grounds of that theory of constitutional construction which maintained the right of secession from the Union as an element of sovereign statehood—a theory which has found ablest and noblest advocacy in every section of the country. The tribunal is not yet formed that would hearken to such defence, nor is this the time or place to utter it. And to my mind there is for Lee and his compatriots a loftier and truer vindication than any that may be deduced from codes, constitutions, and conventional articles of government. A great revolution need never apologize for nor explain itself. There it is!—the august and thrilling rise of a whole population! And the fact that it is there is the best evidence of its right to be there. None but great inspirations underlie great actions. None but great causes can ever produce great events. A transient gust of passion may turn a crowd into a mob—a temporary impulse may swell a mob into a local insurrection; but when a whole people stand to their guns before their hearthstones, and as one man resist what they deem aggression;

when for long years they endure poverty and starvation, and dare danger and death to maintain principles which they deem sacred—when they shake a continent with their heroic endeavors and fill the world with the glory of their achievements, history can make for them no higher vindication than to point to their deeds and say—“behold!”

A people is its own judge. Under God there can be no higher judge for them to seek or court or fear. In the supreme moments of national life, as in the life of individuals, the actor must resolve and act within himself alone. The Southern States acted for themselves—the Northern States for themselves—Virginia for herself. And when the lines of battle formed, Robert Lee took his place in the line beside his people, his kindred, his children, his home. Let his defence rest on this fact alone. Nature speaks it. Nothing can strengthen it. Nothing can weaken it. The historian may compile; the casuist may dissect; the statesman may expatiate; the advocate may plead; the jurist may expound; but, after all, there can be no stronger or tenderer tie than that which binds the faithful heart to kindred and to home. And on that tie—stretching from the cradle to the grave, spanning the heavens, and riveted through eternity to the throne of God on high, and underneath in the souls of good men and true—on that tie rests, stainless and immortal, the fame of Robert Lee.

#### LEE'S EARLY SERVICE IN THE CONFEDERATE WAR.

And now that war was flagrant, history delights to testify how grandly General Lee bore his part. Transferred from the State service to that of the Confederacy, with the rank of General, we behold him first in the field in the rugged mountains of Northwest Virginia, restoring the moralé lost by the early reverses to our arms in that Department—holding invading columns in check with great disparity of force to meet them—bearing the censures of the impatient without a murmur, and careless of fame with duty done. Later, in the fall of 1861, we find him exercising his skill as an engineer in planning defences along the threatened coast of South Carolina; and in March, 1862, he is again in Virginia, charged by President Davis “with the conduct of military operations in the armies of the Confederacy”—in brief, and in some sort, under the President, Commander-in-Chief.

But now a year of war had rolled by; no brilliant accomplish-

ment had yet satisfied the public expectation with which he had been welcomed as a Southern leader ; and as the fame of revolutionary Captains can only be fed with victories, it is unquestionable that, at this stage of his career, the reputation of Lee, as a General, had sensibly declined.

THE FALL OF GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON AND THE OPPORTUNITY OF LEE.

Meanwhile the Army of Northern Virginia had made a name in history under its famous commander, Joseph E. Johnston, and I cannot speak that name without bowing the homage of my heart to the illustrious soldier and noble gentleman who bears it. Under his sagacious and brilliant leadership, his forces had been suddenly withdrawn from Patterson's front near Winchester, and united with those of General Beauregard at Manassas ; and there, led by those two Generals, the joint command had, on July 21st, 1861, routed the Army of the Potomac in the first pitched battle of the war ; had given earnest of what the volunteers of the South could do in action, and had crowned the new-born Confederacy with the glory of splendid military achievement. Still later in the progress of events, Johnston had exhibited again his strategic skill in holding McClellan at bay on the lines of Yorktown, with a force so small that it seemed hardihood to oppose him with it—had eluded his toils by a retreat up the Peninsula, so cleanly conducted, that little was lost beyond the space vacated—had turned and fiercely smitten his advancing columns near the old Colonial Capitol of Williamsburg on May 5th, 1862, and had planted his army firmly around Richmond. Pending the siege of Yorktown, a thing had happened that probably had no parallel in history. The great body of General Johnston's army had reorganized itself under the laws of the Confederacy, while lying under the fire of the enemy's guns, the privates of each company electing by ballot the officers that were to command them. A singular exercise of suffrage was this, but there was "a free ballot and a fair count," and an exhibition worthy of

"That fierce Democracy that thundered over Greece  
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne."

—an exhibition which would have delighted the heart of Thomas Jefferson, and which certainly put to blush the autocratic theory that armies should be mere compact masses of brute force. Still later

on, May 31st, Johnston had sallied forth and stormed and taken the outer entrenchments and camps of McClellan's army at Seven Pines, capturing ten pieces of artillery, six thousand muskets, and other spoils of war, and destroying the prestige of the second "On to Richmond" movement.

But ere the day was done victory had been checked, and glory had exacted costly tribute, for Johnston himself had fallen, terribly wounded. The hero, covered with ten wounds received in Florida and Mexico, had been prostrated by another; and when June 1st dawned on the confronting armies, the Army of Northern Virginia was without the leader who held its thorough confidence, but now lay stricken well-nigh unto death. The casualty which thus deprived the army of its honored commander, and closed to him the opportunity which, in large measure, his own great skill had created, opened the opportunity of Lee. Fortunate the State, and great the people from whom sprung two such sons—fortunate the army that always had a leader worthy of it—happy he who can transmit his place to one so well qualified to fill it—and happy likewise he who has had such predecessor to prepare the way for victory.

GENERAL LEE IN COMMAND OF THE ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA—RICHMOND, MANASSAS, HARPER'S FERRY, SHARPSBURG, FREDERICKSBURG.

On the 3d of June, 1862, General Lee was assigned to command in person the Army of Northern Virginia; and from that day to April 9th, 1865, nearly three years, he was at its head. And on the page of history now laid open are crowded schemes of war and feats of arms as brilliant as ever thrilled the soul of heroism and genius with admiration,—a page of history that feasted glory till pity cried, "no more." Swift was Lee to plan, and swift to execute. Making a feint of reinforcing Jackson in the Valley, startling the Federal authorities with apprehensions of attack on the Potomac lines, and practically eliminating McDowell, who with his corps, remained near Fredericksburg, he suddenly descends with Jackson on the right and rear of McClellan, and ere thirty days have passed since he assumed command, Richmond has been saved, and the fields around her made immortal; and the broken ranks of McClellan are crouching for protection under the heavy guns of the iron-clads at Harrison's Landing. Sixty days more, and the siege of Richmond has been raised,—the Confederate columns are marching



Northward, Jackson in the advance, has on August 9th caught up again with his old friend Banks, at Slaughter's Mountain, and punished him terribly, and as the day closes August 30th, Manassas has the second time been the scene of a general engagement with like results as the first. John Pope, who thitherto according to his pompous boast, had "seen only the backs of his enemies," has had his curiosity entirely satisfied with a brief glimpse of their faces; and the proud army of the Potomac is flying in hot haste to find shelter in the entrenchments of Washington. In early September the Confederates are in Maryland. In extreme exigency, McClellan is recalled to command the Army of the Potomac, but while Lee holds him in check at Boonsboro and South Mountain, a series of complicated manœuvres have invested General Miles, the officer in command at Harper's Ferry, and on September 15th, Stonewall Jackson has there received surrender of his entire army of eleven thousand men, seventy-three cannon, thirteen thousand small arms, two hundred wagons and many stores. But there is no time to rest, for McClellan presses Lee at Sharpsburg, and there, September 17th, battle is delivered. Upon its eve Jackson has arrived fresh from Harper's Ferry. McClellan's repeated assaults on Lee were everywhere repulsed. He remained on the field September 18th, and then recrossed the Potomac into Virginia.

The winter of 1862 comes, and Burnside, succeeding McClellan, assails Lee at Fredericksburg on December 13th, and is repulsed with terrible slaughter.

#### 1863—CHANCELLORSVILLE.

With the dawn of spring in 1863, a replenished army with a fresh commander, "Fighting Joe Hooker," renews the onset by way of Chancellorsville, and finds Lee with two divisions of Longstreet's corps absent in Southeast Virginia. But slender as are his numbers, Lee is ever aggressive; and while Hooker with "the finest army on the planet," as he styled it, is confronting Lee near Chancellorsville, and Early is holding Sedgwick at bay at Fredericksburg, Jackson, who, under Lee's directions, has stealthily marched around him, comes thundering in his rear, and alas! for "Fighting Joe," he can only illustrate his pugnacious soubriquet by the consoling reflection that

"He who fights and runs away  
Will live to fight another day,"

for Chancellorsville shines high on the list of Confederate victories, and indeed was one of the grandest victories that ever blazoned the annals of war.

#### THE FALL OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

But alas! too, for the victor,—on May 2nd, in the culminating act of the drama, Jackson himself had fallen, and never more is the “foot cavalry” to see again along the smoking lines that calm, stern face;—never to hear again that crisp, fierce order, “Give them the bayonet!” which so often heralded the triumphant charge; never is the Southern land to be thrilled again with his familiar bulletin—“God blessed our arms with victory.” At the age of 39—at a time of life when the powers of manhood are ordinarily scarce full-orbed, he has touched the zenith and filled the world with his fame, and he who went forth two years before from this quiet town, scarce known beyond it, comes back upon the soldier’s bier, renowned, revered, and mourned in every clime where the heart quickens in sympathy for surpassing valor, united with transcendent genius and honor without a stain. There he sleeps, in yon green grave, and as in life he fought, so in death he rests with Lee.

#### WINCHESTER AND GETTYSBURG.

But not long can the soldier pause to weep. We fire our salute over the ashes of our heroic dead; and again the bugles sound “boots and saddles,” and the long roll is beating. Less than a month has passed, and again the Army of Northern Virginia is in motion, and while Hooker is groping around to ascertain the whereabouts of his adversary, the next scene unfolds: General Early has planned and executed a flank march around Winchester, worthy of Stonewall Jackson,—the men of his division are mounting the parapets on June 14th, and capturing Milroy’s guns. General Edward Johnston’s division is pursuing Milroy’s fugitives down the Valley pike. General Rodes has captured Martinsburg with 100 prisoners, and five cannon,—Ewell’s corps is master of the Valley,—and by June 24th, the Army of Northern Virginia is in Pennsylvania, while for the third time the Army of the Potomac is glad if it can interpose to prevent the fall of Washington—and a sixth commander has come to its head—General George C. Meade.

Then follows the boldest and grandest assault of modern war—the charge upon the Federal centre entrenched on the heights of

Gettysburg—a charge that well-nigh ended the war with “a clap of thunder,” and was so characterized by brave design and dauntless execution that friend and foe alike burst into irrepressible praise of the great commander who directed and of the valorous men who made it. It failed. But Lee, unshaken, rallies the broken line, and the next morning stands in steady array, flaunting his banners defiantly, and challenging renewal of the strife. “It is all my fault,” he says. Not so thought his men. We saw him standing by the roadside with his bridle-rein over his arm, on the second day afterwards, as the army was withdrawing. Pickett’s division filed past him; every General of Brigade had fallen, and every field-officer of its regiments; a few tattered battle-flags and a few hundreds of men were all that was left of the magnificent body, 5,000 strong, who had made the famous charge. He stood with uncovered head, as if he reviewed a conquering host, and with the conqueror’s look upon him. With proud step the men marched by, and as they raised their hats and cheered him there was the tenderness of devoted love, mingled with the fire of battle in their eyes.

Returning to Virginia in martial trim and undismayed, and followed by Meade with that slow and gingerly step which is self-explaining, we next behold our General displaying that rare self-poise and confidence which bespeaks ever a great quality—firmness of mind in war. In September, while he confronts Meade along the Rapidan, he detaches the entire corps of Longstreet, and ere Meade is aware of this weakening of his opponent’s forces, Longstreet is nine hundred miles away, striking a terrible blow at Chickamauga.

The year 1863 passes by without other significant event in the story of the Army of Northern Virginia. Meade indeed, once in November, deployed his lines along Mine Run in seeming overtures of battle, but quickly concluding that “discretion was the better part of valor,” he marched back across the Rappahannock, content with his observations.

1864—WILDERNESS, SPOTSYLVANIA, COLD HARBOR, PETERSBURG,  
LYNCHBURG.

But as the May blossoms in 1864, we hear once more the wonted strain of spring, “tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,” and Grant (who had succeeded Meade), crossing the Rappahannock with 141,000 men, plunges boldly into the Wilderness on May 4th, leading the sixth crusade for the reduction of Richmond. But

scarce had he disclosed his line of march, than Lee, with 50,000 of his braves, springs upon him and hurls him back, staggering and gory, through the tangled chapparal of the Wilderness, and from the fields of Spotsylvania; and though the redoubtable Grant writes to the Government on May 12th, "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer," when we look over the field of Cold Harbor on June 3d, we see there, stretched in swaths and piled in reeking mounds 13,000 of his men,—the killed and wounded of his last assault "in the over-land campaign," and when Grant ordered his lines to attack again the flinty front of Lee, they stood immobile,—in silent protest against the vain attempt, and in silent eulogy of their sturdy foe. One summer month had been summer time enough for Grant along that impervious line; and there at Cold Harbor practically closed the sixth expedition aimed directly at the Confederate Capital—McDowell, McClellan, Pope, Burnside, Hooker and now Grant,—all being disastrously repulsed by the Army of Northern Virginia, and all but the first receiving their repulse by the army led by Lee. But Grant in some sort, veiled his reverses by immediately abandoning attack on the north side of the James, which he crossed in the middle of June,—attempting to capture Petersburg on the south side by a *coup de main*. But in this, after four days successive assaults which ended in vain carnage, he failed again; and almost simultaneously Hunter's invasion through the Valley was intercepted and successfully repelled at Lynchburg by the swift and bold movements of Lee's greatest Lieutenant,—the ever-to-be-counted-on Jubal A. Early, who had been dispatched to meet him with a force not half his equal in numbers. And when midsummer came, Grant was glad to shelter his drooping banners behind entrenchments; Hunter was flying to the mountains of West Virginia, and detachments were hurrying from the Army of the Potomac to save Washington, which was trembling at the sound of Early's guns. In that wonderful campaign of Lee from the Wilderness to Petersburg, Grant had lost no less than 70,000 men in reaching a point which he might have gained by river approaches without the loss of one. Every man in the Army of Northern Virginia had more than stricken down a foeman; and final demonstration had been given to the fact that in field fight, Lee could not be matched in generalship, and that the Army of Northern Virginia was invincible. This fact the hard sense of Grant recognized; and though no commander who felt himself and his men to be the equals of their adversaries in manœuvre and combat would ever come



down to such conclusion, it is creditable to Grant's plain, matter-of-fact way of looking at things—that he looked at them just as they were. And so he resorted to sap and mine and pick and spade to do the work which strategy and valor had so often essayed in vain. For nine months the armies lay before the muzzles of each other's guns,—bumping, as it were, against each other,—Grant deliberately counting that he who had the most heads could butt the longest. Thus Lee stood with less than 40,000 men covering a line of thirty miles, while Grant, with more than three times that number, over and over again at Reams's Station, at the Crater, at Hatcher's Run and other points, battered the armor from which every blow recoiled. So Lee stood with a half-fed and half-clothed soldiery, composed largely of stripling youth and failing age, beating back his three-fold foe, freshly recruited for every fresh assault, and generously provided with the richest stores and most approved arms and munitions of war.

Time forbids that I prolong the story ; and this imperfect sketch is but a dim outline of that grand historic picture in which Robert Lee will ever stand as the foremost figure, challenging and enchain-ing the reverence and admiration of mankind, the faint suggestion of that magnificent career which has made for him a place on the heights of history as high as warrior's sword has ever carved.

#### PREMONITIONS OF THE END—THE MARCH TO APPOMATTOX.

Vain was the mighty struggle, led by the peerless Lee. Genius planned, valor executed, patriotism stripped itself of every treasure, and heroism fought and bled and died, and all in vain ! When the drear winter of 1864 came at last, there came also premonitions of the end. "The very seed-corn of the Confederacy had been ground up," as President Davis said. The people sat at naked tables and slept in sheetless beds, for their apparel had been used to bind up wounds. The weeds grew in fenceless fields, for the plow-horse was pulling the cannon. The church-yard and the mansion fences were stripped of their leaden ornaments, that the musket and the rifle might not lack for bullets. The church bells, now melted into cannon, pealed forth the dire notes of war. The land was drained of its substance, and the Army of Northern Virginia was nearly exhausted for want of food and raiment. All through the bleak winter days and nights its decimated and shivering ranks still faced the dense battalions of Grant, in misery and in want not less than that which stained the

snows of Valley Forge; and the army seemed to live only on its innate, indomitable will, as oftentimes we see some noble mind survive when the physical powers of nature have been exhausted. Like a rock of old ocean, it had received, and broken, and hurled back into the deep in bloody foam those swiftly succeeding waves of four years of incessant battle; but now the rock itself was wearing away, and still the waves came on.

A new enemy was approaching the sturdy devoted band. In September, 1864, Atlanta fell, and through Georgia to the sea, with fire and sword, swept the victorious columns of Sherman. In January, 1865, the head of the column had been turned northward; and in February, Columbia and Charleston shared the fate that had already befallen Savannah. Yes, a new enemy was approaching the Army of Northern Virginia, and this time in the rear. The homes of the soldiers of the Army of Northern Virginia from the Southern States were now in ashes. Wives, mothers and sisters were wanderers under the wintry skies, flying from the invaders who smote and spared not in their relentless march. Is it wonder that hearts that had never quailed before bayonet or blade beat now with tremulous and irrepressible emotion? Is it wonder that, in the watches of the night, the sentinel in the trenches, tortured to excruciation with the thought that those dearest of earth to him were without an arm to save, felt his soul sink in anguish and his hope perish? So it was, that with hunger and nakedness as its companions, and foes in front and foes in rear, the Army of Northern Virginia seemed bound to the rock of fate.

On April 1st the left wing of Grant's massive lines swept around the right and rear of Lee. Gallantly did Pickett and his men meet and resist them at Five Forks; but that commanding strategic point was taken, and the fall of Petersburg and of Richmond alike became inevitable. On the next day, April 2d, they were evacuated. Grant was now on a shorter line projected toward Danville than Lee, and the latter commenced at once that memorable retreat towards Lynchburg, which ended at Appomattox.

#### THE BATTLE OF APPOMATTOX—THE LAST CHARGE.

Over that march of desperate valor disputing fate, as over the face of a hero in the throes of dissolution, I throw the blood-reeking battle-flag, rent with wounds, as a veil. And I hail the heroic army and its heroic chief, as on the 9th of April morn, they stand em-

battled in calm and stern repose, ready to die with their harness on, —warriors every inch, without fear, without stain. Around the little hamlet of Appomattox Courthouse is gathered the remnant of the Army of Northern Virginia,—less than 8,000 men with arms in their hands,—less than 27,000 all told, counting camp followers and stragglers; and around them in massive concentric lines the army of Grant, flushed with success and expectation—more than 80,000 strong upon the field, and with each hour bringing up re-inforcements. “The environed army, with a valor all Spartan, stand ready to die, not indeed in response to civic laws denying surrender, but obedient to the lofty impulse of honor.” Can they cut through? Does the dream of a saved Confederacy yet beckon them on beyond the wall of steel and fire that girdles them? Can they find fighting ground in the Carolinas with Joseph E. Johnston, who, amongst the first to meet the foe, proves amongst the last to leave him? Can these dauntless foemen yet cleave a path to the inner country, and renew the unequal strife?

Not till that hope is tested will they yield!

As the day dawns, a remnant of the cavalry under Fitz. Lee is forming, and Gordon's infantry, scarce two thousand strong, are touching elbows for the last charge. Once more the thrilling rebel cheer rings through the Virginia woods, and with all their wonted fierceness they fall upon Sheridan's men. Ah! yes, victory still clings to the tattered battle-flags. Yes, the troopers of our gallant Fitz. are as dauntless as when they followed the plume of Stuart, “the flower of cavaliers.” Yes, the matchless infantry of “tattered uniforms and bright muskets” under Gordon, the brave, move with as swift, intrepid tread as when of old—Stonewall led the way. Soldiers of Manassas, of Richmond, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, of the Wilderness, of Spotsylvania, of Cold Harbor, of Petersburg—scarred and sinewy veterans of fifty fields, your glories are still about you, your manhood is triumphant still. Yes, the blue lines break before them; two cannon and many prisoners are taken, and for two miles they sweep the field towards Lynchburg—victors still!

But no, too late! too late! Behind the flying sabres and rifles of Sheridan rise the bayonets and frown the batteries of the Army of the James, under Ord—a solid phalanx stands right athwart the path of Fitz. Lee's and Gordon's men. Too late! the die is cast!

The doom is sealed ! There is no escape. The eagle is quarried in his eyre ; the wounded lion is hunted to his lair !

And so the guns of the last charge died away in the morning air ; and echo, like the sob of a mighty sea, rolled up the valley of the James, and all was still. The last fight of the Army of Northern Virginia had been fought. The end had come. The smoke vanished. The startled birds renewed their songs over the stricken field ; the battle smell was drowned in the fragrance of the flowering spring. And the ragged soldier of the South, God bless him ! stood there facing the dread reality, more terrible than death—stood there to grapple with and face down despair, for he had done his all, and all was lost, *save Honor !*

#### SURRENDER.

General Lee, dressed in his best uniform, rides to the front to meet General Grant. For several days demands for surrender had been rejected—now surrender was inevitable. And the two commanding officers meet at the McLean House to concert its terms. The first and abiding thought of Lee was the honor of his men, for he had determined to “cut his way out at all hazards, if such terms were not granted as he thought his army was entitled to demand.” “General,” said Lee, addressing Grant, and opening the conversation, “I deem it due to proper candor and frankness to say at the beginning of this interview that I am not willing even to discuss any terms of surrender, inconsistent with the honor of my army, which I am determined to maintain to the last.” Grant gave fitting and magnanimous response, and the honorable terms demanded were agreed to. “The officers to retain their side arms, private horses and baggage,” and “each officer and man to be allowed to return to his home,” and, mark it, “*not to be disturbed by United States authority as long as they observe their parole, and the laws in force where they reside.*”

Thus at last was the liberty of the soldier purchased with his blood.

And so the Army of Northern Virginia, never broken in battle, passed from action into History ; so it perished by the flashing of the guns, while victory hung charmed to its flag, and threw upon its tomb the immortelles of Honor.

“The old order changeth, yielding place to new,  
And God fulfills himself in many ways.”



FAREWELL.

*"Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you; my heart is too full to say more,"* was Lee's utterance to the ragged, battle-begrimed boys in gray, who, when the dread news of surrender spread among them, gathered around him to shake his hand and testify their undying confidence and love. In his published address he said to them: "You will carry with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you his blessing and protection. With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you an affectionate farewell."

As Robert Lee rode from Appomattox toward Richmond, he carried with him the heart of every man that fought under him—linked to him with hooks of steel forever. When he reached the fallen Capital of the dead Confederacy, and rode through its ashes and paling fires to his home, a body of Federal soldiers there, catching a glimpse of his noble countenance, lifted their hats and cheered, and as the great actor in the bloody drama stepped behind the scenes, and the curtain fell upon the tragic stage of the secession war, the last sounds that greeted his ear were the generous salutations of respect from those against whom he had wielded his knightly sword.

RETIREMENT, COUNSEL AND ACCEPTANCE OF THE SITUATION.

Had the paroled soldier of Appomattox carried to retirement the vexed spirit and hollow heart of a ruined gamester, nothing had remained to him but to drain the dregs of a disappointed career. But there went with him that "consciousness of duty faithfully performed," which consoles every rebuff of fortune, sweetens every sorrow, and tempers every calamity—and now it was that he proved indeed what he once expressed in language, that "Human fortitude should be equal to human adversity." Once on the Appomattox lines agony had tortured from his lips the words: "How easily I could get rid of this and be at rest. I have only to ride along the lines, and all will be over." But he quickly added: "It is our duty to live, for what will become of the women and children of the

South if we are not here to support and protect them?" And as the thought of his country was thus uppermost and controlling in the awful hour of surrender, so it remained to the closing of his life. Ere the struggle ended he had disclosed to a confidential friend, General Pendleton, that "he never believed we could, against the gigantic combination for our subjugation, make good our independence, unless foreign powers, directly or indirectly, assisted us." But, said he, "We had sacred principles to maintain and rights to defend, for which we were in duty bound to do our best, even if we perished in the endeavor." And now that this belief was verified, he declared: "I did only what my duty demanded. I could have taken no other course without dishonor. And if all were to be done over again, I should act in precisely the same manner." And when those about him mourned the great disaster, he said: "Yes, that is all very sad, and might be a cause of self-reproach, but that we are conscious that we have humbly tried to do our duty. We may, therefore, with calm satisfaction, trust in God, and leave results to him."

Lee thoroughly understood and thoroughly accepted the situation. He realized fully that the war had settled, settled forever the peculiar issues which had embroiled it; but he knew also that only time could dissipate its rankling passions and restore freedom; and hence it was he taught that "Silence and patience on the part of the South was the true course"—silence, because it was vain to speak when prejudice ran too high for our late enemies to listen—patience, because it was the duty of the hour to labor for recuperation and wait for reconciliation. And murmuring no vain sigh over the "might have been," which now could not be—conscious that our destinies were irrevocably bound up with those of the perpetual Union, he lifted high over the fallen standards of war the banner of the Prince of Peace, emblazoned with "Peace on Earth and Good Will toward Men."

The President and Congress of the United States made conditions of pardon and absolution. They were harsh and exacting. The mass of the people, affected by them of necessity, *had* to accept them. Therefore he would share their humiliation. Accordingly he asked amnesty. But his letter was never answered. He was indicted for treason. He appeared ready to answer the charge. But the government now revolted from an act of treachery so base, for his parole at Appomattox protected him. Thus was he reviled and harrassed, yet never a word of bitterness escaped him; but, on the

contrary, only counsels of forbearance, patience and diligent attention to works of restoration. Many sought new homes in foreign lands, but not so he. "All good citizens," he said, "must unite in honest efforts to obliterate the effects of war, and to restore the blessings of peace. They must not abandon their country, but go to work and build up its prosperity." "The young men especially must stay at home, bearing themselves in such a manner as to gain the esteem of every one, at the same time that they maintain their own respect." "It should be the object of all to avoid controversy, to allay passion, and give scope to every kindly feeling." "It is wisest not to keep open the sores of war, but to follow the example of those nations who have endeavored to obliterate the marks of civil strife, and to commit to oblivion the feelings it engendered."

"True patriotism sometimes requires of men to act exactly contrary at one period to that which it does at another, and the motive that impels them, the desire to do right, is precisely the same. The circumstances which govern their actions change, and their conduct must conform to the new order of things. History is full of illustrations of this. Washington himself is an example of this. At one time he fought against the French under Braddock; at another time he fought with the French at Yorktown, under the orders of the Continental Congress of America, against him. He has not been branded by the world with reproach for this, but his course has been applauded." These are some of the wise and temperate counsels with which he pointed out the duties of the hour.

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Nor was he lacking in faithful remembrance of the President of the Confederacy, who for months and months after surrender, lay sick and in prison, and who seemed to be singled out to undergo vicarious punishment for the deeds of the people. "Mr. Davis," truly said General Lee, "did nothing more than all the citizens of the Southern States, and should not be held accountable for acts performed by them, in the exercise of what had been considered by them unquestionable right." None are more conscious of this fact than those against whom Jefferson Davis directed the Confederate arms; and that he yet, nearly twenty years after strife has ceased, should be disfranchised in a land that vaunts its freedom, for so doing, is a grievance, and a grief to every honorable Southern man. He himself is honored by this significant mark of hostile memory. He cannot suffer by the ignoble act. Only they who do it are

deeply shamed. And that it is done, only shows the weakness of representatives who have not read the very title page in the book of human nature, and who, vainly conceiving that an insult to one man can be fruitful of any public good, only illustrate the saying of Madame de Stael, "that the strongest of all antipathies is that of second-rate minds for a first-rate one," and that other maxim of Edmund Burke, that "great empires and little minds go ill together." When Marc Antony, the great Triumvir of Rome, who conquered Egypt, was himself overthrown by Octavius Cæsar, he gloried dying that he "had conquered as a Roman, and was by a Roman nobly conquered." If the spirit of those brave soldiers of the Union, who, while the fields of battle were yet moist with blood, saluted Lee, had guided the conduct of the civilians to whom their valor gave the reins of State, it would have been for us Confederates who achieved great victories, and were in turn cast down, to have gloried likewise, that we in our time had conquered as Americans, and were by Americans nobly conquered. But when we recall that our honored and faithful President is disfranchised simply because he was our chief, and bravely, ably served our cause, the iron enters our soul and represses the generous emotions that well up in them. And we can only lament that shallow politicians have proven unworthy of the American name, and are not imbued with the great free spirit of a great free people. We have not a thought or fancy or desire to undo the perpetuity of the Union. For any man to pretend to think otherwise is proclamation of his falsehood, or his folly. But we intend to be free citizens of the Union, accepting no badge of inferiority or dishonor. And by the tomb of our dead hero, who was true to his chief, as to every trust, we protest to mankind against this unjust thing; an offence to our liberties and to our manhood, which are not less sacred than the grave.

And we waft to him, our late Chief Magistrate, in his Southern home, our greetings and our blessings; and as the years grow thick upon him, we pray that he may find in the unabated confidence and affection of his people, some solace for all that he has borne for them; and in the strength that cometh from on high, a staff that man cannot take from him.

#### MEDITATIONS OF DUTY.

While General Lee thus sustained and cheered his countrymen, the problem soon began to press, what should he do with himself? And had he been in any sense a self-seeker, the solution had been



easy, for many were the overtures and proffers made to him in every form of interested solicitation, and disinterested generosity. Would he seek recreation from the trials which for years had strained every energy of mind and body, and every emotion of his heart,—the palaces of European nobility, the homes of the Old World and the New alike opened their doors to him as a welcome and honored guest. Would he prolong his military career? More than one potentate would have been proud to receive into his service that famous sword. Would he retrieve his fortunes and surround his declining years with luxury and wealth? He had but to yield the sanction of his name to any one of the many enterprises that commercial princes commended to his favor, with every assurance of munificent reward. And indeed, were he willing to accept, unlimited means were placed at his disposal by those who would have been proud to render him any service.

But it had been the principle of Lee's life to accept no gratuitous offer. He had declined the gift of a home tendered to him by the citizens of Richmond during the war, when Arlington had been confiscated, and the refuge of his family, the "White House," had been burned,—expressing the hope that those who offered the gift would devote the means required "to the relief of the families of our soldiers in the field, who are more deserving of assistance, and more in want of it than myself." And now when an English nobleman presented him as a retreat, a splendid country seat in England, with a handsome annuity to correspond, he answered: "I am deeply grateful, but I cannot consent to desert my native State in the hour of her adversity. I must abide her fortunes and share her fate." And declining also the many positions with lucrative salaries which were urged upon his acceptance, it was his intention to locate in one of the Southside counties of Virginia, "upon a small farm where he might earn his daily bread" in cultivating the soil, and at the same time to write a history of his campaigns; "not," as he said, "to vindicate myself, and promote my own reputation, but to show the world what our poor boys with their small numbers and scant resources, had succeeded in accomplishing."

But circumstances, then to him unknown, were bringing an event to pass which turned over a new and unexpected leaf in his history,—an event which made a little scion of knowledge which had been nurtured though the storms of the Colonial Revolution, a great and noble University, and which now has associated in the glorious work of education, as in glorious deeds of arms, the twin names of Washington and Lee.

## LIBERTY HALL ACADEMY.

It was nearly a century after the settlement at Jamestown, that Governor Spotswood of Virginia, at the head of a troop of horse, first explored the hitherto unknown land beyond the mountains, and upon his return from the expedition, the Governor presented to each of his bold companions, a golden horseshoe, inscribed with the legend: "*Sic jurat transcendere montes*," as a memorial of the event; a circumstance which caused them to be named in history, "The Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." In August, 1716, these adventurous spirits first looked down from the heights of the Blue Ridge upon the beautiful Valley of Virginia,—a virgin land indeed, tenanted only by the roving red men. Glorious must have been the thrill of joy that quickened their hearts, as the tempting vision lay spread before them, as their eyes ranged over the fields and forests of this new land of promise in its summer sheen,—a land watered with many rivers, and especially with that beautiful and abounding river, "the Shenandoah," which the Indians named "The Daughter of the Stars."

But prophetic as may have been the glance that saw in the fruitful valley, the future home of a great and thriving people, slow were the footsteps that followed the pioneers and occupied the hunting-grounds of the receding Indians. For in those days immigration was not quickened by steam and electricity, and early tradition had pictured the transmontane country as a barren and gloomy waste, infested with serpents and wild beasts and brutal savages.

But erewhile the reports of Spotswood and his men went far and wide, and the Star of Empire beamed over the Alleghanies. And along, in 1730 and 1740, we find the spray of the incoming tide breaking over the mountains—the sturdy Scotch-Irish for the most part, with some Germans and Englishmen, pouring into the Valley from Pennsylvania and Eastern Virginia, and from the fatherlands over the water. Not speculative adventurers were they, with the ambition of landlords, but bringing with them rifle and Bible, wife and child, and simple household goods—home-seekers and home-builders, who had heard of the goodly land, and who had come to stay, and who built the meeting-house and the school-house side by side when they came. Rough men were they—ready to hew their way to free and pleasant homes—but in nowise coarse men, for they were filled with high purpose, and religion and knowledge they knew should be hand-maids of each other. And showing their in-

stinctive refinement, where the corn waved its tassels, and the wheat bowed to the wind, by their rude log huts in the wilderness, there also the vine clambered, and the rose and lily bloomed.

In 1749, near Greeneville, in Augusta county—and Augusta county was then an empire stretching from the Blue Ridge mountains to the Mississippi river—in 1749, Robert Alexander, a Scotch-Irish immigrant, who was a Master of Arts of Trinity College, Dublin, established there "The Augusta Academy"—the first classical school in the Valley of Virginia. Under his successor, Rev. John Brown, the academy was first moved to "Old Providence," and again to "New Providence church," and just before the Revolution, for a third time, to Mount Pleasant, near Fairfield, in the new county of Rockbridge.

In 1776, as the revolutionary fires were kindling, there came to its head as principal William Graham, of worthy memory, who had been a class-mate and special friend of Harry Lee at Princeton College; and at the first meeting of the trustees after the battle of Lexington, while Harry Lee was donning his sword for battle, they baptized it as "Liberty Hall Academy." Another removal followed, in 1777, to near the old Timber-Ridge church; but finally, in 1785, the academy rested from its wanderings near Lexington, the little town which too had caught the flame of revolution, and was the first to take the name of that early battle-ground of the great rebellion, where

"The embattled farmers stood  
And fired the shot heard round the world."

#### WASHINGTON ACADEMY AND WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

Shortly after the close of the Revolutionary war, the Legislature of Virginia, in token of esteem and admiration for the virtues and services of General George Washington, donated him one hundred shares of stock in the old James River Company. General Washington, in a characteristic manner, declined to accept the donation save only on the condition that he be permitted to appropriate it to some public purpose "in the upper part of the State," such as "the education of the children of the poor, particularly the children of such as have fallen in defence of the country." The condition granted, President Washington in 1796—for he had then become President of the New Republic—dedicated the one hundred shares of stock "to the use of Liberty Hall Academy in Rockbridge

county." Mayhap the friendship between William Graham, its principal, and his old class-mate at Princeton, "Light Horse Harry Lee," the friend of Washington, had something to do in guiding the benefaction; but be this as it may, it was given and accepted, and in honor of the benefactor the academy was clothed with his immortal name.

In acknowledging the thanks expressed to him by the Board of Trustees, President Washington said: "To promote literature in this rising empire and to encourage the arts has ever been amongst the warmest wishes of my heart; and if the donation which the generosity of the Legislature of the Commonwealth has enabled me to bestow upon Liberty Hall—now by your politeness called Washington Academy—is likely to prove a means to accomplish these ends, it will contribute to the gratification of my desires."

Soon after this, the Legislature, which had already incorporated the institution on a comprehensive basis, gave it the name of "The College of Washington in Virginia." In the spirit of their beloved commander, "The Cincinnati Society," composed of survivors of the Revolutionary war, on dissolving in 1803, donated their funds, amounting to nearly \$25,000, to the institution which had received his patronage and bore his name; and, thus endowed, the "College of Washington," went forward in a career which, for nearly three-score years and ten, was a period of uninterrupted usefulness, prosperity and honor.

All ranks of honorable enterprise and ambition "in this rising empire" felt the impress of the noble spirits who came forth from its halls, trained and equipped for life's arduous tasks with keenest weapons and brightest armor. What glowing names are these that shine on the rolls of the alumni of this honored Alma Mater! Church and State, Field and Forum, Bar and Bench, Hospital and Counting-Room, Lecture-Room and Pulpit—what famous champions and teachers of the right, what trusty workers and leaders in literature and law, and arts, and arms, have they not found in her sons! Seven Governors of States—amongst them Crittenden, of Kentucky, and McDowell, Letcher, and Kemper, of Virginia; eleven United States senators—amongst them Parker, of Virginia, Breckinridge, of Kentucky, H. S. Foote, of Mississippi, and William C. Preston, of South Carolina; more than a score of congressmen, twoscore and more of judges—amongst them Trimble, of the United States Supreme Court; Coalter, Allen, Anderson, and Burks, of the Court of Appeals of



Virginia; twelve or more college presidents, and amongst them Moses Hoge and Archibald Alexander, of Hampden-Sidney, James Priestly, of Cumberland College, Tennessee, and G. A. Baxter and Henry Ruffner (who presided here), and Socrates Maupin, of the University of Virginia. These are but a few of those who here garnered the learning that shed so gracious a light in the after-time on them, their country, and their Alma Mater. And could I pause to speak of those who became valiant leaders of men in battle I could name many a noble soldier whose eye greets mine to-day; and, alas! I should recall the form of many a hero who passed from these halls in the flush of youthful manhood, and has long slept with "the unreturning brave"; for in 1861, when the calls to arms resounded, "The Liberty-Hall Volunteers"—the students of Washington College—were among the first (and in a body) to respond; and when the quiet professor of your twin institute was baptized in history as "Stonewall Jackson," their blood o'erflowed the christening urn and reddened Manassas' field, and from Manassas to Appomattox, under Joseph E. Johnston, and Thomas J. Jackson, and Robert E. Lee, the boys and the men of Washington College proved that they were worthy of their leaders, worthy of their State and country, and worthy of all good fame.

#### THE FATE OF WAR.

Unsparring war spared not the shrine where breathed into the arts of peace, yet lived the spirit and was perpetuated the name of the Father of his Country. When in 1864 David Hunter led an invading army against the State from whose blood he sprung, he came not as comes the noble champion eager to strike the strong, and who realizes that he meets an equal and a generous foe. Lee had penetrated the year before to the heart of Pennsylvania, and the Southern infantry had bivouacked on the banks of the Susquehanna.

When he crossed the Pennsylvania line, he had announced in general orders, from the headquarters of the Army of Northern Virginia, that he did not come to "take vengeance"; that "we make war only upon armed men," and he therefore "earnestly exhorted the troops to abstain with most scrupulous care from unnecessary or wanton injury of private property," and "enjoined upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who should in any way offend against the orders on the subject." He had been obeyed by his lieutenants and his men. No charred ruins,

no devastated fields, no plundered homes, marked the line of his march. On one occasion, to set a good example, he was seen to dismount from his horse and put up a farmer's fence. In the city of York General Early had in general orders prohibited the burning of buildings containing stores of war, lest fire might be communicated to neighbouring homes; and General Gordon, in his public address, had declared: "If a torch is applied to a single dwelling, or an insult offered to a female of your town by a soldier of this command, point me out the man, and you shall have his life." The battle of Gettysburg had raged around Gettysburg College, but when it ended the college stood scathless, save by the accidents of war. But when David Hunter invaded Virginia, he came to make war on the weak and helpless, and he was as ruthless to ruin as he was swift to evade battle and to retreat. He blistered the land which he should have loved and honored, and a broad, black path marked his trail. From the summit of those mountains, where Spotswood first spied the Valley, could be counted at one time the flames ascending from 118 burning houses. The Virginia Military Institute was burned and the very statue of Washington which adorned it was carried off as a trophy. Washington College was dismantled, its scientific apparatus destroyed, its library sacked, its every apartment pillaged. The hand of war indeed fell heavily here, and when the Southern cause went down at Appomattox, Washington College remained scarce more than a ruinous and desolate relic of better days. Four professors, a handful of students, and the bare buildings, were all that was left of it.

#### PRESIDENT OF WASHINGTON COLLEGE.

In August, 1865, the trustees of Washington College met. The situation they contemplated was deplorable and depressing. Their invested funds were unproductive. Their treasury was empty. The State was prostrate and bankrupt. In the sky of the future there was scarcely a ray of light. But they were resolved to face difficulties and to do the best they could. One of the trustees, Colonel Bolivar Christian of Staunton, suggested that General Lee be invited to accept the Presidency of the Institution. There was but little anticipation that he would incline to their wishes. The position could not be very remunerative,—it involved tedious and perplexing tasks, and it did not seem commensurate with the abilities, nor altogether fitting to the tastes of a great commander who had so long

dealt with the vast and active concerns of military life; but the suggestion was unanimously adopted, and Hon. John W. Brockenbrough, Rector of the board, was appointed to apprise General Lee of the fact. At first General Lee hesitated. He modestly distrusted his own competency to fulfill the trust, and he feared that the hostility of the government towards him might direct adverse influences against the Institution which it was proposed to commit to his care. These considerations being successfully combatted by those who knew how high his qualifications were, and how great were his attractions, General Lee accepted the position tendered him, and on the 20th of October, 1865, he appeared before the Rev. W. S. White—the oldest Christian minister of Lexington—took the oath of office, and assumed the duties of President of Washington College. On the eve of acceptance, two propositions were made to General Lee: one to become President of a large corporation, with a salary of \$10,000 per annum; another to take the like office in another corporation, with a salary of \$50,000. But he had made up his mind to come here, and this is what he said to a friend who brought him the last munificent offer:

“I have a self-imposed task which I must accomplish. I have led the young men of the South in battle; I have seen many of them fall under my standard. I shall devote my life now to training young men to do their duty in life.”

This was the high resolve that brought him here, and if Robert E. Lee seemed the great, heroic Captain when he stood before the Virginia Convention with superb courage and dauntless mien, and “devoted his sword to his native State,” he seemed informed with a spirit that gathered its strength and loveliness from Heaven, when he stood here and consecrated his remaining years to training up to life's duties, the sons, brothers and comrades of those who had followed him in battle. Young men of the South! To him who thus stood by us, we owe a debt immeasurable, and as long as our race is upon the earth, let our children and our children's children hold that debt sacred.

#### GENERAL LEE'S ADMINISTRATION AS COLLEGE PRESIDENT.

General Lee was eminently qualified for the task assumed. His own education had been liberal and thorough. In his youth he had been grounded by his tutors in a knowledge of ancient history, and of the dead languages, the Latin and the Greek, and the tastes thus

early stimulated had been preserved and cultivated in after years. As a cadet at West Point he graduated second in a distinguished class, excellence of conduct and excellence of attainment going hand in hand. Appointed an officer of Engineers when he entered the army, and often charged with most important works, the duties devolved upon him required assiduous study and research. Still later, after he returned with great distinction from Mexico, he became the Superintendent and Head of the Military Academy at West Point, and occupying that position for three years, he acquired experience and developed capacities which singularly fitted him for the sphere which he now entered,—the training of youth. It is indicative of his comprehensive views of education, that during his superintendency at West Point, the course of study was extended to five years and greatly enlarged in its scope. And when he entered upon his duties here, it was soon evident that he possessed every qualification to direct with signal success, the affairs of the Institution, and to mould the characters and minds of those confided to his care.

It was understood from the time of his inauguration that he would not himself act as teacher of any class; but would have in charge the business and financial concerns of the College—its educational curriculum, and the discipline of its students; and from first to last, he devoted himself to these tasks with unceasing assiduity and success.

Everything here felt, with his presence, a renovating and progressive impulse. Nothing escaped his attention, from the smallest detail of business to the gravest question of educational policy; and in whatever concerned the well-being of the College, its Faculty and its students, his discerning judgment and his sympathetic heart worked out the right result. Under his supervision the buildings were repaired, the accommodations enlarged, the chemical and philosophical apparatus replaced, the library replenished and reformed. He it was who selected the site of yon Chapel which now guards his mortal remains—his was the hand that draughted the plan, and his the eye that saw its parts conjoined together. No figure-head was he, but a worker, and doer, bringing things to pass as they should be.

Prior to his administration, there were but five Chairs of Instruction, several Departments being combined under one professional head :

1. Mental and Moral Science, and political economy.



2. Latin Language and Literature.
3. Greek Language and Literature.
4. Mathematics and Physical Science.
5. Chemistry and Natural Philosophy.

Speedily after his accession, three new Chairs were added, and Professors elected to fill them ; the Chair of Natural Philosophy, embracing, in addition to Physics, Acoustics, Optics, &c., the various subjects of Natural and Applied Mechanics ; the Chair of Applied Mathematics, embracing Astronomy, Civil and Military Engineering ; and the Chair of Modern Languages, to which was added English Philosophy. In the second year of his incumbency the Chair of History and English Literature was established, and soon afterwards the department of "Law and Equity," under that eminent jurist, Judge John W. Brockenbrough.

Several other Chairs were included in the President's programme, one of the "English Language," one of "Applied Chemistry," and also "A School of Medicine," a "School of Journalism" and a "School of Commerce"—the latter being designed to give special instruction and systematic training in whatever pertained to business in the most enlarged sense of the term. Amongst other changes introduced by General Lee was the substitution of the elective system instead of a fixed curriculum; and the system of discipline which he adopted, in no wise partaking of the military type, to which it might have been supposed his disposition would incline—was that which has so long prospered at the University of Virginia; a system which ignored espionage and compulsion, and put every student upon a manly sense of honor—a system which especially with young men, not too immature to appreciate it, and which, with all men who have the capacity of being gentlemen, is the best calculated to develop the virtuous and independent elements of character. Here for five years the General devoted himself to the cause of education, and here under him that cause nobly flourished. Here he demonstrated that comprehensive grasp of every subject connected with his sphere; and the keen apprehension of the demands of this progressive age, and of a land entering as it were upon a new birth. His associates in the Faculty loved him as an elder brother; the students revered and loved him as a father, and all who saw or knew his work, with common voice proclaimed the conviction expressed by one of the most distinguished of his associates, that he was "the best College President that this country has every produced."

His work has been established, and though the great Chief has

"fallen by the way," one who bears his name, and who is worthy of it, has taken up the lines that fell from his hands; and under him, with God's blessing, the good cause goes on prospering and to prosper.

And so happily it has come to pass that the little school of the pioneers, planted in the wilderness, is to-day a great university; that the ambition of William Graham, the college mate of Harry Lee, has been realized beyond its sweetest dream, that the college which the Father of his Country lifted up by his generosity from a struggling academy to educate the children of those who had fallen in its defence, and which was blighted to the verge of destruction, has been restored and magnified by the hand of him who alone of all men, living or dead, now equally shares with his illustrious prototype, the eulogy pronounced by his own sire, Light Horse Harry Lee: "*First in Peace, first in War, and first in the hearts of his Countrymen.*"

#### LEE THE MAN—HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

Thus feebly and imperfectly have I attempted to trace the military achievements and services of him to whose memory this day is dedicated. Lee the General, stands abreast with the greatest captains of all time, and Lee the Patriot, has universal homage. It is now of Lee the Man that I would speak:

In personal appearance, General Lee was a man whom once to see was ever to remember. His figure was tall, erect, well proportioned, lithe and graceful. A fine head, with broad, uplifted brow, and features boldly, but yet delicately chiseled, bore the high aspect of one born to command. The firm yet mobile lips, and the thick-set jaw, were expressive of daring and resolution; and the dark scintillant eye flashed with the light of a brilliant intellect and a fearless spirit. His whole countenance, indeed, bespoke alike a powerful mind, and indomitable will, yet beamed with charity, gentleness and benevolence. In his manners, quiet reserve, unaffected courtesy and native dignity, made manifest the character of one who can only be described by the name of gentleman. And taken all in all, his presence possessed that grave and simple majesty which commanded instant reverence and repressed familiarity; and yet so charmed by a certain modesty and gracious deference, that reverence and confidence were ever ready to kindle into affection. It was impossible to look upon him, and not to recognize at a glance

that in him, nature gave assurance of a man created great and good.

Mounted in the field, and at the head of his troops, a glimpse of Lee, was an inspiration. His figure was as distinctive as that of Napoleon. Ah! soldiers! who can forget it? The black slouch hat; the cavalry boots; the dark cape; the plain gray coat without an ornament but the three stars on the collar; the calm, victorious face; the splendid, manly figure on the gray warhorse, that steps as if proudly conscious of his rider; he looked every inch the true knight—the grand, invincible champion of a great principle.

MENTAL ATTRIBUTES AND ATTAINMENTS.

The intellectual abilities of General Lee were of the highest order, and his attainments, scientific and literary, were remarkable for one who had devoted so many years of his life to the exacting duties and details of the camp and the field. He read much, digested what he read, and amplified his readings with reflective power. But so modest and unpretentious was he—so chastened and retiring was his ambition, and his overshadowing military exploits had so fixed the admiring gaze of men, that when he came here, few knew how rare were the accomplishments, and how versatile and adaptive was the genius of the gentleman who seemed by nature framed to lead the ranks and grace the habiliments of war. The training, habits and occupations of the soldier seldom guide his footsteps to classic haunts, and when the great Captain is unhorsed and his trappings disappear, how often do we find that the soldier was a soldier only, and nothing more. But when Lee the soldier stepped forth in civic dress, it was soon evident to all, as it had been previously to those who knew him best, that here was one full panoplied to dignify and adorn any civic station; one who disclosed himself in wide converse and correspondence embracing all manner of delicate and difficult situations, to possess that quality which is the consummate flower of wisdom—*unerring judgment combined with exquisite taste*. The literature that may be found in the letters of the great, unfolds the very essence of the genius of the men, and of the times they lived in; and in my humble judgment it were sufficient to read the letters written by General Lee, and which are collated in the beautiful memorial volume\* prepared by Rev. Dr. J. Wm. Jones, to discern that the writer

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\* "Personal Reminiscences, Anecdotes and Letters of General R. E. Lee," by J. Wm. Jones, Secretary Southern Historical Society.

was one who profoundly comprehended the topics of the day, and wielded a pen as vigorous and polished as his sword. And when we contemplate in connection with his deeds, the fair and lofty character that is mirrored in them, we behold one whose strong, equitable and wide-reaching mind was such that had he devoted it to jurisprudence, had made the name of Justice as venerable and august as when a Marshall enunciated the law; who, had he been a statesman, had moulded the institutions of his country, and guided its political currents, with as wise, firm and temperate a hand as that of Washington; who, had he headed any of the great corporate enterprises of transportation, commerce or development in which aggregated capital relies on scientific sagacity for great works, had greatly aided the solution of many perplexing problems that now agitate the public mind; who, had he bent himself to literature, had produced a page filled with the glory and dignity of philosophic inquiry or historic truth—one indeed so perfectly balanced in mind and will, so nobly turned in moral worth, so just in heart, so clear in thought, and so authoritative in direction that in any land where the common sentiment can have spontaneous play, would, as inevitably as the sparks fly upward, and by a law scarce less fixed than that which moves the planets in their course, have been the leading man in whatever he undertook, and would have been called by one voice to become the Chief Magistrate of the people.

#### TRUE HEROISM—THE HEROISM OF LEE.

As little things make up the sum of life, so they reveal the inward nature of men and furnish keys to history. It is in the office, the street, the field, the workshop, and by the fireside, that men show what stuff they are made of, not less than in those eventful actions which write themselves in lightnings across the skies and mark the rise and fall of nations. Nay, more—the highest attributes of human nature are not disclosed in action, but in self-restraint and repose. "Self-restraint," as has been truly said by Thomas Hughes, "is the highest form of self-assertion."

It is harder, as every soldier knows, to lie down and take the fire of batteries without returning it, than to rise and charge to the cannon's mouth. It is harder to give the soft answer that turns away wrath than to retort a word with a blow. De Long, in the Frozen Arctic wastes, dying alone inch by inch of cold and starvation, yet intent on his work, and writing lines for the benefit of others, de-



served, as well as the Marshal of France, who received it, the name of "bravest of the brave." The artless little Alabama girl, who was guiding General Forrest along a dangerous path when the enemy fired a volley upon him, and who instinctly spread her skirts and cried: "Get behind me!" had a spirit as high as that which filled the bosom of Joan of Arc, or Charlotte Corday.

The little Holland boy, who, seeing the water oozing through the dyke, and the town near by about to be deluged and destroyed, neither cried nor ran, but stopped, and all alone, stifled the opening gap with earth, in instant peril of being swept to death unhonored and unknown, showed a finer and nobler fibre than that of Cambronne when he shouted to the conquering British: "The Guard dies, but never surrenders." The soldier of Pompeii, buried at his post standing there, and flying not from the hot waves of lava that rolled over him, tells the Roman story in grander language than the ruins of the Coliseum. And Herndon, on the deck of his ship, doing all to save his passengers, making deliberate choice of death before dishonor, and going down into the great deep with brow calm and unruffled, is a grander picture of true, heroic temper than that of Cæsar leading his legions, or of the young Corsican at the Bridge of Lodi.

Amongst the quiet, nameless workers of the world—in the stubble field, and by the forge, bending over a sick child's bed or smoothing an outcast's pillow, is many a hero and heroine truer, nobler than those over whose brows hang plumes and laurels.

In action there is the stimulus of excited physical faculties, and of the moving passions—but in the composure of the calm mind that quietly devotes itself to hard life-work—putting aside temptations—contemplating and rising superior to all surroundings of adversity, suffering danger and death, man is revealed in his highest manifestation. Then, and then alone, he seems to have redeemed his fallen state, and to be recreated in God's image. At the bottom of all true heroism is unselfishness. Its crowning expression is sacrifice. The world is suspicious of vaunted heroes. They are so easily manufactured. So many feet are cut and trimmed to fit Cinderella's slippers that we hesitate long before we hail the Princess. But when the true Hero has come, and we know that here he is, in verity, Ah! how the hearts of men leap forth to greet him—how worshipfully we welcome God's noblest work—the strong, honest, fearless, upright man.

In Robert Lee was such a hero vouchsafed to us and to mankind, and whether we behold him declining command of the Federal army

to fight the battles and share the miseries of his own people; proclaiming on the heights in front of Gettysburg that the fault of the disaster was his own; leading charges in the crisis of combat; walking under the yoke of conquest without a murmur of complaint; or refusing fortunes to come here and train the youth of his country in the path of duty—he is ever the same, meek, grand, self-sacrificing spirit. Here he exhibited qualities not less worthy and heroic, than those displayed on the broad and open theatre of conflict, when the eyes of nations watched his every action. Here in the calm repose of civil and domestic duties, and in the trying routine of incessant tasks, he lived a life as high as when, day by day, he marshalled and led his thin and wasting lines, and slept by night upon the field that was to be drenched again in blood upon the morrow.

Here in these quiet walks, far removed from “war or battle’s sound,” came into view, as when the storm o’er past the mountain seems a pinnacle of light, the landscape beams with fresher and tenderer beauties, and the purple, golden clouds float above us in the azure depths like the Islands of the Blest, so came into view the towering grandeur, the massive splendor and the loving kindness of the character of General Lee, and the very sorrows that overhung his life seemed luminous with celestial hues. Here he revealed in manifold gracious hospitalities, tender charities, and patient, worthy counsels, how deep and pure and inexhaustible were the fountains of his virtues. And loving hearts delight to recall, as loving lips will ever delight to tell, the thousand little things he did which sent forth lines of light to irradiate the gloom of the conquered land, and to lift up the hopes and cheer the works of the people.

Was there a scheme of public improvement? He took hearty interest in promoting its success in every way he could. Was there an enterprise of charity or education, or religion, that needed friendly aid? He gave it according to his store, and sent with the gift words that were deeds. Was there a poor soldier in distress? Whoever else forgot him, it was not Lee. Was there a proud spirit chafing under defeat, and breaking forth in angry complaints and criminations, or a wanderer who had sought in other lands an unvexed retreat denied him here? He it was who with mild voice, conjured restraint and patience—recalled the wanderer home and reared above the desolate hearthstone the image of duty. And whosoever mourned the loved and lost, who had died in vain for the cause now perished, he it was who poured into the stricken heart the balm of sympathy and consolation.

Here, indeed, Lee, no longer the Leader, became as it were, the

Priest of his people, and the young men of Washington College were but a fragment of those who found in his voice and his example the shining signs that never misguided their footsteps.

INCIDENTS OF HIS LIFE AND ILLUSTRATIONS OF HIS CHARACTER.

Many are the illustrations and incidents which show how beautifully blended in his character were the sterner qualities that command respect, with the gentle traits that engage affection. And his quick apprehension of every natural beauty, and keen sympathy, for all living things show the exquisite sensibilities of his heart. His letters from Mexico teem with expressions of the delight with which he looked upon the bright-winged birds and luxuriant flowers of that sunny land, and during the Confederate war, when cramped resources denied bestowal of the smallest tokens of friendship, we find his letters to dear ones frequently laden with the floral emblems of his constant thought and love. In one of them he says: "I send you some sweet violets that I gathered for you this morning while covered with the dense white frost whose crystals glittered in the bright sun like diamonds, and formed a brooch of rare beauty and sweetness which could not be fabricated by the expenditure of a world of money."

And when after the war he visited Alexandria, the scene of his boyhood days, one of his old neighbors found him gazing over the palings of the garden where he used to play. "I am looking," he said, "to see if the old snow-ball trees are still here. I should be sorry to miss them." How he loved, too, these grand mountains! Amongst them, mounted on his faithful war-horse, Traveller, he often roamed while he spent his days amongst you. And here in nature's works he found refreshment from the toils of life, and looked from nature up to nature's God.

His tenderness was as instinctive as his valor. A writer, who on one occasion stood in his company watching a fire in the mountains, relates how, when others were wrapt in its scenic grandeur, General Lee remarked: "It is beautiful! but I have been thinking of the poor animals that must perish in the flames." And another tells how, when in the lines near Richmond, the bolts of battle swept the point where the General stood, he ordered his attendants to the rear, and while himself, calmly surveying the field under fire, he stopped to pick up a fledging sparrow that had fallen from its nest, and restore it to the bough overhead.

Pictures, are these, full of infinite suggestion!

A Robespierre and a Torquemada may exhibit emotional tenderness, shallow and fitful, but that of Lee was the vital principle of a robust, exalted nature, which found its inspirations in the sacred heart of Charity, and diffused itself in ceaseless acts of magnanimity and love.

So it was that while the passions of men were loosened, and the fierce work of war spread havoc and desolation far and wide, he who directed its tremendous forces with stern and nervous hand, moved also amongst its scenes of woe—a gracious and healing spirit. So it was to him a stricken foe was a foe no longer—that his orders to the surgeons of his army were to “treat the whole field alike,” and when at Chancellorsville, he in person led the tempestuous assault that won the victory, and stood amongst the wounded of the blue and gray, heaped around him in indiscriminate carnage—his first thought and care were for them, alike in their common suffering. So it was that whether in Pennsylvania, Maryland, or Virginia, he restrained every excess of conduct, and held the reckless and the ruthless within those bounds which duty sets to action. So it was that to one homeless during the days of strife, he wrote: “Occupy yourself in helping those more helpless than yourself.” So it was, that when the gallant General Phil. Kearney fell at Ox Hill, he sent his sword and horse through the lines to his mourning widow—and that when Lincoln was struck down by an assassin’s hand, he denounced the deed as “a crime previously unknown to the country, and one that must be deprecated by every American.” And so, too, when one day here, a man humbly clad sought alms at his door, Lee pointed to his retiring form and said: “That is one of our old soldiers who is in necessitous circumstances. He fought on the other side, but we must not remember that against him now.” And this poor soldier said of him afterwards: “He is the noblest man that ever lived. He not only had a kind word for me, but he gave me some money to help me on my way.” Better is that praise than any garland of the Poet or the Rhetorician.

#### THE RELATIONS BETWEEN LEE AND HIS MEN.

As we glance back through the smoke-drifts of his many campaigns and battles, his kind, considerate acts towards his officers and men gleam through them as brightly as their burnished weapons; and they formed a fellowship as noble as that which bound the Knights of the Round Table to Arthur, “the blameless King.”



His principle of discipline was indicated in his expression that "a true man of honor feels himself humbled when he cannot help humbling others," and never exercising stern authority except when absolutely indispensable, his influence was the more potent because it ever appealed to honorable motives and natural affections. In the dark days of the Revolution, two Major-Generals conspired with a faction of the Continental Congress to put Gates in the place of Washington, denominating him a "weak General." Never did Confederate dream a disloyal thought of Lee, and the greater the disaster, the more his army leaned upon him.

When Jackson fell, Lee wrote to him: "You are better off than I am, for while you have lost your left arm, I have lost my right arm." And Jackson said of him: "Lee is a phenomenon. He is the only man that I would follow blindfold." Midway between Petersburg and Appomattox, with the ruins of an Empire falling on his shoulders, and the gory remnants of his army staggering under the thick blows of the advancing foe, we see Lee turning aside from the column, and riding up to the home of the widow of the gallant Colonel John Thornton, who had fallen at Sharpsburg. "I have not time to tarry," he says, "but I could not pass by without stopping a moment to pay my respects to the widow of my honored soldier, Colonel Thornton, and tender her my deepest sympathy in the sore bereavement she sustained when the country was deprived of his invaluable services."

Three of his sons were there in the army with him; but they were too noble to seek, and he too noble to bestow honors, because of the tie of blood. One of them, a private in the artillery, served his gun with his fellows. Another he is requested by President Davis to assign to command an army, but he will not be the medium of exalting his own house, though a superior ask that it be done, and though his son deserve it. Yet another is in a hostile prison, and a Federal officer of equal rank begs that General Lee will effect an exchange, the one for the other. The General declined, saying, "that he will ask no favor for his own son that could not be asked for the humblest private in the army." On the cars crowded with passengers a soldier, scarce noticed, struggles to draw his coat over his wounded arm. One from amongst many rises and goes to his aid. It is General Lee. An army surgeon relates that while the battle of the Crater raged, General Lee rode to the rear of the line where the wounded lay, and dismounting, moved amongst them. "Doctor, why are you not doing something for this man," he said, pointing

to one sorely stricken. The Doctor raised the gray jacket and pointed to the ghastly wound which made life hopeless. General Lee bent tenderly over the wounded man and then in a voice tremulous with emotion, exclaimed: "Alas! poor soldier! may God make soft his dying pillow."

Such were some of the many acts that made the men love Lee. And in the fight he was ever ready to be foremost. Lee the Soldier, over-rode Lee the General, and when the pinch and struggle came, there was he. "Lee to the rear" became the soldiers' battle-cry; and oftentimes, when the long lines came gleaming on, and shot and shell in tempest ripped the earth, uptore the forest and filled the air with death, those soldiers in their rusty rags, paused as they saw his face amongst them; and then with manhood's imperious love, these sovereigns of the field commanded, "General Lee, go back," as their condition of advancing. And then forward to the death. Was ever such devotion? Yes, Lee loved his men "as a father pitieth his children," and they loved him with a love that "passeth the love of woman," for they saw in him the iron hero who could lead the brave with front as dauntless as a warrior's crest, and the gentle friend who comforted the stricken with soul as tender as a mother's prayer.

#### FORGIVENESS.

Lee had nothing in common with the little minds that know not how to forgive. His was the land that had been invaded—his the people who were cut down, ravaged and ruined—his the home that was torn away and spoliated; his was the cause that perished. He was the General discrowned of his mighty place, and he the citizen disfranchised. Yet Lee forgave, and counselled all to forgive and forget.

The Greek poet has said:

"The firmest mind will fail  
Beneath misfortune's stroke, and stunned, depart  
From its sage plan of action."

But the mind of Lee received the rude shock of destiny without a quiver, so the genial currents of his sweet, heroic soul rolled on unruffled, while in their calm, pure depths were reflected the light of heaven.

When a minister once denounced the North, and the indictment of General Lee for treason, the General followed him to the door

and said: "Doctor, there is a good old book which I read, and you preach from, which says: 'Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which spitefully use you.' Do you think your remarks this evening were quite in the spirit of that teaching?" And he added: "I have fought against the people of the North because I believed they were seeking to wrest from the South her dearest rights. But I have never cherished toward them bitter or vindictive feelings, and have never seen the day when I did not pray for them."

Soon after the passage of those harsh acts of Congress, disfranchising Confederates for participating in the war, and while every Southern breast was filled with indignation, some friends in General Lee's presence expressed themselves with great bitterness. The General turned to the table near him, where lay the manuscript of his father's life, which he was then editing, and read these lines:

"Learn from yon Orient shell to love thy foe,  
And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe;  
Free like yon rock, from base, vindictive pride,  
Emblaze with gems the wrist that rends thy side.  
Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower,  
With fruit nectarious or the balmy flower;  
All Nature cries aloud: shall men do less  
Than love the smiter, and the railer bless?"

"These lines," said he, "were written in Arabia, and by a Mahomedan, the Poet of Shiraz, the immortal Hafiz; and ought not we, who profess to be governed by the principles of Christianity, to rise at least to the standard of this Mahomedan poet, and learn to forgive our enemies?"

In the rush of this age, a character so simply meek and so proudly, grandly strong, is scarce comprehensible to the eager, restless competitors for wealth and place and power. And the "practical man," as he is called, who ever keeps a keen eye to the main chance, and is esteemed happy just in proportion as fortune favors his schemes of ambition or profit, is apt to attribute weakness to one so void of self-seeking and resentment, and so amiable and gentle in his feelings and conduct towards his fellow-men. But could he have seen with what patient attention to detail this ceaseless worker dispatched business and brought great results from small materials—with what quick, strong comprehensive grasp he solved difficulties and conquered dangers—what good cheer he gave the toiling; what hope he gave the despondent; what comfort he gave the afflicted. Aye!

could he have caught the glance of that eagle eye, and looked on that serene, bold brow which over-awed the field of battle, and then beheld the swift, stern, inspiring energy which propelled its forces to deeds which seemed almost impossible to man—there would have been to him a new revelation. He would have beheld a character which, to one unacquainted with it, would seem to have been idealized by the genius of the poet rather than to have existed in the flesh, and to have stepped forth from the sanctuary of romance rather than to have belonged to real history. He would have realized, by contact with this simple gentleman, that the true greatness and the true glory of man lies in those elements which are superior to fortune—that he is most practical who is himself above it, and that happiness, if ever on earth happiness be found, has fixed her temple only in the heart that is without guile, and is without reproach of man or woman.

#### THE LAST DAYS OF GENERAL LEE.

Five years rolled by while here “the self-imposed mission” of Lee was being accomplished, and now in 1870, he had reached the age of sixty-three. A robust constitution, never abused by injurious habits, would doubtless have prolonged his life beyond the three-score years and ten which the Psalmist has ascribed as the allotted term of man; but many causes were sapping and undermining it. The exposures of two wars in which he had participated, and the tremendous strain on nerves and heart and brain which his vast responsibilities and his accumulated trials had entailed, had been silently and gradually doing their work; and now his step had lost something of its elasticity, the shoulders began to stoop as if under a growing burden, and the ruddy glow of health upon his countenance had passed into a feverish flush. Into his ears, and into his heart, had been poured the afflictions of his people, and while composed and self-contained and uncomplaining, who could have looked upon that great face, over whose majestic lineaments there stole the shade of sadness, without perceiving that grief for those he loved was gnawing at the heart strings?—without perceiving in the brilliant eye, which now and then had a far-away, abstracted gaze, that the soul within bore a sorrow “that only Heaven could heal.”

What he suffered his lips have never spoken. In the beautiful language of another: “His lips were closed like the gates of some majestic temple, not for concealment, but because that within was holy.” Yet let us take consolation to ourselves that there came to



him much to give him joy. Around him were those united by the closest ties of blood and relationship in unremitting fidelity. Not a man of those who ever fought under him—aye, not one—ever proved faithless in respect for him; the great mass of them gave to him every expression in their power of their affection. To the noble mind, sweet is the generous and genuine praise of noble men, and for Lee there was full measure. He lived to see deeply laid, the foundation, and firmly built the pedestal, of his great glory, and to catch the murmur of those voices which would rear high his image and bear his name and fame to remote ages, and distant nations. The brave and true of every land paid him tribute. The first soldiers of foreign climes saluted him with eulogy; the scholar decorated his page with dedication to his name, the artist enshrined his form and features in noblest work of brush and chisel, the poet hymned the heroic pathos of his life in tender, lofty strain. Enmity grew into friendship before his noble bearing, and humanity itself attended him with all human sympathy. And over all, "God made soft his dying pillow."

#### DEATH.

The particular form of his mortal malady was rheumatism of the heart, originating in the exposure of his campaigns, and aggravated by the circumstances of his many trying situations. He traveled South in the spring of 1870, and in the summer resorted to the Hot Springs of Virginia; and when September came, he was here in better health and spirits, at his accustomed work. On the 28th of September, he conducted, as usual, his correspondence, and performed the incidental tasks of his office, and after dinner he attended a meeting of the Vestry of Grace Episcopal Church, of which body he was a member. A question as to the minister's salary coming before the Board, and there being a deficiency in the amount necessary, General Lee said: "I will give that sum." A sense of weariness came over him before the meeting ended, and at its close he retired with wan, flushed face. Returning home, he found the family circle gathered for tea, and took his place at the board, standing to say grace. The lips failed to voice the blessings prompted by the heart, and without a word he took his seat with an expression of sublime resignation on his face; for well he knew that the Master's call had come, and he was ready to answer.

He was borne to his chamber, and skilled physicians and loving hands did all that man could do. For nearly a fortnight

“Twixt night and morn upon the horizon's verge,  
Between two worlds love hovered like a star.”

And thus on the morning of October 12th, the star of the mortal sank into the sunrise of immortality, and Robert Lee passed hence to “where beyond these voices there is peace.”

“Tell A. P. Hill to prepare for action,” were amongst the last words of Stonewall Jackson. “Tell Hill he *must* come up,” were the last words of Lee. Their brave Lieutenant, who rests under the green turf of Hollywood, seems to have been latest in the minds of his great commanders, while their spirits yet in martial fancy, roamed again the fields of conflict, and ere they passed to where the soldier dreams of battle-fields no more.

#### THE LESSONS OF HIS LIFE.

And did he live in vain, this brave and gentle Lee? And have his works perished with him? I would blush to ask the question save to give the answer.

A leader of armies he closed his career in complete disaster. But the military scientist studies his campaigns, and finds in them designs as bold and brilliant and actions as intense and energetic as ever illustrated the art of war. The gallant captain beholds in his bearing, courage as rare as ever forced a desperate field, or restored a lost one. The private soldier looks up at an image as benignant and commanding as ever thrilled the heart with highest impulse of devotion.

The men who wrested victory from his little band, stood wonder-stricken and abashed when they saw how few were those who dared oppose them, and generous admiration burst into spontaneous tribute to the splendid leader who bore defeat with the quiet resignation of a hero. The men who fought under him never revered or loved him more than on the day he sheathed his sword. Had he but said the word, they would have died for honor. It was because he said the word that they resolved to live for duty.

Plato congratulated himself, first that he was born a man; second, that he had the happiness of being a Greek; and third, that he was the cotemporary of Sophocles. And in this vast throng to-day, and here and there the wide world over, is many an one who wore the grey, who rejoices that he was born a man to do a man's part for his suffering country; that he had the glory of being a Confederate; and who feels a just, proud and glowing consciousness in his

bosom when he says unto himself: "I was a follower of Robert Lee. I was a soldier of the Army of Northern Virginia."

DID HE WIELD PATRONAGE AND POWER?

No, he could not have appointed a friend to the smallest office. He could bestow no emolument upon any of his followers. But an intimation of his wish amongst his own people carried an influence which the command of the autocrat can never possess, and his approval of conduct or character was deemed an honor, and was an honor, which outvied the stars and crosses and titles conferred by kings.

DID HE GAIN WEALTH?

No. He neither sought nor despised it. It thrust itself upon him, but he put it away from him. He refused its companionship because its people could not have its company. He gave what he had to a weak cause, and to those whose necessities were greater than his own. And home itself he sacrificed on the altar of his country. But he refuted the shallow worldling's maxim that "every man has his price," and that true manhood has none, however great.

The plunderer of India defended himself by exclaiming that "when he considered his opportunities, he was astonished at his own moderation." Mark Antony appeased the anger of the Roman populace against the fallen tyrant by Cæsar's will, wherein he left them his rich and fair possessions—to them and their heirs forever. The Captive of St. Helena, aggrandized with the tears and blood of Europe, drew his own long will, dispensing millions to his favorites. Lee had opportunities as great as any conqueror and took nothing—not even that which others pushed upon him.

But he has left a great, imperishable legacy to us and our heirs forever. The heart of man is his perpetual kingdom. There he reigns transcendent, and we exclaim: "Oh, king, live forever."

DID HE POSSESS RANK?

Not so. Far from it. He was not even a citizen. The country which gave the right of suffrage to the alien ere he could speak its language, and to the African freedman ere he could read or understand its laws, denied to him the privilege of a ballot. He had asked amnesty. He had been refused. He had not been tried, but he had been convicted. He forgave, but he was unforgiven.

He died a paroled prisoner of war, in the calm of peace, five years after war had ended—died the foremost and noblest man in a Republic which proclaims itself “the land of the free and the home of the brave,” himself and his Commander in Chief constituting the most conspicuous of its political slaves. But as the oak stripped of the foliage by the winter blast, then, and then only, stands forth in solemn and mighty majesty against the wintry sky, so Robert Lee, stripped of every rank that man could give him, towered above the earth and those around him, in the pure sublimity and strength of that character which we can only fitly contemplate when we lift our eyes from earth and see it dimmed against the Heavens!

DID HE SAVE HIS COUNTRY FROM CONQUEST?

No. He saw his every foreboding of evil verified. He came to share the miseries of his people. He shared them, drinking every drop of Sorrow’s cup. His cause was lost, and the land for which he fought lives not amongst the nations. But the voice of History echoes the poet’s song :

“Ah! realm of tombs! but let it bear  
This blazon to the last of times;  
No nation rose so white and fair,  
Or fell so pure from crimes.”

And he, its type, lived and died, teaching life’s greatest lessons, “to suffer and be strong,” and that “misfortune nobly borne is good fortune.”

There is a rare exotic that blooms but once in a century, and then it fills the light with beauty and the air with fragrance. In each of the two centuries of Virginia’s Statehood, there has sprung from the loins of her heroic race, a son whose name and deeds will bloom throughout the ages. Each fought for Liberty and Independence ; each against a people of his own race ; each against the forms of established power. George Washington won against a kingdom whose seat was three thousand miles away, whose soldiers had to sail in ships across the deep, and he found in the boundless areas of his own land its strongest fortifications. August, beyond the reach of detraction, is the glory of his name. Robert Edward Lee made fiercer and bloodier fight against greater odds, and at greater sacrifice, and lost—against the greatest nation of modern history, armed with steam and electricity, and all the appliances of modern science ;



a nation which mustered its hosts at the very threshold of his door. But his life teaches the grandest lesson how manhood can rise transcendent over Adversity, and is in itself alone, under God, pre-eminent—the grander lesson, because as sorrow and misfortune are sooner or later the common lot—even that of him who is to-day the conqueror—he who bears them best is made of sternest stuff, and is the most useful and universal, as he is the greatest and noblest exemplar.

And now he has vanished from us forever. And is this all that is left of him—this handful of dust beneath the marble stone? No, the Ages answer as they rise from the gulfs of Time, where lay the wrecks of kingdoms and estates, holding up in their hands as their only trophies, the names of those who have wrought for man in the love and fear of God, and in love unfearing for their fellow-men.

No! the present answers, bending by his tomb.

No! the future answers, as the breath of the morning fans its radiant brow, and its soul drinks in sweet inspirations from the lovely life of Lee.

No! methinks the very heavens echo, as melt into their depths the words of reverent love that voice the hearts of men to the tingling stars.

#### CONCLUSION.

Come we then to-day in loyal love to sanctify our memories, to purify our hopes, to make strong all good intent by communion with the spirit of him, who, being dead, yet speaketh. Come, child, in thy spotless innocence; come, woman, in thy purity; come, youth, in thy prime; come, manhood, in thy strength; come, age, in thy ripe wisdom; come citizen, come soldier, let us strew the roses and lilies of June around his tomb, for he, like them, exhaled in his life Nature's beneficence, and the grave has consecrated that life, and given it to us all; let us crown his tomb with the oak, the emblem of his strength, and with the laurel the emblem of his glory, and let these guns, whose voices he knew of old, awake the echoes of the mountains that Nature herself may join in his solemn requiem.

Come, for here he rests, and—

“On this green bank by this fair stream  
We set to-day a native stone,  
That memory may his deeds redeem,  
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.”

Come, for here the genius of loftiest poesy in the artist's dream,

and through the sculptor's touch, has restored his form and features—a Valentine has lifted the marble veil and disclosed him to us as we would love to look upon him—lying, the flower of knight-hood, in “Joyous Gard.” His sword beside him is sheathed forever. But honor's seal is on his brow, and valor's star is on his breast, and the peace that passeth all understanding descends upon him. Here, not in the hour of his grandest triumph of earth, as when, mid the battle roar, shouting battalions followed his trenchant sword, and bleeding veterans forgot their wounds to leap between him and his enemies—but here in victory, supreme over earth itself, and over death, its conqueror, he rests, his warfare done.

And as we seem to gaze once more on him we loved and hailed as chief, in his sweet, dreamless sleep, the tranquil face is clothed with heaven's light, and the mute lips seem eloquent with the message that in life he spoke :

*“There is a true glory and a true honor; the glory of duty done,—the honor of the integrity of principle.”*

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#### Sketch of the Lee Memorial Association.

Having given above the very appropriate introductory remarks of General Early, and the superb oration of Major Daniel, we will now sketch the origin and history of the “Lee Memorial Association,” which has so happily culminated in this splendid creation of Valentine's genius.

The day of General Lee's death there was a meeting of old Confederate soldiers held in the Courthouse, in Lexington, over which Captain A. Graham, of the old Rockbridge Artillery, presided, and Rev. J. William Jones was made Secretary.

After making some arrangements in reference to attending in a body the funeral of our great commander, a committee, consisting of Major J. B. Dorman and Rev. J. William Jones, was appointed to present suitable resolutions to an adjourned meeting to be held the next day—October the 13th.

At this meeting the committee presented the following resolutions, which were unanimously and heartily adopted :

1. *Resolved*, That as humble members of the great army of which General Robert Edward Lee was the illustrious head and chief, we mourn his death. With feelings untinged by bitter memories of a stormy past, and

with no vain thought of exalting his name in the opinion of mankind, we meet to do him honor. At his open grave, passion must stand abashed, and eulogy is dumb. Striving to mount up to that clear air, wherein his own spirit dwelt, of calm wisdom and heroic patience, we seek only to render a last, simple, but just tribute to his memory. At different times, he was known to some or all of us from the day that he received the sword of Virginia at the hands of her sovereign Convention, and from the seven days around Richmond, through the varying fortunes of an unequal fight, to the closing scenes at Appomattox. He has been known to us again as the beloved and venerated citizen of our own community, and the President of the noble institution of learning to which George Washington gave an endowment and a name. We have been daily witness to his quiet, unostentatious, Christian life; we have seen him prove that "him no adversity could ever move, nor policy at any time entice to shrink from God and from his word." Knowing him as thus we did, in war and in peace, we pronounce him to have been, in all the elements of real greatness which may challenge cavil and defy the touch of time, the peer of the most renowned of any age or country, and the foremost American of the wondrous century in which he lived. He is gone from among us—"gone before the Father; far beyond the twilight judgments of this world; high above its mists and obscurities." No more shall we look upon his noble form, meet his benignant smile, or receive his kindly greeting. But here where he set his last great example of steadfast, unselfish devotion to duty, the memory of his greatness and his worth must ever linger; and while we reverently bow in submission to the summons of Infinite Wisdom calling him away, we send up a solemn aspiration of thankfulness that to us was the honor and the blessing of communion with him in his last days on earth, and to our people is committed the pious office of consigning his mortal remains to the tomb. Hallowed through all time shall be the spot whence his spirit passed from earth to heaven!

2. *Resolved*, That we tender to Mrs. Lee and her family the expression of our profound sympathy in an affliction which we feel full well can be but little mitigated by poor words of human consolation.

3. *Resolved*, That the usual badges of mourning be worn for six months.

4. *Resolved*, That the officers and soldiers of the late Confederate States, resident in Rockbridge, unite in an association for the erection of a suitable monument at this place, and a committee be appointed to report a plan of organization to an adjourned meeting on Saturday next.

Coming from the funeral services, these veterans held another meeting, at which they adopted the following:

*Resolved, by the officers and soldiers of the former Confederate army, now assembled*, That we have followed the body of our beloved General to the tomb with inexpressible sorrow; the last sad rites are over, and as we venerated and loved him in life, we ardently desire to guard his sacred dust. Here, at the home of his adoption, in the edifice reared by himself and dedi-

cated to the service and worship of his God, may his remains be permitted to sleep until the awakening which shall clothe them in robes of immortality.

*Resolved*, That with the utmost deference for their feelings and wishes, we ask leave to present to Mrs. Lee and her family this expression of our anxious desire that to us and his neighbors and friends, and the authorities of his college, may be granted the favor and honor of preserving and watching his sepulchre.

*Resolved*, That the secretary of the meeting communicate copies of these and our former resolutions to Mrs. Lee.

Thus was originated the movement which has so happily resulted in suitably decorating the grave of Lee.

The "Lee Memorial Association" was formally organized October 24th, 1870, with the following officers :

*President*—General John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky.

*Vice-Presidents*—General J. E. Johnston, General J. A. Early, and Colonel W. H. Taylor, of Virginia ; General G. T. Beauregard, Louisiana ; General D. H. Hill, North Carolina ; General Wade Hampton, South Carolina ; General J. B. Gordon, Georgia ; General W. J. Hardee, Alabama ; General S. D. Lee, Mississippi ; General R. S. Ewell, Tennessee ; General J. B. Hood, Texas ; General I. R. Trimble, Maryland ; General J. S. Marmaduke, Missouri ; General William Preston, Kentucky ; General Tappan, Arkansas.

*Treasurer*—C. M. Figgatt, Bank of Lexington.

*Secretary*—Colonel C. A. Davidson, of Lexington, Virginia.

The Association was incorporated by act of Assembly, January 14, 1871, and organized under its charter February 7, 1871.

The *Executive Committee* (to the Lexington members, of which is due the credit for the earnest work and wise management which have resulted so satisfactorily) was composed of the following members:

General W. N. Pendleton, chairman, Colonel F. W. M. Holliday, Colonel C. S. Venable, Colonel J. W. Massie (deceased—in his place Colonel Bolivar Christian, May 31, 1873), Colonel Charles A. Davidson (deceased—in his place A. T. Barclay, Esq., June 22, 1882), Judge William McLaughlin, Major J. B. Dorman, Colonel William Allan, Colonel William Preston Johnston, Captain J. C. Boude, Professor J. J. White, Captain A. Graham, General William Terry, Hon. W. A. Anderson, Captain Walter Bowie, General John Echols, Colonel T. S. Flournoy, Rev. J. William Jones, D. D., Colonel J. K. Edmundson.

When the great Lee Memorial meeting was held in Richmond,



November the 3rd, 1870, the Lexington Association sent a committee with a proposition to the effect that there should be only one Association with two objects in view:

1. To decorate the tomb of Lee, wherever that might be, and leaving the settlement of that question entirely to the Lee family—
2. To erect in Richmond a grand statue.

This proposition, however, did not seem to meet with favor, and the Lexington Association has quietly pushed its own scheme to completion.

#### THE ARTIST AND HIS WORK.

The Association had no hesitancy whatever in the selection of an artist to carry out their design.

In the spring and summer of 1870 Mr. Edward V. Valentine, the distinguished Virginia sculptor, had modeled a bust of General Lee from life (the General giving him frequent sittings and even allowing him to make exact measurements of his person) which all pronounced a well nigh perfect likeness, and which competent art-criticism recognized as a very superior work of art. The committee, therefore, naturally turned to Mr. Valentine; and when Mrs. Lee was consulted she unhesitatingly expressed her preference for Valentine as the artist.

Accordingly he was chosen, and upon consultation with Mrs. Lee and the artist the committee cordially approved of her preference, and on June 21st, 1871, accepted Mr. Valentine's model, and commissioned him to execute his beautiful design of a Recumbent Figure after the school of Rauch's figure of Louise of Prussia in the Mausoleum in Charlottenbourg, Mrs. Lee having been particularly pleased with a photograph of that work.

We are sure that our readers will thank us for giving the following sketch of our artist from the graceful pen of our "Queen of Song," Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, of Lexington, Virginia, written originally for the *American Art Review*:

Emerson, in his aphoristic way, says that "the English people are incapable of an inutility." He argues that the idea of Beauty with them is luxury; and, as a consequence, that the fine arts among them fall to the ground. With much ingenuity, he attributes this to race temperament and climatic influence. In the mosaic of our cosmopolitan American civilization, where race and climate are of the most varied character, it might be supposed that a very different state of things would exist. We are, as a people, almost so

pre-eminently practical as to be "incapable of an inutility"; and yet along with this we have combined a *sentiment* which is wanting to the Englishman. Youth and struggle and poverty have held in abeyance the art spirit heretofore; but how rapid has been the advance in its direction, now that wealth has relaxed the mere necessity for bread-winning, and offers the leisure without which no arts can be fostered!

As a matter of course, or rather as a matter of history, Southern lands have been in large measure the chosen homes of beauty, luxury and leisure; and hence it follows legitimately that they should be the homes of all the higher arts. Compare Northern Europe with Southern through the Middle Ages on to the Cinque-Cento period, and how vast the difference! To be sure the Renaissance gave Germany an Albrecht Durer; but for one artist north of the Po, hundreds might be counted south of it. Where were England's old masters, when Spain, Venice, Tuscany, were reckoning theirs by scores?

If, then, art existed in our own country at all, we might naturally look for it in the Southern portion, where much, in time past, conduced to foster it—wealth for the more distinctively marked and limited upper classes, refinement, generally diffused education for such, and only two abundant leisure. But if we do look for it in the South, we fail to find it. The entire art spirit, with but few exceptions, has been confined to the North. Our poets, painters, sculptors, as a general thing, have been born above the charmed "line."

We allow the fact, without inquiring after the solution, farther than to say that we believe physical indolence has had very much to do with it. Now that times have changed, and such necessity for individual effort has arisen as did not exist two decades ago, we may hope for better things, of which we already see the well-defined promise. From the carcass of the slain lion may be drawn the honeycomb of those beautiful arts that shall sweeten all our future.

We are awakening, it is certain, to the importance of cherishing those in our midst who have won for themselves such reputations as reflect credit upon their mother-land. Among the first of Southern sculptures—nay, it is not invidious to say the very first of these—is the Virginian Valentine. Galt, of Norfolk, was cut off in the days of his early promise. Ezekiel, of Richmond, is building up his fame in Rome. But Valentine has already achieved, abroad and at

home, a name which will not die. Circumstances have combined to trammel and hinder him in his onward career. The fortunes of war have affected his success. We all remember how grand old Michael Angelo's noble creations were interfered with when armies beleaguered his beloved Florence ; and, reasoning from the greater to the less, we can well understand how our modern sculptor has fared in his war-smitten city and State.

Edward Virginius Valentine was born in the city of Richmond, Virginia, November 12, 1838. As is usual with those whose art-faculty is an instinct, his talent for sculpture developed itself in his earliest boyhood; and he was fortunate in possessing surroundings that tended to foster his natural bent. He was not thwarted in any way; but his art proclivities were, nevertheless, not suffered to interfere with that solid foundation of education which should underlie all art. Thorwaldsen assumed the chisel before he could write and spell his own language or any other correctly ; and he remained an uncultured man to the end of his career save in one department. But keeping in view his chosen course, young Valentine combined with other studies a course of Lectures on Anatomy, which he attended at the Medical College of Richmond when he was scarce more than a boy. He had the advantage of cultivated friendships and artistic counsel from the beginning, for, in his boyhood, the capital of the State still kept much of the prestige of the old *regime*. Mrs. Mowatt Ritchie, whose fine taste was moved by some of his earlier work, gave him encouraging words and foretold his future eminence. John R. Thompson, at that time a leading *litterateur* of the South, held out a helping hand. Governor Wise sat to him for a portrait bust, which was so perfect as to awaken high hopes for the future artist, so that he was not called to go through that oft-repeated struggle to which so many bright spirits are doomed before a clear pathway is opened for their endeavor. The youth was not subjected to the discouragements which have embarrassed the finished master, for then the wide world was before him, and ambition and hope bouyed him and beckoned him on. Now, ready for high achievement, but sharing the evil fortunes which have robbed his native city and State of their ability to fill his hands with commissions, he waits in his studio, surrounded by his beautiful creations, for orders to put them into marble—orders which, through the stress of circumstance, have but stintedly come. At times we are disposed to think that he has made a great mistake in not changing his studio to one of our large Northern cities, where

the art spirit, art taste, and the ability to purchase works of art exist as they cannot anywhere now in the impoverished South. Asking for bread, as our people do, how can Valentine offer them a *stone*! But his strong love for his ancestral soil holds him in Richmond, and hence he has not attained that national renown to which his remarkable merits entitle him.

His earliest masters were Hubard, whose fine reproductions in bronze of Houdon's statue of Washington are well known, and Oswald Heinrich, who had come from the centre of Saxon art, Dresden, where his father was private secretary to the picture-loving king. But the ambitious youth panted for such stimulus as could only be found beyond the seas, and consequently, in 1859, when he was just twenty years of age, he went abroad for study. His first point was Paris, where he became a pupil of Couture and learned to draw from the nude. Couture had been a student of Paul de la Roche, and was then in the height of his popularity. After remaining for some time under his instruction, he set out again for the goal of his desires, Italy, the shrine of all the arts. He lingered in intoxicated delight amid the galleries of Milan, Verona, Florence, Rome, going even as far south as Naples. He studied Michael Angelo and John of Bologna, and the splendid antique of the Vatican, and multitudes of the old masters and the modern ones, until his whole nature was saturated, as it were, and he became restless to put to account the stores he was laying up. He returned to Florence and placed himself under the instruction of Bonauti, the friend of Canova and the pupil of Thorwaldsen.

The year after this we find the young artist at Dresden, with the view of becoming the pupil of Rietschel, the famous sculptor there. But he found that the grave had just closed over him; so he hastened on to Berlin, made a special art centre by the presence of such men as Rauch and Cornelius, and Kiss and Schadow and Wolff, all of whom with one exception are now among the dead. Valentine had seen Kiss's great work in bronze, *The Amazon Attacked by a Tiger*, and it had left such an impression as made him desirous of receiving instruction from him. On application to Kiss, however, he was refused, the old sculptor saying that he took no pupils. The young American was not easily daunted, and he pleaded so effectively that Kiss relaxed so far as to bid him return to him for his answer three weeks later. At the appointed hour, Valentine duly presented himself, and the result of the conference was that Kiss installed him in his *atelier*, and in a short time, through his diligence, skill, and gen-



tleness, he so won upon the old artist that he thenceforth treated him almost with the kindness of a father ; he was childless, and into his heart and home the young student was taken as none had been taken before. In the early days with Kiss the civil war in America broke out, and the ability to hold communication with his home was soon cut off. The impulse so strong upon him to go back to Virginia was thwarted in various ways, and in the stoppage of pecuniary supplies, Kiss pressed upon his pupil purse, home, all he should need. When the old sculptor died, several years after, while Valentine was still with him, he it was who was among the last to be near him, just before his sudden death, and he it was who alone could comfort the desolate widow. Madame Kiss entreated that the beloved pupil should remain as a son with her, pressed upon him the use, without charge, of the old master's *atelier*, and finally presented him with many valuable works of art—among other things, all the implements with which Kiss had wrought at his beloved sculptures.

After the close of the war, when return became possible again, the young student could not resist the hungry longing for home, and turning his back on such offers as would have broken down the resistant patriotism of many a less ardent nature, he came back to Virginia at the close of 1865. When he landed in New York he was offered such advantages as were most tempting to an ambitious young artist ; but he rather chose to cast in his lot with his own people, and so set up his studio in Richmond.

It was a hopeless prospect which presented itself when Valentine opened his rooms in his native city. The depression of every kind was terrible. A certain paralysis rested on all hearts and hands. It seemed a mere mockery to offer to execute busts and statues for people who lacked almost the necessities of life. But he was brave, and his courage did not fail him. He had brought home with him an exquisite statuette of General Lee, which at once commanded admiration. Some London journals had spoken of it in exalted terms, for it had been carried to England and exhibited there. It was a very complete representation of the Confederate commander, and attracted great and wide attention to the sculptor's work.

Mr. Valentine had also won for himself high praise in Berlin, by a bust, modeled from life, of Dr. Franz von Holtzendorff, now Professor of Law in the University of Munich ; he will be remembered as having been the defender of Count Arnim, in the famous trial in Berlin.

But though commissions could not be expected under the cir-

cumstances, Mr. Valentine did not wait in idleness. He modeled various ideal heads—among others *The Samaritan Woman*, with its striking face and remarkable down-dropt eyes. *The Penitent Thief*, a wonderful presentment of agonizing pain and awful entreaty, belongs to this period. Lee's bust was modelled, a very superior piece of bust portraiture, and many a well-known Virginian's followed—Maury's, Stuart's, Albert Sidney Johnston's, Joseph E. Johnston's, and still others. General J. E. B. Stuart he modelled in so life-like a manner that one almost expects to hear the bold cavalier ring out one of his characteristic snatches of song. For the Humboldt Festival, inaugurated some time later by the German citizens of Richmond, in honor of the great scientist, he made the colossal bust of him which has been so much admired.

The power Valentine has of portraying the varied type of the negro never has been equaled. *The Nation's Ward* is matchless in its absolute verity; *Uncle Henry* will go down to posterity as the only correct type of "de ole Virginny darkey, sah;" while *Knowledge is Power*, a negro boy clothed in tatters, who has fallen asleep with his dog-eared book dropping from his limp hand, is, we surely think, the best piece of good-humored satire that was ever modelled.

After patient waiting, a handsome commission did come to our artist. The trustees of the Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Virginia, ordered a statue of General Lee, offering for it \$15,000, and leaving all details to the sculptor. A recumbent figure was chosen, suggested perhaps, by the exquisite one at Charlottenbourg over the tomb of the queen of Prussia, by Rauch, or the less celebrated one of the Duchess of Nassau at Wiesbaden, by Hoffgarten. But there is no resemblance, whatever, beyond the mere fact that it is recumbent. As well might it be said that Rauch took his idea from a sleeping knight stretched upon a tomb in some mediæval cathedral. It is in this exquisite piece of statuary that we have the first real gauge of our sculptor's range of power. It is cut from one block of flawless marble, and is to occupy a place in the Lee Mausoleum, at Washington and Lee University, not yet complete.

Mr. S. Teakle Wallis, of Baltimore, in an address at the Baltimore Academy of Music, thus speaks of the great work: "The statue, which is of marble, and of rather more than life-size, received the last touches of the chisel but a few days since, and was exhibited to the public in Richmond, where it created the pro-

foundest sensation. \* \* \* The hero is lying in his uniform, as if in sleep, upon his narrow soldier's bed. One hand is on his bosom, and touches, unconsciously and gently, "the drapery of his couch." The other is lying by his side, where it has fallen, and rests upon his sword. The portraiture is perfect, no less as to form than feature. The whole expression is that of tranquil and absolute repose—the repose of physical power, unshaken though dormant—of manly grace most graceful when at rest—of noble faculties alive and sovereign though still.

An English gentleman, a traveler who saw it while it was yet in the studio, writes of it: "We confess to feelings of profound astonishment as we first gazed at Valentine's splendid sculpture. We felt proud that Virginia had such a son. We had seen the works of great modern masters in Europe, but never had we seen one of greater power, conception, and execution than this Lee monument." A writer in a German paper says: "The General lies upon a sarcophagus, the upper part of the body slightly raised, in a gentle slumber. \* \* \* Mr. Valentine has especially succeeded in preserving the warm and living impression of the living body; it is not the countenance of death. It is Lee as he was—as the people of the South knew him; the work has nothing of the cold, disconsolate look of death about it; the artist has animated it with the warm breath of peace." A critic in the *Richmond Enquirer*, commenting upon a saying of Thorwaldsen's, that he did not fear his own conception, says the truth, and purity, and strength of Mr. Valentine's modelling is such that he verifies the remark of the great Dane—"he did not 'fear his own conception.'" His ambition was exalted, and he searched for his ideal in a field of art where the dividing line between success and failure is so exact as to render the ground treacherous and the undertaking dangerous. Between the extremes of the mediæval and modern sarcophagi there is a wide difference; but the art movement involved in the present undertaking was not strictly to be found in the intermediate ground. The contact was between an antique principle reflected through the solid grandeur of the German intellect in sculpture, and an immense deal of the artist's own originality. Had he failed to find it, his failure would have been complete. That he has not failed, but has achieved a triumph, we believe will be the opinion of the best art judgment in the country."

As a work of pure ideal art and that into which he has put most of his own conception, Mr. Valentine himself sets the highest value on his *Andromache and Astyanax*, and if he is enabled to carry out



his idea in marble, it will be accepted as his masterpiece. The moment represented is that after which the sorrowful and anxious wife is bidden by her husband to take her place among the women and ply the loom, while he, as a man should, seeks the field of glory and strife. The child leans upon his mother, toying with an ornament that is suspended from her neck, and his young, sunny child-face, innocent of all care or trouble, together with the tense, elastic figure, is brought into exquisite contrast with the utter relaxation of Andromache's pose, the neglected distaff across the lap, the drooping head, the limp, supine arm, the expression of apprehension and grief. It tells this lovely Homeric story as it never has been told before in plastic art. The accessories are all strict studies from the antique; it is sternly classic throughout. How nobly this fine conception, in marble, (it is as yet only in clay,) would adorn the sculpture room of the Corcoran Gallery in Washington!

Mr. Valentine has a pleasant studio on Leigh street, one of the quietest, shadiest portions of the shady city of Richmond. It is fitted with that bric-a-brac so dear to the artist's soul—old tapestries, articles of *vertu*, statuettes by Flamingo, figures found in Pompeii, curios from Egypt, his master Kiss's works, copies from the old galleries of Florence and Rome, and such like matters—not to speak of the sculptor's own varied creations, which, of course, give it its special attraction and value.

The April number of the *Southern Review*, in an article entitled "Art in the South," thus speaks of Mr. Valentine: "Valentine, of Virginia, is one of the foremost of American sculptors, \* \* \* and were his studio in Rome, or London, or Boston, or New York, is it too much to say that his hands would be filled with commissions? Is it beyond the truth to aver that his pathetic and exquisite *Andromache* and *Astyanax* would have been gracing in marble some princely saloon, instead of having to wait in the moulder's clay for an order? Is it putting it too strongly to declare that *replicas* of his inimitable *Knowledge is Power* (a sleeping negro boy with his dropping book), or his marvelous production, the saucy, good-for-naught *Nations Ward*, would be in every large gallery of representative art? The hand that modeled the recumbent figure of Lee, and gave us the portrait busts of Maury, Stuart, and others, would not be suffered, surely to let its skill lie dormant for lack of commissions. If England with her supercilious opinion so often expressed, that 'Art is yet crude in America,' can afford to praise this masterpiece of the Richmond sculptor, having no better or truer idea



of it than mere photographs can give—if Roman critics have words of commendation for Ezekiel's *Christ*, and his *Religious Liberty*—where is our pride in the genius of our sons, that we do not do vastly more than simply re-echo this applause?"

Mr. Valentine is, it must be remembered, only forty-one years old, and can hardly be said to have yet attained his artistic majority; for most great workers, whether the chisel, the brush, or the pen has been the implement used, have accomplished their noblest achievements after that age. Consequently we may expect with confidence yet rarer models from his hand.

We have not spoken of the artist's personal appearance, and of this only a word must suffice. He is tall, though somewhat under six feet, slight in his physique, with fine, regular features, and a spiritualized expression of face, which would mark him out at a glance as a man whose life was passed rather in an ideal state of existence, than amid the denizens of this hard, money-loving, money-getting, work-a-day world.

We add in this connection the sketch of the completed work written by *G. Watson James, D. L.*, of Richmond, Va., which strikes us as eminently accurate and just:

As viewed in perspective from the chapel the effect of the work and its surroundings is grand and impressive in the highest degree. The subdued but well-directed light falling through the compartment glass in the ceiling of the mausoleum brings out the head of the figure with a *Rambrandt* distinctness, while the shadows fall away on all sides in, as it were, a chromatic scale. The floor of the chamber is tessellated in white-veined marble and encaustic tiles. The walls consist of panels of grayish Indiana marble enframed in dark Baltimore pressed brick, and surmounted by semi-circular compartments which can be used for *basso-relievo* medallions. In one of these compartments, immediately facing the chapel, is inscribed the name of General Lee, together with the dates of his birth and death. Immediately around the base of the sarcophagus is a border of dark tiling, which has the effect of elevating the work, the base course and flooring blending so as to break all angles and hard lines. The ante-room of the mausoleum is separated from the chapel by heavy sunken curtains.

The figure and couch, which are of statuary-marble, are mounted on a sarcophagus simple almost to severity in its order, and which rests on a granite base course. The sides of the sarcophagus are

composed of two marble panels each, the space between the panels bearing in *basso relievo* on the one side the Lee court-of-arms, with the motto

*Non Incautus Futuri,*

and on the other the arms of Virginia. The head and foot consist of one panel each—the former being ornamented by a simple cross, the latter bearing the legend :

ROBERT EDWARD LEE,

BORN

JANUARY 19TH, 1807 ;

DIED

OCTOBER 12TH, 1870.

The entablature is supported at the four corners by fluted pilasters.

Regarding the figure as a sculptural achievement, when it was exhibited in Richmond we wrote, after careful study of it, the following criticism. These impressions are now, to our mind, more than confirmed.

The figure is over life-size, and rests upon a heavily-draped couch in an attitude of easy repose, the head being elevated to a natural position, with the face turned slightly to the right. The feet are lightly crossed. The right forearm lies across the breast—the hand holding by simple weight the blanket which covers the lower part of the body—while the left arm is fully extended along the couch ; this hand touches the hilt of a sword. In its minutest details the work exhibits the closest artistic study. In the drapery of the couch, every fold of which is rich, heavy and graceful, the swelling contour of the limbs beneath the blanket, the naturalness of the position, the chaste elaboration of the sword hilt, we have a musical scale of harmony and the legend of a poetic mind, looking perhaps to the austere and philosophic for the beautiful, but developing it so as to impress the most casual, nevertheless. Of the faithfulness of the portraiture it is not necessary to speak—that is conceded. It is with the idealization as embodied in the expression we have to deal. It is not death—it can hardly be termed sleep. Though the eyes are closed there is the light of a noble soul existence visible, irreconcilable with either life or death, but not inconsistent with the art principle that reverences the genius of grandeur, no matter what its form. The artist has aimed at grandeur, true and pure, and has reflected the rays of the Ger-

man school in which his education in plastic art was obtained—the school to which Rauch is indebted for his style, and which was kept alive by Rietschel at Dresden, Drake and Albert Wolff at Berlin, and Blaeser at Cologne—whose influence was felt by Schadow and Schwanthaler, and whose disciple at Copenhagen was Bessen, and at Rome Pierre Galli and others—the school that really drew its inspiration from the genius of Thorvaldsen. Taking the figure in its whole proportions, Mr. Valentine has resorted to none of the artifices of art; and while one may not feel so quickly touched by it—speaking in the accepted æsthetical sense as opposed to the idea of being impressed—its eminent beauties constantly reveal themselves by study. A celebrated sculptor, in comparing Canova and Thorvaldsen, once said that before Canova's work he was always on the defensive, fearing that his judgment might be taken captive by the excessive airs and grace of the figures and by the extreme skilfulness of the execution, which often conceal faults, and which were neither natural nor antique. With Thorvaldsen, on the contrary, he continues: "I do not fear any such artifices; my mind is tranquil. I prefer him for his greater breadth of style and because his work is truer and more correct." To the artistic judgment in the abstract tranquility of mind is expressive of the feeling in gazing upon Mr. Valentine's creation. The breadth, purity, and truth of modelling is that of an artist who does not fear his own conception. His ambition was of the most exalted character, and he searched for his ideal in a field of art where the dividing line between success and failure is so exact as to render the ground treacherous and the undertaking dangerous. Between the extremes of the mediæval and the modern sarcophagi, it is true, there is a wide difference, but the art movement involved in the present undertaking was not strictly to be found in the intermediate ground. The contact was between an antique principle reflected through the solid grandeur of the German intellectualism in sculpture and an immense deal of originality. Had he failed to find it his failure would have been complete. That he has not failed, but has achieved a most wonderful triumph, we believe will be the best art judgment in the country. Leaving the abstract artistic question of the merits of the figure, we can say little more of it without repeating ourselves. The most casual observer must, upon viewing it, be filled with a solemnity touched with awe; must feel that it is the creation of a great genius; that it is a noble effort in art. It appeals to the strongest sense of reverence, and has made the reputation of Virginia's sculptor.

The position of the work in the mausoleum throws the head to the north, with the face turned slightly toward the chapel, thus affording a view of it from a number of different points. It is impossible to imagine greater architectural and sculptural harmony.

We add the conclusion of a long and very appreciative article written by the Art critic of the *Boston Post*:

“The writer was favored with a sight of it [the plaster cast] in Mr. Valentine’s studio at Richmond, Va., several months ago, and the impression then gained was very favorable to its excellent qualities as a work of art. The figure is full length, reclining upon the back on a couch. The likeness is said by those who knew General Lee intimately to be exceptionably good, and it certainly is faithful to the best portraits of him now extant. The pose of the figure is firm, and yet is so happily devoid of hardness that it is quite easy and natural, and suggests the idea of calm slumber more clearly than such work is wont to do. The drapery thrown over the figure and across the couch is admirably handled with the utmost grace and simplicity in its folds. This quality of simplicity and directness is the strong feature in the work as a whole.

“There is a great deal of the pure Greek in Mr. Valentine’s art sense, and we find it strongly manifested in this work. There are no meretricious ornaments in the way of decorations, nothing of the ‘catchy’ character, but plain, simple, straightforward and intelligent methods. This work is thoroughly simple and severe, and quite classic in character. In the hands of an artist of lesser power these qualities so pronounced might easily have degenerated into hardness and coldness, but it is not so here, however. They add a dignity and an impressiveness to the subject that eminently befit and elevate it to a higher position among the best of our native works of sculpture. It is a triumph in art that the sculptor may well be proud of, and which must be thoroughly satisfactory to every admirer of General Lee.”

We will only add to the criticisms which we have quoted above that the writer of this saw Valentine’s original bust of Lee while he was at work on it and after its completion,—saw his original design of the Recumbent Figure, his study, his completed figure in plaster, and the marble at every stage from the rude block until in March, 1875, the artist gave it the finishing touches of his genius, and in Lexington, after the unveiling, we sat by and studied it by the hour,



and heard the expressions of hundreds who came to see it. We think, therefore, that while laying no claim to being an "Art critic" in the technical sense of that term, we are competent to say that the figure fully reaches our conception of "*Marse Robert Asleep*" in his nightly bivouac beneath the stars, and that if the work has a fault, in its conception or execution, we have not been able to discover it.

Our frontispiece (for which we are indebted to the liberal courtesy of *Harper's Weekly*, where it originally appeared), is an admirable representation of the figure. We may add that *M. Miley, Lexington, Va.*, has beautiful photographs of the Chapel, the Mausoleum, and the Recumbent Figure.

REMOVAL OF THE FIGURE FROM RICHMOND TO LEXINGTON.

So soon as it was understood that the work was completed, such arrangements for its removal from Richmond to Lexington were made as will be explained by the following correspondence:

RICHMOND COLLEGE, VIRGINIA,

March 30th, 1875.

*Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D. D.:*

Dear Sir,—We have been appointed by the Literary Societies of Richmond College to request you, in their behalf, to solicit from the Lee Memorial Association, the privilege of defraying the expenses of the transportation from this city to Lexington, of Valentine's beautiful recumbent statue of our peerless hero, and of deputing committees to act as escort of honor on the way.

Prompted solely by devout reverence for the exalted character of him who by his virtues is lifted up to the admiring gaze of the world, whose heroic deeds illustrate the annals of our native State and the whole country, and whose closing years were devoted to the education of young men; and deeming it not inappropriate that this memorial, which is to be committed to the loving guardianship of the young men of that institution on which his last labors were bestowed, should be attended from the studio of the artist to the place of its final deposit by the students of the college of the metropolis of the State, we earnestly present this petition of our societies, and hope that this sacred office may be entrusted to their charge.

J. T. E. Thornhill, Charles R. Darby, W. D. Groton, R. H. Pitt, S. S. Woodward—*Committee from Mu Sigma Rho Society.*

William M. Turpin, R. T. Hanks, Hugh C. Smith, C. N. Donaldson, A. M. Harris—*Committee from Philologian Society.*

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Lee Memorial Association on the 1st of April, 1875, the following resolutions were adopted:

*Resolved*, 1. That Messrs. Dr. J. William Jones and E. V. Valentine be requested by the Lee Memorial Association to make the arrangements necessary for the removal of the Lee monument from the artist's studio to Lexington, Va.

*Resolved*, 2. That the Lee Memorial Association, having heard from Rev. Dr. Jones that the students of Richmond College "will make an application for the privilege of taking charge of the monument when it is sent up, bearing the expenses of its transportation," &c., very cordially accede to the kind and courteous proposal.

*Resolved*, 3. That the gentlemen composing the escort on behalf of the students of Richmond College be invited to be the guests of the Association during their visit to Lexington.

LEXINGTON, VA., April 2, 1875.

*Rev. J. Wm. Jones, D. D., Richmond, Va.:*

My Dear Dr.,—The accompanying resolutions, passed by our Lee Memorial Association at its last meeting, will not, I presume, be new to you. Captain Davidson has probably already communicated them.

Still, some expression more cordial than bare resolution was deemed proper in response to the magnanimous proposal of the students of Richmond College, mentioned in your letter, to appoint a committee of their body to escort General Lee's monument to Lexington whenever it shall be sent up, and also themselves to bear the complete expenses of the transportation of the boxed monument.

As chairman of the Executive Committee of our Lee Memorial Association, I was charged with the honor of expressing through yourself, to that fine body of young men, students, the sincere sense we have of their manly spirit and patriotic principle and feeling, and of the glad approval with which we welcome them as co-workers in this admirable cause.

Will you, my dear Dr. Jones, convey to the young gentlemen this simple expression of our body, letting them know how cordially we appreciate their high-toned proposals?

Commending the entire enterprise and all identified with it to God's favor and blessing, I am truly your friend and brother in Christ,

W. N. PENDLETON,  
*Chairman Executive Committee.*

The removal from the studio to the depot on the afternoon of April the 13th, 1875, was thus described in the *Richmond Dispatch* of the next day :

“This event attracted to the neighborhood of Valentine’s studio yesterday afternoon an immense crowd. Judges of the Court of Appeals, high officials, dignified divines, all of the professions, our most substantial business-men, our military, the students of our college, old soldiers (some of them on crutches), the youth and the beauty of our fair city, were all there to show their appreciation of the great work, and their loving respect for our grand old chieftain.

“The boxing of the figure was begun Monday morning and completed at 10 A. M. yesterday. The box was very skillfully built up around the figure, which was covered with cotton pads, and so wedged in with “clamps” as to prevent any slipping.

“The case was then turned over to the ladies (especially those in the immediate neighborhood of the studio), who, with the assistance of Mr. Thomas J. Minor and several other gentlemen, proceeded to decorate it with flowers, evergreens, and mottoes. The decorations were really beautiful, and reflected credit on the excellent taste which arranged them. On each side of the case, worked in evergreen and spring blossoms, was the simple, magic name ‘LEE’; and when the monument reached the depot some of the officers of the Danville railroad added beneath this the motto: ‘*Virginia’s Son—Never to be Forgotten.*’

“The safe transportation of so heavy a weight (about four tons) to the depot was a difficulty very easily solved by the kindness of Colonel Hobson, of the Tredegar Works, who placed at the disposal of the committee one of his wagons, which he permitted them to carry through to Lexington.

“At three o’clock the procession was formed in a drenching rain which would have broken up any column composed of less enthusiastic material.

“The students of Richmond College, the First Virginia regiment, and a very large crowd of citizens generally (among them many ladies) braved the storm, and held their places in the ranks until the procession reached the depot, while along the whole of the line of march the sidewalks and every door and window which afforded a view of the procession were crowded with eager lookers-on. It was a grand, voluntary, outpouring of our people to do honor to the memory of Lee.

"Several places of business along the route were beautifully draped, and had suspended portraits of Lee and Jackson. No accident occurred on the way, and the procession arrived in due time at the depot.

"Here the liberal kindness of Colonel Buford, Colonel Talcott, Colonel H. T. Douglass, and other officials of the Danville road, had made every provision for the safety and speedy loading and transportation of the figure. The wagon was rolled up on a flat, which takes it through to Lynchburg, where it will be transferred to a canal-boat, which will take it through to Lexington.

"It is accompanied by a committee of ten students of the societies of Richmond College, whose generous offer to carry it through to Lexington was gratefully accepted by the Lee Memorial Association, and Mr. Thomas Barry, an experienced and skillful mover of heavy weights.

"At six o'clock the engine, beautifully draped, was attached to the train, and sped on its way with its precious freight, followed by the best wishes of our people, who honor every effort to honor the memory of Lee, and are especially interested in this splendid triumph of our young sculptor, of whom Virginia has cause to be so proud."

All along the route the committee met with a most cordial reception, and the highest respect was shown by people eager to do anything in their power to pay respect to the name of Lee. The reception of the figure in Lexington was thus described by a correspondent of the *Richmond Dispatch*:

"LEXINGTON, VA., *April 19, 1875.*

"Valentine's statue of Lee reached the landing on North river in safety at 11 A. M. Saturday, 17th, under an escort of ten students from Richmond College, and was met by the Lee Memorial Association, the officers, faculty, and students of Washington and Lee University; the officers, faculty, and cadets of the Virginia Military Institute; and the citizens of Lexington and vicinity, among whom were many little girls and ladies laden with floral tributes, all eager to show respect to the memory of the immortal Lee.

"Among the men of distinction present were Governor Letcher, General Early, General Pendleton, General Smith, and others.

"The young gentlemen of Richmond College, composing the guard of honor, performed their responsible task handsomely and success-



fully, although confronted by serious difficulties on the way, and merit the thanks of all interested in the noble work of art, which they kindly volunteered to accompany.

“As soon as the wagon bearing the statue was drawn ashore, the procession, consisting of the elements named above, moved towards Lexington under the conduct of Governor Letcher and General Early, aided by an efficient corps of marshals, the wagon being drawn by the students of the University, and the cadets following in line. As the procession passed the Military Institute a salute of seventeen guns was fired.

“On reaching the University grounds the statue was presented by Mr. J. T. E. Thornhill, of the escort, in a graceful and appropriate address, to which Governor Letcher made a happy response on behalf of the Lee Memorial Association. The Governor was followed by Colonel William Preston Johnston, who represented Washington and Lee University, and delivered the following chaste and beautiful address :

*“Fellow Citizens,—*You have come together to receive with fitting honors the monument that patriotism has planned and genius executed to the memory of Lee. Your presence here testifies to the constancy of your faith in the man and in the cause that are now both immortal. It is the tenderest office of private friendship to cherish the memory of loved ones who have gone from among us ; it is the most exalted duty of public reverence to perpetuate in enduring forms the services of great men, who forgetting themselves, have lived and died for others. We may rejoice that such memorials have not been lacking in this, the home and burial-place of our leader ; that here the fair poet of Beechenbrook has responded in verse to the inspiration of the theme ; that here, Jones, an Israelite in whom is no guile, laid the foundations of his noble volume of ‘Reminiscences ;’ and that here Valentine first modelled the bust of Lee that now comes back to us an ideal of dead chivalry, the marble effigy of the Christian soldier.

“It is right, it is becoming, it is our sacred duty to rear to Lee the statue, mausoleum, the memorial pile ; to cast in bronze and carve in marble the figure that shall image his splendid presence. To-day we are proud and happy that so much of our good work has been achieved. We have what money cannot buy—a work of true art—a work of genius, animated by love and veneration—a work worthy to celebrate the fame of our hero. Virginia, the South, America, all

owe a debt of gratitude to Valentine. Here is the stone that will commemorate the virtues of the departed; but in the throbbing breasts before me I behold the living monument that more worthily attests his excellence. This beautiful tomb to cover his ashes is but the outward and visible symbol; the great and generous heart of the South is the true and noble sepulchre that enshrines the name and memory of Lee.

"We have here to-day representatives of the civic and military virtues of this Commonwealth. You have heard the clarion tones of the great war-governor—a voice that has never faltered or given forth an uncertain sound. There is another here among us, a leader on stricken fields, that never quailed before face of man or blaze of battle, never elate in victory, and in defeat indomitable; the fearless guardian of the fame of Lee, of the honor of the dead Confederacy, of the slaughtered truth of history. You all know whom I mean—Early. I present him to you.

"General Early then delivered a brief but characteristic address.

"The figure was then placed in a room prepared for its temporary resting place, and the large assembly dispersed, elated with having spent a day in doing honor to the memory of the great and good man, whose noble person Valentine has so successfully reproduced.

"L. M. A."

As completing the matter of the removal of the figure to Lexington, we append the following :

LEXINGTON, VA., *April 19, 1875.*

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Lee Memorial Association, on the 19th April, 1875, the following minute was adopted :

"The Lee Memorial Association takes pleasure in tendering its thanks to the escort of honor, students of Richmond College, who have accompanied the statue of General Lee and delivered it to the committee of the Association.

"The very severe weather during the transportation made their labor of love and honor one of hardship also, and the propriety and delicacy with which the duty has been performed has increased the obligation of the Association.

"The Association begs leave also to express its gratitude to the authorities and students of Richmond College, who have been so

honorably represented by the escort, for the sentiment that prompted their action."

An extract from the records.

W. N. PENDLETON, *Chairman.*

*Charles A. Davidson*, Secretary.

#### LEE CHAPEL AND THE MAUSOLEUM.

With the first available funds which he could command after becoming President of Washington College, General Lee designed and erected the substantial and beautiful brick chapel, the audience room of which was used for morning prayers, and other religious services, and in the basement of which was the college library, his own office, and that of his clerk.

Upon his death a vault was prepared in the floor of the library room and this became his tomb; his office was preserved just as he left it the day he went from its busy duties to the vestry meeting of his church, and there was introduced the beautiful custom of having detailed every day a student guard to keep watch and ward at his grave, and show visitors any needed courtesy.

After the completion of Valentine's figure, it was determined, after careful consideration, to erect a mausoleum, to contain it as an annex to the eastern end of the chapel, beneath which there should be vaults to contain the bodies of the General, Mrs. Lee, and Miss Agnes.

The committee were very fortunate in securing as architect of the mausoleum *Mr. J. Crawford Neilson*, of Baltimore, who not only presented a very beautiful design, but also superintended the building, and refused to receive any compensation whatever for his services—doing it all as a "labor of love," and as his tribute to the memory of Lee.

The *Dispatch* thus described the laying of the corner-stone of the Mausoleum and its final completion :

"The ceremony of laying the corner-stone of the building took place on the 29th of November, 1878, the committee having been especially careful to avoid urgency in the collection of funds for its completion, as they held it should be regarded a privilege to contribute to such an object. The exercises took place in the University chapel. Hon. J. R. Tucker, Rev. Dr. Weddell, General R. D. Lilly, General Joseph E. Johnston, General W. N. Pendleton, ex-

Governor Letcher, General F. H. Smith, Rev. Dr. Mullally, General J. T. L. Preston, Rev. Dr. Thompson, Rev. I. W. Canter, and other distinguished gentlemen being present.

“Professor James J. White, of the Executive Committee, and one of the moving spirits of the Association, stated the object of the gathering, and paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Valentine, in which he declared that the triumph of the artist was complete, and that his name ‘would go down with the Christian soldier whose history he had stamped upon the imperishable marble. His was a work of which Virginia will be proud, and Valentine may well rest his fame where Virginia rests her love. The laurels that bind the brow of her noblest soldier will sprout anew to crown the genius of her greatest artist.’

“Prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. (General) William N. Pendleton, which was followed by an oration by Senator Withers.

“Professor White announced that the ceremonies of laying the corner-stone would be conducted by General Joseph E. Johnston and Hon. John Randolph Tucker, and the audience repairing to the northeast corner of the building, General Johnston, after paying a short but feeling tribute to the memory of Lee, proceeded to deposit in the leaden box inserted in the stone the following articles :

“Copy of autograph letter of General Washington, written in 1798, making bequest of \$50,000 to Liberty Hall Academy.

“Action of the Board of Trustees calling General Lee to the presidency of Washington College in 1865.

“General Lee’s letter of acceptance.

“Personal Recollections of General Lee, by General Pendleton, delivered by him on the second anniversary of his death.

“‘Reminiscences, Anecdotes and Letters’ of General R. E. Lee, by J. William Jones, D. D.

“Roll of Liberty-Hall Volunteers.

“Photographs of General R. E. Lee, General Custis Lee, and the Board of Trustees and Faculty.

“Copies of Records of the Lee Memorial Association.

“A copy of the ‘*Southern Collegian*,’ containing an account of the funeral ceremonies of General R. E. Lee.

“Names of members of the Lee Memorial Association.

“Names of Executive Committee of Lee Memorial Association.

“Copies of ‘*Southern Collegian*’ for October and November, 1878.

“The ceremonies were closed with a benediction by Dr. Pendleton.



“The mausoleum proper, which has but recently been finished, rests upon a crypt of heavy masonry, containing twenty-odd repositories for burial-cases. Into this crypt the remains of General and Mrs. Lee and their daughter, Miss Agnes Lee, were removed several weeks ago. The exterior of the superstructure, in accordance with the plan agreed upon, is severely plain, the material being ordinary building brick. The interior, or monumental chamber, is reached by a short flight of steps, and through an ante-room dividing it from the chapel. The floor measurement is 40x30 feet, and the entire finishing and architectural effect, as before described, is rich, appropriate, and impressive. The mausoleum can be cut off from the chapel by heavy iron doors, and the whole structure is absolutely fire-proof.”

It was gratifying to find Mr. Valentine so delighted with the manner in which his figure is placed—so entirely satisfied with the light and the general advantage in which his work will be seen.

#### THE GRAND OCCASION OF THE UNVEILING OF THE FIGURE.

We regret that our limited space will forbid the full description of this inspiring occasion, which we had purposed.

We were favored with bright skies and beautiful weather, and from six o'clock A. M., when the Virginia Military Institute battery fired a salute of seventeen guns, until late at night, the town was alive with people, and all animated by the spirit of the occasion.

Every train had brought its cargo, every mode of conveyance had added to the numbers, and the largest crowd ever assembled in Lexington gathered to do honor to the day. But the hospitality of these good people was fully equal to the demand, and entertainment was provided for all comers.

At eight o'clock a special train brought from Baltimore the “Society of the Army and Navy of the Confederate States in Maryland,” the “Maryland Line,” and the “Maury Association,” who all wore beautiful badges gotten up especially for the occasion, bore two Confederate flags, and a flag of the State of Maryland, and were headed by a band of sixteen pieces. These veterans attracted great attention, and there was general commendation of their zeal and enterprise in coming in such large numbers to honor the memory of their old commander.

From the depot they marched at once to the cemetery at the head of the town. During the march the band played “Dixie,” “Mary-

land, My Maryland," and the "Bonnie Blue Flag." Arriving at the cemetery gate, the procession entered to the roll of muffled drums, and after marching around the grave of "Stonewall" Jackson, General Steuart, Lieutenant W. P. Zollinger, Lieutenant-Colonel Clemment Sullivan, Captain John W. Torsch, Captain Frank Marcoe, of General Gordon's staff, and Captain A. J. Smith, deposited at the head of the grave a handsome bronze Memorial Tablet to Jackson.

The tablet is about five feet high. At the head is the word "Stonewall"; on one side "June 28th," on the other "1883." Just underneath the word "Stonewall" is the coat-of-arms of Maryland, and below that the following legend: "*Fatti machii parole femine*"—"From the survivors of his men in Maryland." Jackson's grave was beautifully decorated with flowers, as was also the iron rail around it. At the four corners of the railing were shields, attached to cross-swords and surrounded by wreaths of evergreens. Each shield bore a motto, as follows:

1. "That could not yield,  
Was the legend of his shield."  
*"Port Republic."*
2. "From the field of death and fame,  
Borne upon his shield he came."  
*"Chancellorsville."*
3. "From the land for which he bled,  
Honor to the warrior dead."  
*"Manassas."*
4. "In the Valley let me lie  
Underneath God's open sky."  
*"Lexington."*

These mottoes were furnished by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston.

In the centre of the section was the flag borne by the Cadet Corps at New Market, and above the cemetery gate was the battle-flag of the Rockbridge Rifles. The graves of General Pendleton, Paxton and others were also decorated. At General Pendleton's grave were stationed two pieces of artillery.

The Confederate battle-flags, made of immortelles, which the youngest daughter of President Davis sent to decorate the graves of Lee and Jackson, (and which were appropriately placed on them by Miss Carrie Daniel, the bright ten-year-old daughter of the orator of the day) were very beautiful, and were very much admired, as were all of the floral decorations, which reflected great credit on the zeal and taste of the ladies in charge.

Hon. William A. Anderson, chairman of the Committee of Arrangements, had general charge of the day's proceedings, and announced the following Marshals and Assistant Marshals, all of whom were mounted and distinguished by sashes :

Chief Marshal, Lieutenant-General Wade Hampton. Marshals: General R. D. Lilley, Colonel W. T. Poague, Colonel John A. Gibson, Colonel J. D. H. Ross, Major Charles F. Jordan, Major W. Paxton, Mr. John T. Dunlop, Mr. W. F. Johnston, Mr. William M. Dunlap, Mr. Harry E. Moore, Mr. W. B. F. Leech, Mr. S. H. Letcher, Mr. J. E. McCauley, Captain J. H. H. Figgatt, Captain James Bumgardner, Captain T. C. Morton, Captain James A. Strain, Captain J. G. Updike, Captain William C. McKenny, Dr. Z. J. Walker, Captain William Wade, Captain J. P. Moore, Lieutenant J. H. B. Jones, Mr. R. T. McLeod, Captain W. F. Pierson, Captain William Bumgardner.

Chief of Assistant Marshals, Mr. E. C. Day, of Kentucky. Assistant Marshals: Mr. J. M. Becker, Pennsylvania; Mr. R. Godson, Kentucky; Mr. L. L. Campbell, Virginia; Mr. H. D. Flood, Virginia; Mr. Q. T. Bugg, Louisiana; Mr. G. O. Beirne, West Virginia; Mr. H. McCrum, Virginia.

At 9.30 o'clock the procession formed in the following order:

Chief Marshals and Aides,  
Cadet Band,  
Corps of Cadets,  
Maryland Band,  
Maryland Visitors,

Survivors of the Stonewall Brigade, under command of General Terry.

The procession reached the cemetery, filed around Jackson's grave, and thence marched to the University grounds.

Here an immense crowd had assembled in front of the large platform, which was reserved for, first, generals of the Confederate States Army and officers of the Confederate States Navy above the rank of commander; second, officers of the general Government of the Confederate States; third, the Governor of Virginia and members of the present Government; fourth, governors of any of the States of the Union and members of the Senate or House of Representatives of the United States; fifth, members of the Board of Trustees and Faculty of Washington and Lee University; sixth, members of the Board of Visitors and Faculty of the Virginia Mili-

tary Institute; seventh, specially invited guests; eighth, members of the Lee Memorial Association.

Among the more notable persons present on the platform were Generals Wade Hampton, of South Carolina; J. A. Early, of Virginia; William Smith, (the last war Governor of Virginia); William Terry, of Wytheville, Virginia; George H. Steuart, of Maryland; M. D. Corse, R. D. Lilly, Fitzhugh Lee, G. W. Custis Lee, W. H. F. Lee and F. H. Smith, of Virginia; Judge H. W. Bruce, of Kentucky; Hon. C. R. Breckinridge, of Arkansas; Mrs. Stonewall Jackson and her daughter, Miss Julia; Mrs. J. E. B. Stuart and her daughter, Miss Virginia; Mrs. General George E. Pickett; Mrs. J. M. Carlisle, widow of General Anderson of Kentucky; E. V. Valentine the sculptor, and his wife; Mrs. General E. G. Lee; Mrs. Margaret J. Preston; Mrs. W. H. F. Lee and her two boys; Captain Robert E. Lee; W. W. Corcoran Esq., of Washington; Father Ryan, Colonel T. M. R. Talcott and Colonel H. E. Peyton, former members of General Lee's staff; Colonel William Allan of Stonewall Jackson's old staff; Colonel William H. Palmer, of General A. P. Hill's staff; the Trustees and Faculty of Washington and Lee University, and the Virginia Military Institute; and a number of others too numerous to mention. The beautiful little daughter of Major Daniel who held his crutch, handed him water, and wiped his brow, and fanned him when he was through with his great oration, was "the observed of all observers."

The scene during the delivery of Major Daniel's address, as one looked from the platform over the vast throng, was grand and inspiring beyond description. The vast sea of upturned faces, the beaming countenance, the starting tear, the enthusiastic applause, of age, youth, dignity, beauty, and chivalry gathered to hear our noble orator speak of our peerless chieftain, all combined to form a scene which has become historic, and which will linger forever in the memory of all who witnessed it.

After the cheers which greeted the conclusion of Major Daniel's oration had subsided, General Early called out Father Ryan, "the Poet-Priest of the South," who was received with enthusiastic applause, and recited in admirable style his famous poem on "*The Sword of Lee*."

In a letter to the *N. O. Times-Democrat*, Father Ryan has thus described the scene:

"At noon, or a little after, General Early, who presided in the



absence of General Joseph E. Johnston, called the assemblage to order, and introduced the orator of the day, Major Daniel. He rose amid deafening cheers—a man strikingly handsome, with soul-power in his face. He combines in face and manner the powers of Edwin Booth and John McCullough, the actors. He began his oration in a simple yet striking way, alluding to the home of Lee before the war. His power of description is strong. It was only the preface to a glorious oration. He rose as he proceeded, as a man who is climbing the slopes of a mountain to see the setting sun when he reaches its summit. And his hearers followed him. Half-way up the slope of his oration he seemed to rest, but you could see in his face and hear in the tremor of his voice and his graceful swaying gestures, that he rested for a purpose. I think it was the glory-hour of his address. When he flung back his classic head, and alluded to President Davis, with his heart in his voice, and in words that were royal, he stilled the crowd for a few minutes, but when he closed his glorious eulogy on him who suffered vicariously for every Confederate man, woman and child, and who is still disfranchised by the Federal government, the stillness was broken by such grand thunders of applause that the orator was obliged to pause. It was the grand southern amen to words grand as they were, and grandly spoken of a man grander than any words. Some eyes were moist with tears then—tributes to our President, who suffered for us all. God bless him. The orator went on, rising higher and higher in his eloquence, and when he concluded there was one man in that audience who said to himself, ‘The orator equals the occasion.’ Then General Early. His words were brief, but he commanded your humble servant to come forward and face a crowd already entranced with glorious eloquence. I obeyed, said a few words, recited the ‘Sword of Robert Lee,’ and stole away. Stonewall Jackson’s daughter, Julia, unveiled the statue. Crowds went in and came out, and the faces of most were sad. Clouds were gathering away over on the mountains. The sun went down, and Lexington will never see such a day again, because the world will never know another Robert Lee.”

At the close of Father Ryan’s recitation, a procession was formed on the platform, which was headed by General Early and Major Daniel, Judge McLaughlin, and Mr. Edward V. Valentine, and Professor J. J. White, and Mr. J. Crawford Neilson, followed by other distinguished visitors, soldiers, professors, divines, students and citizens generally, which passed through the chapel into the

mausoleum, where Miss Julia Jackson withdrew the curtains which unveiled to the delighted gaze of all "Majesty in repose," "Sweet rest," "Marse Robert asleep," as different ones exclaimed on beholding this splendid creation of Valentine's genius.

Just as the curtains were withdrawn, the famous old "Rockbridge Artillery," stationed on the College campus near by, fired a salute with the very same guns (the "Cadet Battery," which "Major Jackson" used to command when a Professor in the Virginia Military Institute), with which on the field of First Manassas, they helped to win for the old brigade and its grand leader the immortal soubriquet of "Stonewall."

It was a touching scene to witness the greetings of the veteran survivors of this grand old battery, whose prowess had illustrated well nigh every battle-field of the Army of Northern Virginia from Falling Waters in 1861 to Appomattox Courthouse in 1865. Among those present on this occasion were noted :

Colonel McLaughlin, Colonel W. T. Poague, Sergeants S. C. Smith, D. E. Moore, J. E. McCauley, Corporals William M. Wilson and William N. Bumpass, of Kentucky. Privates T. M. Wade, W. C. Estill, Joseph F. Shaner, W. F. Johnston, Jack Witerow, Alfred Good, E. A. Moore, Calvin Stuart, W. S. McClintic, of Missouri, J. F. Tompkins, R. E. Lee, James A. Ford, T. E. McCorkle, John Williams, and D. Gardner Tyler. Colonel Poague commanded the battery, the cadets forming three sides of a square around the guns to keep back the crowd.

The programme being carried out at the chapel, the vast crowd dispersed. There was spread on the College grounds a collation to which all were invited, and the houses of the President of the University (General G. W. C. Lee), the Professors generally, and a large number of citizens, were crowded with guests invited to partake of elegant lunches, or more properly, splendid banquets. In a word, Lexington did everything in her power to make the occasion a success, fully sustained her reputation for princely hospitality, and proved herself worthy to have been the home and to hold the graves of Lee and Jackson.

The committees and all concerned are to be cordially congratulated on the splendid success of their programme on this grand historic occasion.

The Marylanders spent the afternoon and evening in serenading General G. W. C. Lee, Hon. J. R. Tucker, ex-Governor John Letcher, Mrs. Jackson and Miss Julia, Mrs. Stuart and others, and

they received universal praise for their soldierly appearance and manly bearing. They deserve especial credit for coming at so great inconvenience, and they attracted great attention wherever they went.

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**The Friendship between Lee and Scott.**

*By* J. WM. JONES.

Now that the bitter memories of the late "war between the States" are passing away, and those who were enemies once can meet as friends and brothers again, it is very pleasant to recall the fact that even amid the animosities of war there were instances of warm friendship existing between soldiers of the opposing armies. That playful correspondence between "Jeb" Stuart and his old West Point chum at Lewinsville, in 1861, the capture of his old classmate by Fitz. Lee in 1862, and the jolly time they had together as they sang "Benny Havens O!" and revived memories of "Auld Lang Syne"—the meeting between Major "Bob" Wheat and Colonel Percy Wyndham, when the latter was captured by Ashby near Harrisonburg, Va., in 1862, and many similar incidents, might be given to show that there were friendships which could not be broken by the fact that honest men took opposite sides in the war.

But one of the most conspicuous illustrations is the warm friendship which existed to the last between two prominent actors in the great drama—General Winfield Scott and General R. E. Lee. This friendship begun in the Mexican war, was cemented up to the time that Lee resigned his commission and accepted the command of the Virginia forces, and remained unbroken until the death of General Scott. I have been permitted to make the following extract from an unpublished autograph letter written by Captain R. E. Lee to his brother, Sidney Smith Lee, of the navy. It is dated "City of Mexico, 4th of March, 1848." It was not only written without any expectation of its ever being published, but the writer even took the precaution to say to the loved brother, whom he playfully addressed as "My Darling Rose," that "this is intended only for your eyes." And yet it will be seen that this rising young officer, writing with all the freedom of brotherly confidence, not only does not seek to exalt himself by detracting from the merits of his chief, but modestly pushes aside the personal fame he had so justly won that

he might pay the tribute of admiring friendship to his loved General.

After writing in a charming manner about various family and social matters, Captain Lee says :

“Your commendations upon the conduct of the army in this war has filled me with pleasure ; they justly deserve it. There was no danger too great for them to seek and no labor too severe for them to undertake. The fall of a comrade did not retard a single step, but all pressed forward to their work. Better soldiers never died on any field. Nor has the navy been behind them in their duties. They have risked every exposure and every disease, have served on land with as much alacrity as on shipboard, have captured every port they could reach, and now hold the whole coast closely blockaded. They have only lacked the opportunities afforded to the army. I think our country may well be proud of the conduct of both arms of the service. As to myself, your brotherly feelings have made you estimate too highly my small services, and though praise from one I love so dearly is very sweet, truth compels me to disclaim it. I did nothing more than what others in my place would have done much better. The great cause of our success was in our leader. It was his stout heart that cast us on the shore of Vera Cruz ; his bold self-reliance that forced us through the pass of Cerro Gordo ; his indomitable courage that, amid all the doubts and difficulties that surrounded us at Puebla, pressed us forward to this Capitol, and finally brought us within its gates, while others, who croaked all the way from Brazos, advised delay at Puebla, finding themselves at last, contrary to their expectations, comfortably quartered within the city, find fault with the way they came there. With all their knowledge I will defy them to have done better. I agree with you in your opinion of these dissensions in camp ; they have clouded a bright campaign. It is a contest in which neither party has anything to gain and the army much to lose, and ought to have been avoided. The whole matter will soon be before the Court, and if it be seen that there has been harshness and intemperance of language on one side, it will be evident that there has been insubordination on the other.

“It is difficult for a General to maintain discipline in an army composed as this is in a foreign country, where the temptations to disorders are so great and the chance of detection so slight. He requires every support and confidence from his government at home. If he abuses his trust or authority it is then time to hold him to



account ; but to decide the matter upon an ex-parte statement of favorites, to suspend a successful General in command of an army in the heart of an enemy's country, to try the judge in place of the accused, is to upset all discipline, to jeopardize the safety of the army and the honor of the country, and to violate justice. I trust, however, that all will work well in the end.

"I had strong hopes of peace on the basis of the project of the treaty submitted by the Mexican Government, of which you have learned through the papers. Had Congress promptly granted the means for prosecuting the war asked by the President, I believe the treaty, if acceptable to our country, would have been ratified by the Mexican Congress. But the discussions in Congress and speeches of some of our leading men are calculated so to confuse the public mind here that it may encourage them to delay and procrastinate in the hope that the plan of withdrawing the army, no indemnity, etc., may be adopted. These other difficulties that I have spoken of, especially the recall of General Scott, may prove unfavorable. It is rather late in the day to discuss the origin of the war (that ought to have been understood before we engaged in it). It may have been produced by the act of either party or the force of circumstances. Let the pedants in diplomacy determine. It is certain that we are the victors in a regular war, continued, if not brought on, by their obstinacy and ignorance, and they are whipped in a manner of which women might be ashamed. We have the right by the laws of war of dictating the terms of peace and requiring indemnity for our losses and expenses. Rather than forego that right, except through a spirit of magnanimity to a crushed foe, I would fight them ten years, but I would be generous in exercising it."

We have said that Lee's friendship for Scott, thus begun, grew stronger as the years went on. His family and others who knew him speak of the tender, loving terms in which he always spoke of his chief, and the high respect with which he always treated him. But this is very strikingly brought out in the circumstances under which Lee, despite the remonstrances of Scott, resigned his commission in the United States Army and cast his lot with his native State. During the earlier stages of the secession excitement Colonel Lee was with his regiment in Texas, and under date of January 23, 1861, he wrote to a member of his family :

"As an American citizen I take great pride in my country, her prosperity and institutions, and would defend any State if her rights

were invaded. But I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than a dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of, and I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. \* \* \* Still a union that can only be maintained by swords and bayonets and in which strife and civil war are to take the place of brotherly love and kindness has no charm for me. I shall mourn for my country and for the welfare and progress of mankind. If the Union is dissolved and the government disrupted, I shall return to my native State and share the miseries of my people, and save in defense will draw my sword on none."

Three weeks after this was written he received orders "to report to the Commander-in-Chief at Washington," and hastening to obey the summons, reached there on the 1st of March, just three days before the inauguration of President Lincoln. His hopes for the averting of civil war were doomed to a sad disappointment, and events followed so rapidly that by the middle of April he was compelled to decide whether he would go with the North or with Virginia in the great struggle—whether he would accept the command of the United States armies in the field or "share the miseries of his people," while he gave up place, fortune and his beautiful home at Arlington to serve his native Virginia. If any influence could have swerved Lee from his purpose, it was his friendship for his commander and his high respect for his opinions. General Scott used all of his powers of persuasion to induce him to adhere to the Union and serve under the "old flag," and finally Francis Preston Blair (at General Scott's suggestion) was sent by Mr. Lincoln to offer him the supreme command of the United States armies in the field.

This statement has been questioned, but the proof is conclusive. Besides the positive testimony of Montgomery Blair, who got it from his father, and of Reverdy Johnson and other gentlemen, who received it from General Scott, I found, soon after his death, in General Lee's private letter book, in his own well-known handwriting, and was permitted to copy, the following letter, which settles the whole question beyond peradventure. Senator Cameron had stated on the floor of the Senate that Lee had sought to obtain the chief command of the army, and being disappointed, had then "gone to Richmond and joined the Confederates." Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland—himself an ardent Union man—repelled the charge, and thereupon General Lee wrote him as follows :

LEXINGTON, VA., February 25, 1868.

*Hon. Reverdy Johnson,*

*United States Senate, Washington, D. C.:*

My Dear Sir,—My attention has been called to the official report of the debate in the Senate of the United States of the 19th instant, in which you did me the kindness to doubt the correctness of the statement made by the Hon. Simon Cameron in regard to myself.

I desire that you may feel certain of my conduct on the occasion referred to so far as my individual statement can make you. I never intimated to any one that I desired the command of the United States Army, nor did I ever have a conversation with but one gentleman, Mr. Francis Preston Blair, on the subject, which was at his invitation, and, as I understood, at the instance of President Lincoln.

After listening to his remarks, I declined the offer he made to me to take command of the army that was to be brought into the field, stating as candidly and as courteously as I could, that though opposed to secession, and deprecating war, I could take no part in an invasion of the Southern States.

I went directly from the interview with Mr. Blair to the office of General Scott, told him of the proposition that had been made to me, and my decision.

Upon reflection after returning to my home, I concluded that I ought no longer to retain any commission I held in the United States Army, and on the second morning thereafter, I forwarded my resignation to General Scott.

At the time I hoped that peace would have been preserved; that some way would have been found to save the country from the calamities of war, and I then had no other intention than to pass the remainder of my days as a private citizen.

Two days afterwards, upon the invitation of the Governor of Virginia, I repaired to Richmond, found that the convention, then in session, had passed the ordinance withdrawing the State from the Union, and accepted the commission of commander of its forces, which was tendered me. These are the simple facts of the case, and they show that Mr. Cameron has been misinformed. I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE.

It will be seen from this letter that no sooner had Colonel Lee received and rejected this proposition, which tendered him rank far

beyond what he could hope for by siding with the Confederates, he went immediately to his friend, General Scott, and told him all about it. The last interview between Scott and Lee was a very affecting one. The veteran begged Lee to accept the offer of Mr. Lincoln, and not to "throw away such brilliant prospects," and "make the great mistake of his life." Lee expressed the highest respect for General Scott and for his opinions, repeated what he had said to Mr. Blair, that while he recognized no necessity for the state of things then existing, and would gladly liberate the slaves of the South, if they were his, to avert the war, yet he could not take up arms against his native State, his home, his kindred, his children. They parted with expressions of warmest mutual friendship, and General Lee returned to Arlington.

The night before his letter of resignation was written, he asked to be alone, and while his noble wife watched and prayed below he was heard pacing the floor of the chamber above, or pouring forth his soul in prayer for Divine guidance. About three o'clock in the morning he came down, calm and composed, and said to his wife:

"Well, Mary, the path of duty is now plain before me. I have decided on my course. I will at once send my resignation to General Scott."

Accordingly he penned the following letter:

ARLINGTON, VA., April 20, 1861.

GENERAL:

Since my interview with you on the 18th instant I have felt that I ought not longer to retain my commission in the army. I therefore tender my resignation, which I request you will recommend for acceptance. It would have been presented at once but for the struggle it has cost me to separate myself from a service to which I have devoted the best years of my life and all the ability I possessed.

During the whole of that time—more than a quarter of a century—I have experienced nothing but kindness from my superiors and the most cordial friendship from my comrades. To no one, General, have I been, much indebted as to yourself for uniform kindness and consideration, and it has always been my desire to merit your approbation. I shall carry to the grave the most grateful recollections of your kind consideration, and your name and fame will always be dear to me.

Save in defence of my native State, I never again desire to draw



my sword. Be pleased to accept my most earnest wishes for the continuance of your happiness and prosperity, and believe me most truly yours,

R. E. LEE.

*Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott,*

*Commanding United States Army.*

The newspapers of the South, and especially of Richmond, were very bitter against General Scott for not siding with Virginia, his native State, in the contest; but General Lee always spoke of his old friend in terms of high respect, while regretting that he did not see it to be his duty to come with his State. Soon after he took command of the Virginia forces a friend called to see him one day accompanied by his five-year old boy, a sprightly little fellow, whom the General soon had dandling on his knee. Soon the father asked Henry:

"What is General Lee going to do with General Scott?"

The little fellow, who had caught the slang of the times, at once replied:

"He is going to whip him out of his boots."

General Lee's voice and manner instantaneously changed, and lifting Henry down he stood him between his knees and looking him full in the face said with great gravity:

"My dear little boy you should not use such expressions. War is a serious matter and General Scott is a great and good soldier. None of us can tell what the result of this contest will be."

All through the war he was accustomed to speak of General Scott in the kindest terms, and a short time before his own death I heard him, in a company of gentlemen at Lexington, Va., pay a warm tribute to the memory of his old friend and esteemed commander. General Scott was even more demonstrative in his expressions of admiration and friendship for Lee. His dispatches and official reports from Mexico were filled with the warmest commendations of his favorite engineer officer. Of his services during the siege of Vera Cruz, General Scott wrote:

"I am compelled to make special mention of Captain R. E. Lee, engineer. This officer greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Vera Cruz."

In his report of Cerro Gordo he mentions several times the efficient service which Captain Lee performed, and says:

"This officer was again indefatigable during these operations in re-

connoissances, as daring as laborious, and of the utmost value. Nor was he less conspicuous in planning batteries and in conducting columns to their stations under the heavy fire of the enemy."

In his official report of the final operations which captured the city of Mexico, General Scott declares Captain Lee to have been "as distinguished for felicitous execution as for science and daring," and says again: "Captain Lee, so constantly distinguished, also bore important orders from me (September 13), until he fainted from a wound and the loss of two nights' sleep at the batteries." When, soon after General Scott's return from Mexico, a committee from Richmond waited on him to tender him a public reception in the Capitol of his native State, he said: "You seek to honor the wrong man. Captain R. E. Lee is the Virginian who deserves the credit of that brilliant campaign."

General William Preston, of Kentucky, says that General Scott told him that he regarded Lee "as the greatest living soldier in America," and that in a conversation not long before the breaking out of the war, General Scott said with emphasis:

"I tell you that if I were on my death bed to-morrow, and the President of the United States should tell me that a great battle was to be fought for the liberty or slavery of the country, and asked my judgment as to the ability of a commander, I would say with my dying breath, let it be Robert E. Lee."

I have been allowed to copy the following autograph letter of General Scott, which illustrates this point:

HEADQUARTERS OF THE ARMY, May 8th, 1857.

*Hon. J. B. Floyd, Secretary of War:*

Sir,—I beg to ask that one of the vacant Second Lieutenancies may be given to W. H. F. Lee, son of Brevet Colonel R. E. Lee, at present on duty against the Comanches.

I make this application mainly on the extraordinary merits of the father, the very best soldier I ever saw in the field; but the son is himself a very remarkable youth, now about twenty, of a fine stature and constitution, a good linguist, a good mathematician and about to graduate at Harvard University. He is also honorable and amiable, like his father, and dying to enter the army. I do not ask the commission as a favor, though if I had influence I should be happy to exert it in this case. My application is in the name of

national justice, in part payment (and but a small part) of the debt due to the invaluable services of Colonel Lee.

I have the honor to be,

With high respect, your obedient servant,

WINFIELD SCOTT.

In a public address delivered in Baltimore soon after the death of General Lee, Hon. Reverdy Johnson said that he "had been intimate with General Scott, and had heard him say more than once that his success in Mexico was largely due to the skill, valor and undaunted energy of Lee. It was a theme upon which he (General Scott) liked to converse, and he stated his purpose to recommend him as his successor in the chief command of the army. I was with General Scott in April, 1861, when he received the resignation of General Lee, and witnessed the pain it caused him. It was a sad blow to the success of that war, in which his own sword had as yet been unsheathed. Much as General Scott regretted it, he never failed to say that he was convinced that Lee had taken that step from an imperative sense of duty. General Scott was consoled in a great measure by the reflection that he would have as his opponent a soldier worthy of every man's esteem, and one who would conduct the war upon the strictest rules of civilized warfare. There would be no outrages committed upon private persons or private property which he could prevent."

A prominent banker of New York, who was very intimate with General Scott, has given me a number of incidents illustrating Scott's high opinion of Lee. On one occasion, a short time before the war, this gentleman asked him, in the course of a confidential interview:

"General, whom do you regard as the greatest living soldier?"

General Scott at once replied: "Colonel Robert E. Lee is not only the greatest soldier of America, but the greatest soldier now living in the world. This is my deliberate conviction, from a full knowledge of his extraordinary abilities, and if the occasion ever arises Lee will win this place in the estimation of the whole world." The General then went into a detailed sketch of Lee's services, and a statement of his ability as an engineer, and his capacity not only to plan campaigns, but also to command large armies in the field, and concluded by saying: "I tell you, sir, that Robert E. Lee is the greatest soldier now living, and if he ever gets the opportunity, he will prove himself the greatest captain of history."

In May, 1861, this gentleman and another, obtained a passport from General Scott to go to Richmond, to see if they could do anything to promote pacification. In the course of the interview, General Scott spoke in the highest terms of Lee as a soldier and a man, stated that he had rejected the supreme command of the United States Army, and expressed his confidence that Lee would do everything in his power to avert war, and would, if a conflict came, conduct it on the highest principles of Christian civilization. He cheerfully granted the passport and said: "Yes, go and see Robert Lee. Tell him for me that we must have no war, but that we must avert a conflict of arms until the sober second thought of the people can stop the mad schemes of the politicians."

In the interview which these gentlemen had with General Lee he most cordially reciprocated the kindly feelings of General Scott, and expressed his ardent desire to avert war and his willingness to do anything in his power to bring about a settlement of the difficulties. But he expressed the fear that the passions of the people North and South had been too much aroused to yield to pacific measures, and that every effort at a peaceful solution would prove futile. Alluding to Mr. Seward's boast that he would conquer the South in "ninety days," and to the confident assertions of some of the Southern politicians that the war would be a very short one, General Lee said with a good deal of feeling :

"They do not know what they say. If it comes to a conflict of arms the war will last at least four years. Northern politicians do not appreciate the determination and pluck of the South, and Southern politicians do not appreciate the numbers, resources and patient perseverance of the North. Both sides forget that we are all Americans and that it must be a terrible struggle if it comes to war. Tell General Scott that we must do all we can to avert war, and if it comes to the worst we must then do everything in our power to mitigate its evils."

Alas ! that the wishes and aspirations of these two great soldiers could not have been realized. Men will differ as to whether Scott or Lee was right in the course which each thought proper to pursue on the only great question which ever divided them, but all must admire that pure friendship which neither time nor circumstances could break.



**"The Sword of Lee."**

*By Father A. J. RYAN.*

Forth from its scabbard, pure and bright,  
    Flashed the sword of Lee!  
Far in the front of the deadly fight,  
High o'er the brave, in the cause of right,  
Its stainless sheen, like a beacon-light,  
    Led us to victory.

Out of its scabbard, where full long,  
    It slumbered peacefully—  
Roused from its rest by the battle-song,  
Shielding the feeble, smiting the strong,  
Guarding the right, and avenging the wrong—  
    Gleaned the sword of Lee!

Forth from its scabbard, high in air,  
    Beneath Virginia's sky—  
And they who saw it gleaming there,  
And knew who bore it, knelt to swear  
That where that sword led they would dare  
    To follow and to die.

Out of its scabbard! Never hand  
    Waved sword from stain as free,  
Nor purer sword led braver band,  
Nor braver bled for a brighter land,  
Nor brighter land had a cause as grand,  
    Nor cause, a chief like Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! how we prayed  
    That sword might victor be!  
And when our triumph was delayed,  
And many a heart grew sore afraid,  
We still hoped on, while gleamed the blade  
    Of Noble Robert Lee!

Forth from its scabbard! all in vain!  
    Forth flashed the sword of Lee!  
'Tis shrouded now in its sheath again,  
It sleeps the sleep of our noble slain,  
Defeated, yet without a stain,  
    Proudly and peacefully.

**General Lee's Farewell Address to His Army.**

HEAD-QUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA,

*April 10, 1865.**General Orders No. 9.*

After four years of arduous service, marked by unsurpassed courage and fortitude, the Army of Northern Virginia has been compelled to yield to overwhelming numbers and resources.

I need not tell the brave survivors of so many hard fought battles, who have remained steadfast to the last, that I have consented to the result from no distrust of them, but feeling that valor and devotion could accomplish nothing that would compensate for the loss that must have attended the continuance of the contest, I determined to avoid the useless sacrifice of those whose past services have endeared them to their countrymen. By the terms of agreement, officers and men can return to their homes and remain until exchanged. You will take with you the satisfaction that proceeds from the consciousness of duty faithfully performed, and I earnestly pray that a merciful God will extend to you His blessing and protection.

With an unceasing admiration of your constancy and devotion to your country, and a grateful remembrance of your kind and generous consideration of myself, I bid you all an affectionate farewell.

(Signed)

R. E. LEE, *General.*

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**President Davis on General Lee.**

We regret that we have space left for only the following brief extract from Mr. Davis's eulogy on General Lee at the great "Lee Memorial" meeting in Richmond, the 3rd of November, 1870:

\* \* \* \* \* "Robert E. Lee was my associate and friend in the Military Academy, and we were friends until the hour of his death. We were associates and friends when he was a soldier and I a congressman; and associates and friends when he led the armies of the Confederacy and I presided in its cabinet. We passed through many sad scenes together, but I cannot remember that there was ever aught but perfect harmony between us. If ever there was difference of opinion it was dissipated by discussion, and harmony was the result. I repeat we never disagreed, and I may add that I never in my life saw in him the slightest tendency to self-seeking. It was

not his to make a record; it was not his to shift blame to other shoulders; but it was his, with an eye fixed upon the welfare of his country, never faltering, to follow the line of duty to the end. His was the heart that braved every difficulty; his was the mind that wrought victory out of defeat. He has been charged with 'want of dash.' I wish to say that I never knew Lee to falter to attempt anything ever man could dare." \* \* \* \* \*

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**Robert E. Lee.**

BY FATHER RYAN.

Go, glory! and forever guard  
Our chieftain's hallowed dust;  
And honor! keep eternal ward;  
And fame! be this thy trust.

Go! with your bright, emblazoned scroll,  
And tell the years to be,  
The first of names that flash your roll  
Is ours—great Robert Lee.

Lee wore the gray! Since then  
'Tis right's and honor's hue;  
He honored it—that man of men—  
And wrapped it round the true.

Dead! but his spirit breathes;  
Dead! but his heart is ours;  
Dead! but his sunny, sad land wreathes  
His crown with tears for flowers.

A statue for his tomb!  
Mould it of marble white—  
For wrong, a sceptre of death and doom—  
An angel of hope and right.

But Lee has a thousand graves  
In a thousand hearts, I ween,  
And tear-drops fall from our eyes in waves  
That will keep his memory green.

Ah! Muse, you dare not claim  
A nobler man than he;  
Nor nobler man hath less of blame,  
Nor blameless man hath purer name,  
Nor purer name hath grander fame,  
Nor fame—another Lee.

## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

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OUR DOUBLE NUMBER (August-September) has been rendered necessary in order to get in the address of Major Daniel and other matter for which there has been a general call from all over the country. We have thought it well to make this a *Lee number*, and we are sure that it will be acceptable to our readers generally, who will desire to have, in a permanent form, the matter which it contains.

We have printed a limited supply of extra numbers, which we will mail at the regular price for numbers of our *Papers*—*fifty cents* for the (double) number—on receipt of the money; and we would advise our friends to send in their orders at once for as many copies as they may desire, as the number will soon be exhausted.

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THE REUNION OF "MORGAN'S MEN" at Lexington, Ky., on the 24th, 25th, and 26th of July, was a joyous and interesting occasion, which we regret that our limited space now will not enable us to describe in full.

About 1200 of the old command and, perhaps, 500 "comrades and invited guests" of other Confederate commands were present, and it was indeed pleasant to mingle with these veterans as under the shade of the beautiful grove of "Woodland Park" they recalled the stirring events of '61-'65, as they rode with their gallant chief on so many daring raids—fought under him on so many glorious fields—suffered with him in the prison,—rejoiced at his daring escape—or wept over his sad death.

The first day Colonel Frank Waters made an address of welcome on behalf of the City of Lexington, and General William Preston, one for both the city and county. General Basil W. Duke, President of the Association, responded in behalf of Morgan's men.

There were also speeches by Governor McCreary, General A. S. Williams (senator from Kentucky), General S. B. Buckner, and Colonel D. Howard Smith.

We were not fortunate enough to arrive in time to hear these speeches, but learned that they were all admirable, and excited great enthusiasm. Miss Johnie H. Morgan (the only daughter of the gallant chief) and Miss Tommie Duke (daughter of General Basil Duke), were presented by Governor Blackburn and were received with great enthusiasm, as was also Mrs. Morris, who had been an "angel of mercy" to our prisoners in Camp Douglas.

At night the committee were courteous enough to place on the programme and the crowd were kind enough to hear a "high private in the rear rank," from Virginia, tell of "The Boys in Gray," with whom he was associated, and to show by their hearty responses that the men who rode with Morgan were in warm sympathy with "Jackson's Foot Cavalry."

Among the letters of regret at not being able to be present on the occasion was one from President Davis, in which he said:



"You have justly appreciated the many endearing memories of my youth which cluster around the place of your meeting, and it would be most gratifying to me to exchange salutations with the survivors of the gallant Kentuckians who left their homes, to maintain, at every hazard, the principles embalmed in the early history of their State by the resolutions of 1798. The name of your association is eloquently commemorative of daring deeds performed, of dire suffering borne, and barbarous indignities inflicted on men who had bravely struggled in unequal combat to vindicate the rights their fathers left them. With my respects, please present to your associates the heart-felt good wishes, with which I am, fraternally,  
JEFFERSON DAVIS."

The second day the veterans gathered early on the grounds, and spent some time in organizing the several regiments of the old brigade, and listening to speeches from old comrades. After this they assembled at the stand, where, after prayer by Rev. (General) Gano, there followed an address by General Gano, recalling some deeply interesting incidents of camp and march and battle-field, which he has promised to write out for our *Papers*.

Major Henry T. Stanton read a very sweet poem on *Lee*, which we had hoped to publish in this issue, but it has been unfortunately "crowded out," as is also an admirable paper read by Major Thomas W. Bullit, of Louisville, in which he related incidents confirming the tender of the supreme command of the United States Army to General Lee—the high estimate which General Scott had of "the best soldier he ever saw." and General Lee's freedom from nepotism. These, together with an admirable paper read by Mr. Henry L. Stone, and a deeply interesting and very valuable sketch of the Ohio raid, read by Captain Leland Hathaway, will appear in due season in our *Papers*. Colonel J. W. Bowles, of Louisville, made an admirable speech.

The proceedings of the morning were appropriately closed with a beautiful poem written especially for the occasion by our friend Mrs. Sally Neil Roach, of Louisville, and read by Major Davis.

In the afternoon, the veterans attended the funeral of one of their comrades who died the day before, (alas! death stills cuts them down, though shot and shell have ceased to do their work)—decorated the graves of Morgan, and other Confederates buried in the beautiful cemetery, and then assembled around a stand erected near the Confederate monument where Major Savfley, of Lincoln county, made to the vast crowd a thrillingly eloquent address on the life and character of Morgan. We hope soon to afford our readers an opportunity of judging of this for themselves.

Rev. Father Major (a "Morgan man") also made a brief address. As we walked through the cemetery we paused with uncovered head at the grave of John C. Breckinridge (probably the greatest man that Kentucky has ever produced); of General John H. Morgan, the chivalric knight; of General Roger Hanson, the soldier of two wars; and of a number of other heroes who "wore the gray;" and then lingered for a season at the grave and monument of the great orator "Harry of the West," who was wont to plead so eloquently for the principles of constitutional freedom for which these men fought and died.

That night there were magnificent fire-works at the Park. The last day was even "the best of the feast." Captain Lee Hathaway spoke in eloquent terms of the "Confederate Home" which had been established at Georgetown, and for which Mrs. General Roger Hanson is laboring so successfully. Mrs. Hanson and Miss Morgan were received with cheers as they took their seats on the platform.

Hon. J. C. C. Black, of Augusta, Ga., who rode with Morgan, was now introduced and made one of the happiest speeches we ever heard, at the conclusion of which he very gracefully and appropriately presented to Miss Morgan, in behalf of the men who followed her father's feather, a beautiful watch, chain, and diamond ring. With deep emotion, but exquisite grace, she received the beautiful gift, and the veterans made the woods ring with "rebel yells." Colonel W. P. C. Breckinridge, "the silver-tongued orator," who led so gallantly a regiment, and then a brigade, in Morgan's command, was now enthusiastically called for, and in response spoke eloquently and well for an hour, recalling some deeply interesting and valuable events connected with the history of the command.

Then followed another pleasing episode in the presentation of a beautiful gold-headed cane to Captain Tiffany, a Federal officer, who was Postmaster at Camp Chase prison when many of Morgan's men were prisoners there, and who had always shown them every kindness in his power. Colonel Breckinridge made the presentation speech, Captain West responded for Captain Tiffany in eloquent terms, and the old gentleman himself melted down in attempting to say a few words. He found that these hard fighters knew how to appreciate kindness shown them in the hour of their need.

The exercises were appropriately closed with the benediction by Rev. Dr. J. L. Burrows, of Norfolk, Va.

The homes of the city were thrown wide open to the men whom Lexington always gladly greeted in the shifting scenes of the war, and far famed "Blue Grass hospitality" was abundantly illustrated.

We found our home with our old friend Major H. B. McClellan, who used to ride so gallantly with Stuart and Hampton as Adjutant-General of the cavalry corps, Army Northern Virginia, and has, with his accomplished wife, made the *Sayre Female Institute* so renowned for honest teaching and accomplished graduates.

Major McClellan has made considerable progress in his *Biography of J. E. B. Stuart*, and having had the privilege of reading some of the chapters, we do not hesitate to say that the work is admirably done, and will be a very valuable contribution to the history of the Army of Northern Virginia. It is to be hoped that when he has finished the biography of Stuart, he will complete the history of the Cavalry Corps. Then when some one shall write up the Artillery and Colonel Charles Marshall shall finish his *Military Biography of Lee*, the world will begin to know something of what our grand old army, "with its small numbers and scant resources," accomplished.



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Vol. XI.

Richmond, Va., October, 1883.

No. 10.

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Sketches of the Third Maryland Artillery.

*By Captain W. L. RITTER.*

FORAGE.

Commanders of artillery companies experienced great difficulty in obtaining sufficient forage for their horses during the two last years of the war, not because of short supplies in the country, but because the quarter-masters' department failed to furnish it in sufficient quantities.

The organization of that department was defective in consequence of the appointment of incompetent officers and assistants. Men who were afraid to expose their hides to the enemy's bullets obtained through favoritism lucrative positions in the department of subsistence, hence the disastrous consequences.

That the reader may comprehend some of the difficulties that beset the artillery branch of the service, I copy the following communications of Captain John B. Rowan :

“HEAD-QUARTERS ROWAN’S BATTERY,  
NEAR KINGSTON, GA., Jan’y 28, 1864.

*Major,*—On my return from furlough I found the stock of



my battery affected with some fatal disease, fourteen horses having died within the three weeks of my absence and two to-day. Two more will die to-day or to-morrow at farthest, and several more are afflicted in a similar manner to those which have died.

The disease with which my stock have died seems to be an epidemic catarrh; known to be fatal unless the proper remedies are employed to check it, which remedies cannot be employed in the army for want of them. This disease was produced by the want of feed and the bad condition of what we did get, and the horses in the condition naturally produced by this bad feed, being then exposed to the very severe weather experienced a few weeks back, were in the very state to be afflicted with this fatal malady, and hence the result.

I have now but forty-eight well horses (and they are very poor) and ten unfit for any service. If I had a field with meadow land in it, and the horses turned in it, carefully separating the diseased horses from those not diseased, I think I might save nearly all the balance of the stock, but I am fully convinced if the stock remains tied up as it has been, with no proper medicine (and the proper medicine cannot be obtained), nearly all, if not all the remainder will die; I therefore respectfully ask that the inspector be invited to inspect the horses of this battery at an early day.

I have three wagons, two six mule and one four mule, for which I have but twelve mules, three of which are unfit for service. In case I had to move I would not have mules enough actually to pull the empty wagons. I have kept up my forage teams by relieving them with my forge and battery wagon teams, until I have well nigh lost all. The poor feed has affected them as well as the horses, and unless my teams are filled up I shall soon have none. I either wish to give up my large wagons or have six mules to each. To keep up my stock I want seven more good mules for the teams I now have. I ought to have more wagons and cannot complete my stabling under two months with the wagons I now have. I have no mule harness at all for my forge and battery wagons, although application after application has been made for them. My mules have been almost ruined by the artillery harness which I was compelled to use. No blame is attributable to the battalion quarter-master, but the crime is higher up upon the roll, his superiors in the same line. I need twenty artillery bridles and a coil of manilla rope for picket and halters (the horses having actually eaten up bridle and halter, leather and rope during the famine), also three saddles and a few



collars—these things in addition to what I made a requisition for and have not been supplied.

Several of my men are actually barefoot, a number of others nearly so. The quarter-master says he cannot draw any. What is the remedy for this? I also need salt for the horses.

These are some of wants not already made apparent by former requisitions, and I respectfully request you, Major, to have them supplied.

Respectfully submitted,

JOHN B ROWAN,  
*Captain commanding Battery.*

*To Major Joseph Palmer, com'd'g  
Battalion of Artillery Stevenson's Division."*

ENDORSEMENT.

"Respectfully forwarded.

JOSEPH PALMER,  
*Major com'd'g Battalion Artillery Stevenson's Division."*

ENDORSEMENT.

"HEAD-QUARTERS STEVENSON'S DIVISION,  
February 1st, 1864.

Respectfully returned. An inspector will be sent to ascertain what is needed, and why the bridles, saddles, collars, &c., which were new a few weeks since, have been destroyed. The officer in charge of the battery will be held accountable for the loss.

Every effort is being made to get shoes for the command, and the artillery shall have its proportion as soon as received. Clothing can be obtained on proper requisition in a short time. Let the quarter-master make requisition for salt for horses. General Order No. 17 prescribes the quantity of transportation to batteries and no more can be obtained.

By command of Major-General Stevenson,  
G. A. HAYWOOD, *A. C. C."*

"HEAD-QUARTER'S ROWAN'S BATTERY,  
NEAR DALTON, GA., April 10th, 1864.

*Major,*—I respectfully submit for your consideration a few facts in regard to the feed furnished the stock of this battalion. I

have been in the Tennessee army since last November and can truly say during the whole of that time the stock of my command has not been half fed. In some instances the horses going for two days at a time without anything to eat. Rotten corn, half rations at that, with no fodder in December and January. Full rations of corn and one pound of fodder, sometimes, (bad at that) in February and March.

I have just received a good lot of horses, which I cannot keep in condition unless I get something to feed them on. I have my horses as well groomed and otherwise cared for as can be, but good grooming and other necessary attention will not feed them. Corn alone will not keep horses in condition; they will not eat rations of corn if no long feed is furnished. Horses fed with corn alone are more liable to disease, and in fact cannot be kept healthy.

It is a shame to drain the country of horses and then starve them. It cripples the resources of the country without any good, which no one has a right to do. If this system of starvation was unavoidable I would not complain, but when the whole of middle and southern Georgia is full of fodder, the tax in kind actually rotting along the line of the principal railroad accessible to the army, what reason is there that feed cannot be furnished in abundance. I have seen with my own eyes hundreds and thousands of bales of good fodder actually rotting for want of attention. Where's the fault?

The quarter-masters say short transportation. This cannot be, for if it be so, then it is an acknowledgment at once that the Grand Army of Tennessee cannot be fed. Is it absolutely necessary in order to feed this army to have a railroad? Pshaw! How were armies fed before the day of railroads? Hoping that something will be done to properly supply our wants, I remain

Yours &c.,

JOHN B. ROWAN,  
*Captain commanding Battery.*

*Major J. W. Johnston, com'd'g*  
*Johnston's Battalion of Light Artillery."*

ENDORSEMENT.

"HEAD-QUARTERS JOHNSTON'S BATTALION ARTILLERY,  
HOOD'S CORPS, April 11th, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded. The horses of this battalion are as well groomed and attended to as is possible, all the officers being fully

alive to the importance of this, and none more so than Captain Rowan. It is impossible, however, that horses can improve unless more and better fodder is issued; and the same thing is true as regards the mules of this battalion. The stock refuse to eat the full ration of corn, and there are a number of cases of scours. We have had no fodder at all for four days past, and the last issue of five pounds to the ration was so rotten as to be almost worthless.

JOHN W. JOHNSTON,  
*Major Commanding."*

ENDORSEMENT.

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARTILLERY,  
HOOD'S CORPS, April 12th, 1864.

Respectfully forwarded and attention of Brigadier-General commanding earnestly asked to within.

R. F. BECKHAM,  
*Col. Artillery."*

ENDORSEMENT.

"HEAD-QUARTER'S ARTILLERY, April 12, 1864.

My most serious attention is being given this matter. I have urged its importance to the proper authorities and have every hope that something can be accomplished.

Respectfully returned.

F. A. SHOUP,  
*Brigadier-General."*

"HEAD-QUARTERS JOHNSTON'S BATTALION ARTILLERY,  
IN THE FIELD, August 30, 1864.

*Col. R. F. BECKHAM, Chief Artillery Army of Tennessee :*

COLONEL,—I would respectfully make the following statement, as it seems from what you said to Lieutenant W. A. Russell yesterday that you blamed me for not reporting to you the condition of the stock of Johnston's battalion. I did not know before that it was even proper, much less my duty to report direct to you. I have reported every day since I have been in command of the battalion to Lieutenant-Colonel Hallonquist the amount of forage received each day, and the condition of the animals. I also reported to him several times that if the battalion received no more forage for its stock, that it could not move in a few days. I at last

reported to him on Saturday that our battery could not move, and that there was not a battery in the command that could make a day's march. I also had Captain Berry to inspect the horses of the battalion, and told him how the horses were fed before I assumed command of the battalion, that I reported every day to Captain Corput the condition of my horses. This is my defence, and if any one has made more strenuous exertion to prevent the government from starving its own stock, I would like to know who he is. The threat from an officer occupying the position that you do, that we shall not have any more horses when we lose what we have, may be all right, it is not for me to say, I simply say this, that I hope we will *not* get any more unless they can be better fed. I know that I am doing wrong by reporting direct to you, but under the circumstances I know you will excuse me.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

JOHN B. ROWAN,  
*Captain Commanding."*

ENDORSEMENT.

"HEAD-QUARTERS ARTILLERY,  
ARMY OF TENNESSEE, August 30, 1864.

*Captain*,—The within communication handed me this morning. In my reply to Lieutenant Russell yesterday I meant to say, and did say that there will be no horses furnished to artillery (not to YOU ESPECIALLY) but to NO ONE for the reason that horses are not to be had. I did not find fault with you for failing to report direct to me. I *don't desire* you to do so, because such a course would be irregular. I stated simply that no report of this great deficiency had been made to me, nor has a proper report been yet made of it.

The "threat" you are pleased to say I made in regard to furnishing horses was a simple statement of the fact that the supply of horses is practically exhausted. If to threaten, however, would cause a proper degree of care and attention to be given the animals I should not hesitate to use that course.

I admire your independence in "wishing that no more horses may be sent up here to be starved."

Respectfully your obedient servant,

R. F. BECKHAM,  
*Colonel Commanding.*

*Captain Rowan, commanding Battalion."*



It will readily be seen that some one high in authority in the quarter-masters' department was to blame for this state of affairs. Captain Rowan says that he saw "with his own eyes thousands of bales of good fodder actually rotting along the line of the principal railroad accessible to the army, for want of attention."

The officers of the subsistence department cannot say that short transportation was the cause of insufficient supplies, for at this time the army was in winter quarters at Dalton, Ga., and the cars were not used for the transportation of troops, but were used exclusively for supplies, except a few furloughed and sick men.

Notwithstanding the complaints of the artillery officers, the forage question remained about the same until the close of the war, except an occasional feast obtained on the march in the rich valleys of Georgia, Alabama and Tennessee. The horses were made to feel that they had friends when the artillerists had access to provender. Such feasts were few and far between.

#### LIEUTENANT DONCASTER'S ADVENTURE.

After the surrender of Vicksburg, Miss., Pemberton's army was paroled, and at Enterprise, Miss., the troops were furnished a thirty days' furlough and instructed to report at the end of that time at such places as the commanding General had designated.

About twenty-five members of the Third Maryland Artillery were from East Tennessee, and at the expiration of the thirty days a number of them failed to return. During the summer of 1863 the Federals occupied a portion of East Tennessee and there was no communication by railroad between Dalton, Ga., and Bristol, Tennessee, therefore the only route left open for these men to return to their command was by the way of North Carolina. Captain Rowan learned that they, rather than return by that long circuitous route, had joined a cavalry company that was then operating in the neighborhood of Jonesboro, Tennessee.

It will be remembered by all who served in East Tennessee during the war, that small parties could resist the progress of a considerable force in many parts of that country, in consequence of the undulating and mountainous nature of its surface. Thousands of acres of land still retained their primitive forests, and to say that some of these forests were wild, is a mild term. Chimney-top, Log, Black and House Mountains, were some of the local names by which these mountains were known to the inhabitants who dwelt in the

valleys near them. Some of the streams that meandered by them were the Watauga, Holston, Clinch, and French Broad rivers, and these streams would rise rapidly during the rain storms in the spring and fall.

The progress of the troops was often arrested by the rapid rise of these rivers, much to the chagrin of officers and men. It will readily be seen by this rapid outline that East Tennessee was a desolate country for military operations, and, to make bad worse, a Union sentiment prevailed to a great extent among the inhabitants of that entire section ; therefore, both Union and Confederate found friends and enemies in every neighborhood.

To protect the Southern sympathizers and to arrest absentees and deserters a considerable force of cavalry was kept there.

Captain Rowan obtained permission to send Lieutenant J. W. Doncaster, of the Third Maryland, to East Tennessee for the absentees of his battery. A leave of absence of twenty days had been granted him, but he failed to return at the expiration of that time, owing to unavoidable delays occasioned by circumstances which are as follows : A short time after Lieutenant Doncaster arrived in East Tennessee Captain Burleson, of the U. S. A., who commanded a company of bushwhackers, learned that he and Birdwell, a Confederate enrolling officer, were stopping at the residence of Mr. Abraham Fleenor. One dark, stormy night, early in October, 1864, Burleson and his gang proceeded to the house of Mr. Fleenor and demanded admittance, but were peremptorily refused. He declared that if the door was not immediately opened he would beat it down. The door was not opened, and he carried his threat into execution. During this time Lieutenant Doncaster, who was sleeping in a room on the lower floor, arose, dressed himself and went up stairs, determined if they came up to defend himself. Burleson insisted that he should come down, but the Lieutenant told him that if he had any business with him he knew where to find him. Burleson then said, "I know how to bring him down," and went into the next room, brought out a feather bed and cut it open, saying he would set it on fire and "smoke him down." At this juncture a young lady, one of Mr. Fleenor's daughters, stepped forward and told Burleson he should not set the bed on fire. Whereupon he struck her on the head with a pistol, which caused the discharge of one of the loads, that took effect in the ceiling. Still she bravely maintained her ground, determined, if possible, to prevent the "smoking" process. Lieutenant Doncaster, on hearing this contention, decided

to come down, but before doing so he slipped his pistol into his boot, and, cutting a hole in the lining of his coat, secreted his orders between the lining and the cloth of the coat and thus saved them.

Upon his surrender his hands were tied behind him by his captors, as were also Birdwell's, and the two were then tied together. Thus situated, they were marched fifteen miles over a rough, mountainous road. The night being a dark, stormy one, they could not see their way, and every now and then one or the other would slip down, of course bringing his fellow-prisoner down with him. In this way they were considerably bruised. Birdwell was six feet six inches high, and Doncaster five feet ten, so it is easy to tell who had the worst of it. The two being tied together could not walk very rapidly, so about daylight they were separated and their hands unpinned, that they might be enabled to quicken their pace and reach a certain point, which Burleson was anxious to arrive at before the Confederate scouts were on the alert. Soon after his hands were untied Lieutenant Doncaster threw his pistol into a field as they were passing a fence corner. He disliked very much to part with this useful article, but it was chafing the flesh of his ankle to such an extent that he was glad to release himself from the pain which it had produced.

A few days after they reached their place of rendezvous the men asked Burleson's permission to take the prisoners out and shoot them. To this request Burleson would not assent, saying that when he went to Knoxville he would turn them over to the authorities there. About this time Lieutenant Doncaster received a camp parole, but Birdwell was kept under close guard, the former being told that if he made his escape, or attempted to do so, the latter would be shot.

Burleson's men, to pass the time, played cards and visited the Union families in the vicinity. Lieutenant Doncaster joined them in these pastimes. He possessed the faculty, to a great extent, of adapting himself to surrounding circumstances, and soon gained the confidence of Burleson and his men, as the sequel will show.

A lady in the neighborhood brought cakes, pies and other eatables to the prisoners, and invited them to her house. Lieutenant Doncaster obtained permission to visit at this lady's house, but Burleson was not willing that Birdwell should go. Doncaster said he was opposed to going without Birdwell, that he would be responsible for his return, and to make sure of it, a guard could accompany them.



Burleson gave his consent, and the guard went with them. The lady at whose residence they visited, knowing the guard's propensity for strong drink, sent for some brandy, and gave him all he wanted. He partook so freely that he was, ere long, so intoxicated as to become drowsy, and finally went to sleep. Taking advantage of the insensible state of the sentinel, they left the house, accompanied by the lady, who showed them a by-path over the mountain, and, after going several miles, returned. To this lady they were indebted for their escape, and had it not been for her stratagem they would have been marched back that night as prisoners.

They first went to Mr. Fleenor's residence, where they were joyfully received, for the family had thought of them as dead, believing they would be murdered by their captors. From there they went to Jonesboro, where they informed the authorities of what had taken place, and furnished a complete list of the names of the bushwhackers. A company of cavalry was sent to capture the gang, Lieutenant Doncaster acting as guide. They experienced considerable difficulty in finding Burleson, but at last Lieutenant Doncaster, believing that he was on the premises of a certain individual, where he was known to visit, threatened one of the servants considerably if he did not tell where he was concealed. The servant pointed to a building filled with straw. They went to the place and invited Burleson to come out, Lieutenant Doncaster remarking that it was his turn to "smoke." On coming out, Burleson spoke to the Lieutenant, remarking, "I am your prisoner. I treated you well when you were a prisoner of mine. I feel that I am in the hands of gentlemen, and am not afraid;" to which Doncaster replied, "No, Captain Burleson; you are not my prisoner, but a prisoner of the cavalry."

Captain Burleson was a very bad man. He had robbed the citizens of their horses, cattle and jewelry, and in the event of their resisting, had been known to burn their houses, and commit many depredations too horrible to mention.

Lieutenant Doncaster, at the head of a squad of cavalry, arrested a Confederate officer whom he believed to belong to some bushwhacking band. Before returning to camp he was released.

On arriving at camp he was put under arrest himself for what he had done, and sent to Wytheville, Va., to General John C. Breckinridge's headquarters. He made a full statement of his adventures to the General, who at once released him, and ordered him to return to his command. General Breckinridge explained to General Hood, by writing on the back of Doncaster's orders, the cause of the Lieutenant's detention in East Tennessee.



Lee and Scott.

*Paper read at the Re-union of Morgan's Men at Lexington, Ky., by*  
COL. THOMAS W. BULLITT.

*Fellow Soldiers*,—In performing the duty assigned to me by your committee, it may perhaps be expected that I should direct attention to something directly or remotely connected with Morgan's command, but about these matters I prefer to talk to you in the camp rather than to write about them.

I feel the more strongly justified in what I am about to state by a belief that in any meeting of Confederate soldiers incidents not hitherto made public in the life of that great leader of armies, General Lee, will be found of interest ; and quite recently I have received information from two different and independent sources of certain facts in the life of General Lee which I believe have not been made public, and yet which reflect such honor upon his life and character that I have thought well, in this humble way, to preserve them.

One of the distinguished gentlemen from whom my information is derived has agreed to verify my statement over his own signature for the purpose of laying it before you. To obtain that statement in writing from him, and to give it an historic form by thus laying it before you, has principally determined the form of this address.

The two gentlemen to whom I allude are Colonel Thomas Ludwell Alexander, recently deceased, and Hon. Charles Anderson, ex-Governor of Ohio, now living near Princeton, Kentucky.

A few weeks ago, sitting in the office of General John Echols, in Louisville, Governor Anderson came in. General Echols held in hand the closing portions of the address by John W. Daniel at the unveiling of the Lee monument at Lexington, Virginia. While General Echols was reading and commenting upon portions of this splendid address, Governor Anderson interrupted him with the remark that no Confederate soldier or officer could entertain a higher or more reverent regard for the character of General Robert E. Lee than he did ; that from the days of Miltiades to the present time he believed no character in history had proved so exalted devotion to duty as General Lee had done, at the sacrifice of personal ambition and personal inclinations ; which statement he said he could verify by reference to one incident in the life of Lee, which he had in part witnessed and in part received from an unquestionable authority.

I asked him to relate the incident to which he referred, which he

did in glowing and earnest terms, which I cannot repeat except in their substance. This, however, was impressed indelibly upon my mind, and I believe I can state it with exactness.

To those of you who are not personally acquainted with Governor Anderson, I will state that he is a son of Colonel Richard C. Anderson, Sr., an old Revolutionary soldier of abilities and reputation, one of the early pioneers of the State of Kentucky, and who settled in Jefferson county in the year 1783. Charles Anderson was also a brother of General Robert Anderson, the hero of Fort Sumter. Long before Robert Anderson's views were known or his position taken on behalf of the Union cause, Charles Anderson, then a resident of Texas, had proclaimed himself an uncompromising Union man, and suffered imprisonment at the hands of the Confederate authorities in Texas for some time and until his escape by flight into and through Mexico. He took up his residence in Ohio, was elected Lieutenant Governor, and became Governor of Ohio by the death of Governor Brough.

Now to my story. Prior to 1860 Governor Anderson had been upon intimate terms both with General Scott and with General (then Colonel) Robert E. Lee. He was a delegate at large from the State of Ohio in the convention which nominated General Scott for the Presidency, and largely contributed to that nomination. In the fall of 1860 General Scott, the commander of the army of the United States, was at Washington city. Colonel Lee, in command of his regiment, was stationed in Texas—Governor Anderson living at San Antonio, Texas. General Twiggs was in command of the military department of Texas.

On November 20th, 1860, Governor Anderson had made a speech at a secession meeting at the Alamo, opposing secession, and announcing his own purpose of adherence to the Union cause to the end. Shortly after that time, General Scott, having learned his position on national affairs, prepared and sent to him a paper, partly military and partly political.\*

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\*It was a copy of a monograph against secession, to be addressed to his fellow-citizens of the Southern States, and especially to those of his dear native State of Virginia. Accompanying this memoir was an official letter addressed to the President of the United States, through the Secretary of War, dated a day or two before the election, and admonishing him of the certainty of Lincoln's success, of the equal certainty of the secession of the Southern States, and the almost equal certainty of their swift seizure of the following forts, in this order, viz.: Fortress Monroe, Fort Moultrie and Fort Pickens.

These papers General Scott enclosed to Governor Anderson, and, in a private note, requested Governor Anderson to exhibit the paper to General Twiggs and Colonel Lee especially, and to such other officers of the army as he might deem advisable.

The paper was left with Twiggs and with Lee, each retaining it for several days. Some time after General Lee had read and returned these papers to Governor Anderson, the arrangement had been made by which the army of the United States in Texas was surrendered to the Committee of Vigilance, consisting of Messrs. Maverick, Divine and Luckett, all of which, being a part of the general history of the times, is not necessary to be detailed here. After this surrender, General Lee, with the other army officers, being out of service, were leaving the Department of Texas. This committee applied to him to resign his position in the army of the United States and to take command of the Confederate troops in Texas. This he had declined to do, expressing his determination to await the action of Virginia as his sole guide of duty in this tremendous emergency.

He was thereupon informed by the committee that he could not make use of the wagons and mules under his command for transportation to the sea coast. At this time Governor Anderson again met Colonel Lee. Colonel Lee informed him of what had occurred, and expressed deep indignation at the treatment he had received, regarding it as a most insulting indignity; but no indignities nor the anger or the grief produced by them, whether received from friends or others, seemed capable of moving the firmness of his conscientious purpose.

In that interview he stated to Governor Anderson that it was his purpose to go to Washington, and that he should there await the action of his native State of Virginia, saying that his action would be governed solely by hers. If Virginia should stand by the Union and the old flag, he would stand with her. If Virginia should secede, he would go with her, for weal or woe.

Leaving all his chattle property in charge of Governor Anderson, to be forwarded to him in Washington, they parted—not to meet again. The war moved on with that rapidity that astonished even those who participated in it. Governor Anderson was subsequently confined in prison in Texas. The paper of General Scott was taken

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General Scott, therefore, as an official duty, advised the President whence such reinforcements could be drawn from Northern forts as would make a *coup de main* impossible and a capture by sieges very improbable.

from him and forwarded to Richmond. Governor Anderson reached Washington in December, 1861, or January, 1862. Upon his arrival, General Scott sent for him, wishing to talk with him about the National condition and prospects, as well as about other matters and people in that department. After extended and various conversation, in which General Scott seemed with his usual delicacy to have avoided reference to any military comment or criticism of our campaigns or movements, Governor Anderson said to him :

“General Scott, what about Colonel Lee?”

General Scott replied, “Sir, Robert E. Lee is, of his grade, the first soldier in Christendom.”

Governor Anderson then said, “General Scott, is it your habit at a distance of six or eight or ten years apart, in expressing the same thought, to use identically the same language?”

General Scott—“If the same language should best express the same idea, why should I not? But what do you mean?”

Governor Anderson—“I will swear, that when in 1854 I asked you about the qualifications of Major Robert E. Lee for Superintendent of West Point you used identically the same words that you have now used—viz., that of his grade, Lee was the first soldier in Christendom.”

“Well,” said General Scott, “I believed it then as I do now, and think it very likely that I did use the same language.”

He then proceeded to say that in the march from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico there was not an encampment nor a battle-field which had not been previously selected by Lee, then a Captain, and chief of engineers on the staff of General Scott; that not a battle in that campaign had been fought, the day and place of which had not been previously announced by despatches to the Government at Washington, and that in every instance the announcement had been justified by the result in their due order; and this he attributed chiefly to the fact of having such a captain of Engineers.

General Scott then proceeded to detail an interview between Colonel Lee and himself, held a short time before the secession of Virginia, while the Convention of that State was in session. Colonel Lee, having called upon General Scott, opened the interview by saying :

“General Scott, I have called upon you to say, what I deem it my duty to say to you as my superior officer and as my best friend”——

At this point, General Scott divining his purpose, and not wishing him to commit himself, said :



"Colonel Lee, before you proceed, I have something to say to you. Permit me to speak first. I am authorized by the President of the United States to say to you that, if you remain by the old flag and the Union, you will be placed in supreme command of the armies of the United States, subject only to a nominal command in myself; which command, you know, at my age must be nominal only."

Colonel Lee paused for a moment, and but for a moment, and replied, "General Scott, I will conclude what I came to say. I am awaiting the action of the State of Virginia. If Virginia stands by the old flag and the Union, I shall stand by them with my sword and my life. If Virginia shall secede, I shall go with her. I hold my loyalty as due to Virginia."

Governor Anderson then proceeded to say that this fact rested not only upon the statement of General Scott, but that he has since seen in the report of a Congressional committee that Francis P. Blair, Sr., had made the statement; that on the next day—General Scott meanwhile having reported to Mr. Lincoln this interview with Colonel Lee—Mr. Blair went from Mr. Lincoln to Colonel Lee, and repeated in the same words the same offer, and received the same answer.\*

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\*Upon these facts Governor Anderson specified the following justifications of that high estimate of General Lee's rare virtue, which might seem at first thought to be a mere extravagance in personal or partisan admiration: *First*. Neither the overwhelming military arguments of the greatest American General against the success of secession; nor, *second*, the insolent conduct of superviceable and almost self-appointed officials, so common in revolutionary times; nor, *third*, the temptation of the highest military office in the world, with highest and assured pay, could, either or all, prevent him from determining in Texas, and of doing in Washington, *what he felt it his duty to decide and do!* Accordingly, the Governor said, Greek, Roman, English, and possibly here and there American patriots and heroes, may have actually been as pure and exalted in principles as Robert E. Lee; but it is very certain that no one of them all was so rarely fortunate as *to show* such clear proofs of his temptations and of his steadfast virtue in them.

[Don't you remember General Echols's story of Lee's *first* official act and his opinion of the dangers and uncertainties of that cause which he had *just then espoused*? Remember, too, that the *Confederate high places* were all notoriously filled or engaged (Sidney Johnston for first command, &c). Remember, also, Lee's "Virginia soil conditions" of acceptance! His is a wondrous record of consistent purity!—*Gov. Anderson.*]

I said to Governor Anderson that I was gratified to be able to confirm his statement by that of another gentleman of the highest character, who had made to me substantially the same statement a short time before his death—Colonel Thomas L. Alexander. Colonel Alexander was a native of Virginia—an officer of the old army of the United States, who had seen many years of service. By reason of age and ill-health he was retired from active service in the army in the year 18—. He was with General Scott on the march to the city of Mexico, and took much pleasure in his declining years in relating the incidents of that campaign.

He told me that a day or two after the occupation of the city of Mexico the officers of the United States army gave to General Scott a grand banquet. In the course of the banquet and at its close, General Scott, who was sitting at the head of the table, arose. As he lifted his magnificent form to its full height, the action attracted the attention of all. He rapped lightly upon the table and asked attention, which was given amidst profound silence. There were present the Generals, Colonels, Majors—all the officers of the army.

General Scott said, "Gentlemen, before we part, I desire that you shall fill your glasses, and, standing, drink with me a toast which I have to propose." You can imagine that that toast was looked for with interest and expectation.

While all were standing with their glasses filled, General Scott, raising his own, said, "I ask you, gentlemen, to pledge me in the health of Captain Robert E. Lee, without whose aid we should not now be here."

To Colonel Alexander, who admired and loved General Lee, this incident seemed to give peculiar pleasure. In the same conversation in which Colonel Alexander made to me this statement, he gave me also this one, which I regard as in one sense even of greater value than that of Governor Anderson, because of the immediate proximity of the information given by General Scott to the event related.

Colonel Alexander, by reason of old association, was intimate with General Scott, and loved and admired him. He was then in command of the Soldier's Home, near Washington. He told me that he called upon General Scott in his office at Washington a short time before the secession of the State of Virginia. I believe he was not able to fix the precise day; if he did, it has escaped me. When he met General Scott, he observed that he was in a state of unusual excitement—laboring under some very deep feeling. General Scott

told him that he had just concluded a protracted and painful interview with Colonel Lee ; that he had said to Colonel Lee that he was authorized by the President of the United States to tender to him the supreme command of the armies of the United States, and that he received from Colonel Lee the reply, that his first duty was to the State of Virginia. If Virginia remained by the Union, he should stand with her. If Virginia should secede, he would go with her. In relating the interview General Scott's feelings overcame him, and he sobbed aloud.

I do not remember in Colonel Alexander's statement that the qualification of the nominal superiority in command of General Scott was mentioned ; that, however, I supposed to be implied. My conversation with Colonel Alexander was several years ago, and I would not undertake to repeat its details with the same accuracy that I do that of Governor Anderson ; but as to the substance of Colonel Alexander's statement there can be no doubt.

I have believed, my comrades, that these incidents would be of interest to you, as they were to me. I have especially desired to preserve, in some permanent historical form, the statement of Governor Anderson, who is still living, and who will verify the correctness of my statements so far as they refer to him.

If in any one thing more than another injustice has been done by the Northern people to the South, it is in the intimation, sometimes uttered in the highest places—uttered even in the Senate of the United States—that the Southern leaders were actuated by a false and unholy ambition.

If the fact here stated shall be accepted historically as true, it refutes the charge at once and forever as it relates to the great leader of the Southern armies.

LETTER FROM JOSHUA F. BULLITT.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 23rd, 1883.

*Thomas W. Bullitt, Louisville, Ky. :*

I have read what you propose to say at the meeting of Morgan's command, about to take place in Lexington, Ky., concerning the statements of Colonel Thomas L. Alexander, as to the interview between General Scott and the then Colonel Robert E. Lee. Colonel Alexander was one of my most intimate friends, and as reliable a man as I ever knew. In 1862—the exact time I do not remember, but it was before the advance of McClellan's army from Washington

towards Richmond by the way of Yorktown—Colonel Alexander made statements to me substantially the same as those which you represent him as having made to you at a subsequent time. During the same conversation, or about that time, Colonel Alexander gave me an account of the toast offered by General Scott to the then Captain Lee, at the banquet in the city of Mexico, of which I believe you have given an exactly correct statement.

JOSHUA F. BULLITT.

LETTER FROM GOVERNOR ANDERSON.

NUTTAWA, KY., July 20, 1883.

*Thomas W. Bullitt, Esq., Louisville, Ky. :*

MY DEAR SIR,—I have carefully read your notes of my gush about General Lee's place in history, and I must say that in so far as my statements of my reminiscences of the incident about General Lee's feelings and course in the great rebellion is concerned, your memory of it proves itself to be singularly accurate. In several minor and associated incidents (especially as to the order of time in the swift moving events) I see a few errors, which I have ventured to suggest to you by pencil-marks on the margins. But in the *essential* matter of General Lee's singular persistence in his duty (as *he* thought and felt, not as *I* did, be it remembered), under most extraordinary, wonderful (?) provocations toward the contrary at San Antonio, and equally extraordinary and *unprecedented* seductions and temptations at Washington, your report is perfect. Now, *my* construction of our constitutional duty in that stupendous emergency is not at all in question. Nevertheless, my dissent, *toto coelo*, from that of General Lee (for I was and am only an old-fashioned disciple of Washington's "Farewell Address" and Jackson's "Proclamation") does seem to me to affect the value of my testimony in his behalf. Don't you think so?

I sometimes fear that others may suspect my encomiums of General Lee as the outflow of merely personal friendship and its admirations, or else of that zeal, or affected zeal, of an exaggerated advocacy, which is so fashionable in America, and which seems to be a tendency in all forms of "hero worship." But I assure you neither is true. For I have or had several personal friends on each side of that wretched war whom I admired and loved just as much as Robert E. Lee—notably A. Sidney Johnston, George H. Thomas,



W. T. Sherman, and General McDowell and others. But my naked, solid judgment is this : that I can neither find, within my own observation and experience, nor yet in modern nor ancient history, one single case of any hero or patriot or philosopher of them all who turned his back upon a more than "imperial crown," and his face and steps *towards* doubts and fears, uncertainties, failures and *subjugation*, save one alone—*Robert E. Lee* ! These, my friend, are my "reasons" for having said that I was below no enthusiast-rebel of you all in my estimate of your General Lee. And they are my justifications for placing him, *in these regards*, above all historic characters known to me. Observe, I do not name him as the greatest man or General of our country. I do not forget George Washington or Winfield Scott. Indeed without knowing or affecting to know very much of such matters or characters, I strongly suspect that each service in this great war had several generals quite the equals of General Lee. But did either of them choose his side in the dread conflict under mere duress of duty, after having deliberately twice pushed aside higher powers and honors than he could by possibility have expected in his chosen side, and then quietly, modestly and cheerfully walked into an office of engineer, whose faded laurels he had gathered and worn in and out of Mexico a score of years before? I find no such record nor the least probability of the existence in these cases of *this bottom fact* for that record—an ever present sense of conscientious duty consciously prevailing over the highest and brightest temptations, and guiding him into a path as uncertain and dark as it was strange and new to all his experiences and characteristics.

But I will not bore you by my possibly undue admiration of this rare specimen of a greatly pure public character.

I am, very sincerely, your friend,

CHARLES ANDERSON.

LETTER FROM GENERAL JOHN ECHOLS.

LOUISVILLE, KY., July 1st, 1883.

*Thomas W. Bullitt :*

MY DEAR SIR,—You request me to repeat what I said to you a few days ago in a conversation in regard to the exalted character of our great chieftain, Robert E. Lee. I believe it is particularly what I saw and heard from General Lee at the commencement of the late war, in the city of Richmond, as illustrating his

moderation and elevation of sentiment under the most trying circumstances.

As soon as it was made public that Virginia had passed the ordinance of secession, of course there was the greatest excitement in the public mind in Virginia. The Virginia Convention was still in session when General Lee came from Washington, and it was announced to him that he had been elected Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia troops, which were then being called into service as rapidly as possible. Of course, among people who knew nothing from actual experience of what war was, many extreme ideas prevailed, and many extreme measures were proposed. The military committee of the convention held daily sessions. General Lee was frequently invited to appear before that committee for advice and counsel, as to what was best to be done in regard to the various measures suggested. He always seemed from the first to have a thorough appreciation of the gravity, and even solemnity of the situation, and I remember upon one occasion especially, when it was proposed to seize the coasting vessels which were in Virginia waters as being the property of aliens and enemies, he was consulted, and I never shall forget the earnest and solemn manner with which he warned those around him that they were just on the threshold of a long and bloody war, and advised them if they had any idea that the contest in which they were about to engage was to be a slight one, to dismiss all such thoughts from their minds, saying that he knew the Northern people well, and knew that they never would yield in that contest except at the conclusion of a long and desperate struggle. He urged the committee that it was of the last importance that the South should so conduct herself in the struggle as to attract to herself the respect and sympathy of the civilized nations of the earth. Going on to apply the same thought to the matter then in hand, he said that there was no amount of mere individual suffering which could be inflicted that could add to the public good; that if we should seize these coasting vessels without warning, it would be a matter of doubtful propriety, and inflict ruin upon the owners, without adding strength to our own cause or making friends with the outside world. His whole influence throughout all the eventful scenes of the war was in the direction of moderation and humanity, and highest principles of modern civilized warfare.

I saw him again upon another occasion, which will be of lifelong interest to me, when his purity and singular unselfishness of character were strikingly exhibited. In the winter of '63-4, if my

memory serves me, when General Lee's headquarters were near Orange Courthouse, Virginia, I was directed by President Davis to go to the General and to urge upon him to recommend his distinguished son, General Custis Lee, to an important command, for which President Davis thought him admirably fitted, but to which he could not assign him without the recommendation of his father, who was in chief command of the army. I went to him and spent several hours in his tent at night talking over the importance of the command to which it was desired that General Custis Lee should be assigned, and delivered to him messages which had been sent by President Davis upon the subject, and urged him by every consideration which I could think of to comply with the President's wishes as to the recommendation. General Custis Lee was recognized as one of the most distinguished graduates sent out from West Point, and a man of high attainments, great ability, and with a character very much resembling that of his distinguished father. But I could make no impression upon the General, and the only answer which I could get from him, and which he reiterated at different times in the conversation, when I would urge the President's wishes, was "General Custis Lee is my son, and whilst I think very well of his abilities, yet, in my opinion, he has not been sufficiently tried in the field, and because he is my son, and because of his want of sufficient experience in the field, I cannot and I will not recommend him for the place. You may return and say to the President that I recognize the importance of the position to which he refers, and that I am willing to send to that command any other officer here with my army whom he may designate, however valuable that officer is, or may be, to to me in my present position."

Of course I may not, after this lapse of time, give you his exact language, but I think that I have very nearly done so, for I remember how deep an impression the interview made upon me. So it was throughout his whole career, with a purity of life, elevation of sentiment, and dignity of manner which seemed to raise him high above the plain of common humanity. Of his great abilities as a chieftain, of course, it is the province of history to speak. You only ask me to give you my personal reminiscences of the man upon the two occasions to which I have referred. It was my singular good fortune to have seen much of him during the war, and afterwards, when he devoted his great talents to the training of Southern youth as a president of Washington College. When looking back now at him, as I knew him, after the lapse of all these years, I say

that he was the greatest and the purest and the most elevated man, in all that goes to make up true humanity, whom I have ever seen or ever expect to see.

(Signed)

JOHN ECHOLS.

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The Virginia Campaign of 1864-'65.

*A Review of General Humphreys by* COLONEL WILLIAM ALLAN.

The last of the "Campaigns of the Civil War," issued by the Scribners, forms in every way a fitting and creditable conclusion of the series. This volume has been looked for with unusual interest, because of its author and of the period treated of; nor does it disappoint the public expectation. An officer among the highest in rank in the Army of the Potomac, and one whose rank was not more distinguished than his services to the Union cause, General Humphreys brings to his task peculiar advantages. As Chief of Staff to General Meade, his official position rendered him familiar with all the Federal movements in the campaign of 1864, while his subsequent career as commander of Hancock's (Second) corps was not less conspicuous and important. His long and eminent service after the war in Washington placed within his easy reach all the official data now extant in regard to the struggle. We are not surprised, then, to find his book a repository of data of the greatest value. The narrative is very clear, concise, and fair in spirit. It is too crowded, and written too much, perhaps, in the style of an official report, to be entertaining to the casual reader; but its interest to the student of the great campaign of 1864-'65 can hardly be exaggerated.

This campaign was incomparably the greatest of the civil war. In the desperate daily struggle, unintermitted for months, in the unparalleled number of fierce battles, in the terrible destruction of life, in the magnitude of the issues at stake, and of the results determined by it, no campaign can compare with it. The history of it, when fully written, will constitute a splendid tribute to the courage and endurance of both armies. This history, too, will bear witness to the qualities of the leaders of those armies—to the determined perseverance, the obstinate tenacity of purpose, the coolness and firmness in the presence of defeat, that characterized the successful General whom his countrymen have ever since delighted to honor, not more than to the boldness, the sagacity, the fertility of resource,



the consummate skill which have placed the defeated commander on the roll of great captains.

On May 4, 1864, Grant crossed the Rapidan at the head of about 125,000 men "present for duty," according to the official reports as analyzed by General Humphreys. Secretary Stanton makes General Grant's effective force to have been over 141,000 men, but General Humphreys shows that this included the "extra duty" men and those under arrest. These amounted to over 16,000 men, and when deducted leave the "present for duty" about 125,000. General Humphreys reduces this number still farther by taking the "present for duty *equipped*" as the basis of his estimates, but as no such heading existed in the Confederate reports, the number of those "present for duty" is the only one that can be used in comparing the strength of the two armies. Lee held the upper line of the Rapidan with a force of 62,000 "present for duty." (Colonel Taylor makes General Lee's force nearly 64,000.)

Grant's purpose was to push rapidly through the tangled, wooded wilderness which covered Lee's right flank, and force him to fight in the more open country to the south of it by threatening his communications with Richmond. Lee anticipated his adversary, and leaving his cantonments on the Rapidan, hastened to strike the Federal army while on the march. The 5th and 6th of May were marked by bloody battles in the dense, wooded wilderness, and sometimes miry thickets of this region. Each side was by turn the assailant, but the advantage, especially on the second day, was decidedly with the Confederates. The difficulty of manœuvring large bodies of men in such a country was immense, and the Federals did not succeed in obtaining the advantage due to their superiority of numbers. The rapidity of Lee's movements and the vigor of his blows disconcerted and staggered his antagonist, and caused the losses inflicted on the Federal army to be altogether out of proportion to those suffered by the Confederates. General Humphreys foots up the Federal losses in the Wilderness as 15,387. This number is probably too small, as it apparently includes only the wounded that had to be sent back to Washington. If the number of wounded be taken from the Federal regimental reports, the total loss appears to have been about 17,000 men. There are no full reports of the Confederate losses.

On May 7th the Federal army again moved on Lee's flank, with the intention of seizing Spotsylvania Courthouse; but here again Grant was foiled. Lee promptly divined his purpose, and Stuart's

cavalry opposed his march so stubbornly that the Confederates reached the coveted position first, and held it.

From the 8th to the 20th of May the vicinity of Spotsylvania Courthouse was the scene of many severe and some furious battles, the most memorable of which occurred May 12th, when Grant threw the half of his army, under Hancock and Burnside, against Lee's lines. Burnside was repulsed, but Hancock's attack on the Confederate centre was for a time successful, the Federals capturing a salient position on Ewell's line with a number of guns and a large part of Johnson's division. All day long raged at this point the sanguinary contest. The ground was piled with dead. A dead tree, nearly two feet in diameter, was cut off some distance above the earth by the terrific hail of musket-balls. The fate of the Confederate army trembled in the balance. Only by the most strenuous efforts and the fiercest fighting was Lee able to force back the greatly superior numbers which had broken his lines and seemed on the point of overwhelming him. But he did it, and the subsequent attacks upon his position were bloody and fruitless to the Federals. The battles at Spotsylvania Courthouse cost the Federals, according to General Humphreys, 17,723 men, which number is almost certainly too small. On May 20th Grant tried the movement by Lee's right flank again, with the hope of being able to attack the Confederates before they could entrench, but he was again thwarted by his skilful antagonist, and in a day or two the armies once more confronted each other near Hanover Junction. Here the position taken up by Lee was so advantageous that Grant drew off without attack. The great disparity of strength prevented Lee from assuming the aggressive. The Union commander, continuing his former strategy, crossed the Pamunkey below the Confederate right. But when he advanced, Lee was again in his pathway, and continued to anticipate his movements until the lines of both armies crossed the famous field of Cold Harbor. Here, on June 3d, Grant having been joined by 16,000 or 18,000 of Butler's troops, made the most bloody and disastrous of his assaults upon the Confederate army. His assault was general, but he was everywhere repulsed with great slaughter, and at comparatively trifling cost to the Confederates. Nearly 6,000 Federal troops, according to General Humphreys (Swinton makes the loss twice as great), fell in this assault, while the Confederate loss was probably not as many hundreds. General Grant's Medical Director puts the Federal loss from the crossing of the Pamunkey to June 12th at over 14,000 men. So fearful was the carnage on June 3d that the Federal lines when ordered to renew the conflict refused to do it.

This ended the campaign against Richmond from the north side of the James, and ten days later the Federal army was on its march to try the approach by way of Petersburg and the Appomattox, where Butler had for some time been "bottled up" by Beauregard. The losses in battle of Grant's army had by this time reached nearly 50,000 men, according to General Humphreys (other Federal accounts make it much larger), and the reinforcements sent him about 28,000. Lee, on the other hand, had received about 15,000 men, which seems to have covered the bulk of his losses. This was a period of great depression in the Federal councils. President Lincoln is said to have been more discouraged and despondent at this time than at any other during the war. The Federal Cabinet is said to have seriously considered the question of entertaining proposals for peace. An ordinary commander, in General Grant's place, would have hesitated about continuing this costly and apparently fruitless mode of warfare on the south side of the James. Grant did not. He knew that Lee had been forced to detach Breckinridge and Early to drive Hunter away from Lynchburg. It was easy to maintain the Federal superiority in numbers, and General Grant transferred his army to the Appomattox and attempted to seize Petersburg. A failure and the loss of 8,000 men were the result. A series of attempts against the railroads from the south of Richmond followed, which were completely foiled by Lee, and with heavy cost to the Federals. By the 30th of June the Federal losses in battle had risen to over 68,000, according to General Humphreys (p. 242), or to 75,000 by other authorities. These losses and the detachment of the Sixth Corps to Washington, made necessary by Early's advance on that city, rendered Grant for a time less aggressive. Great preparations were now made for the springing of a mine on the centre of Lee's Petersburg lines. A vigorous demonstration on the north side of the James called off a large part of Lee's forces, and on the morning of July 30, when but three Confederate divisions were at Petersburg, the mine was sprung. The explosion of 8,000 pounds of powder buried a regiment of Confederates and made a fearful gap in their lines. An assault was at once made by Burnside's corps, supported by Hancock, Warren, and Ord. Some preparations had been made by General Beauregard against such a contingency, but only skill of the highest order, and a courage that counted life as nothing worth on the part of the handful of Confederates within reach, enabled them to resist the immense force sent against them. The assault was badly managed, and, notwithstanding the success



of the mine and the tremendous momentum of the assaulting columns, ended in complete and disastrous defeat to the Federal arms. This chapter is the most graphic in General Humphrey's book.

The heavy losses and fruitless struggles of the Federal army told severely upon its *morale* at this time. For more than two months after crossing to the south side of the James it was everywhere outgeneraled and defeated. Fearful were its losses in battle, and severe its sufferings from the climate ; but the resources of the North were poured out without stint for its relief, and Grant was able, by a great preponderance of force, to keep his adversary on the defensive.

After another period of comparative rest, Grant renewed his operations against both of Lee's flanks, his numbers enabling him to compel the Confederates to stretch their thin lines in both directions. The Federals thus seized the Weldon railroad in August, and Fort Harrison, on the north side, at the end of September, but all other efforts against Lee's lines during the autumn proved costly and abortive. The winter, however, brought worse enemies to the Confederates than even the splendid army in their front. The signs of exhaustion were everywhere evident in the South. A succession of disasters had given Georgia and South Carolina to Sherman, and Tennessee to Thomas. Sheridan had ruthlessly harried the Shenandoah Valley. For months Lee's men, in the trenches at Petersburg, were but half fed and half clothed, while every letter that came to the camp told of suffering and starvation at home.

The spring came, to find Lee holding thirty-five miles of entrenchments with 57,000 men of all arms (according to General Humphreys), while Grant had 129,000 in his front. Lee's strength was steadily weakening ; desertions were numerous ; the privations of the winter had broken the spirit of the Confederates. Lee's last effort against Fort Steadman, on March 25th, made to cover his withdrawal from Petersburg, failed, and cost him heavily. Grant moved against Lee's right flank and communications as soon as the roads permitted. Then followed the overthrow of Pickett and Fitz Lee at Five Forks, on April 1st. This Federal victory, and the loss it entailed on Lee, insured his defeat.

General Humphreys thinks the battle at Five Forks a serious mistake ; but Lee had good reason to expect success. Forces not greater than those under Pickett had, more than once during the past year, won victory in the face of difficulties not less than those which confronted the Confederates at Five Forks. The blow was fatal to Lee. Next day his thin lines were no longer able to resist



Grant's assaults. Petersburg and Richmond were given up on the night of April 2d, and Lee attempted to reach Danville. The failure of the supplies to reach him at Amelia Courthouse destroyed his last chance of effecting this. The delay and exhaustion brought about by this cause, together with the rapidity and overwhelming force of the Federal advance, cut him off from Danville and forced him to turn toward Lynchburg. The sufferings of the winter found a fit sequel in the privations of that march, when for days a little parched corn was the only ration. The 30,000 men or more that had left Petersburg dwindled in a week to 8,000 in ranks at Appomattox. General Humphreys finds it difficult to credit the small number that remained to Lee at the last, and thinks that many men must have thrown away their arms after the surrender became inevitable. He is in error. There were but 8,000 men ready for duty on the morning of the day the surrender was decided upon, and while the Confederate army was still drawn up for battle. The remainder of the 28,000 who were afterward paroled had already fallen out of ranks from utter exhaustion and lack of food, or had been scattered in the combats that marked the preceding days.

Lee has been criticised for his final operations in this campaign ; and failure, under whatever circumstances, invites criticism. The difficulties which confronted General Lee in the winter and spring of 1865 were simply insurmountable. Human skill and courage were not adequate to the task of turning back the tidal wave which was rapidly engulfing the Confederacy. After the defeat of Hood at Nashville and the advance of Sherman into North Carolina, the end was inevitable. No movement within General Lee's reach could have changed the result. It was not possible long to delay the catastrophe.

The struggle of Napoleon against the allies in 1814, as he was forced back upon Paris, and finally overwhelmed, is perhaps the best modern parallel to this magnificent campaign, but the efforts of the greatest soldier of any age for his capital and his throne were not more brilliant or tenacious, and were far less protracted, than those of the great Virginian for the government and capital of his native State and of the Confederacy. History contains no finer specimen of the boldness, sagacity and skill with which a comparatively small army may be so handled as to cripple and baffle far larger and better appointed forces. Like Hannibal, Lee, for years, sustained the fortunes of his country by a series of splendid achievements ; like Hannibal, he went down at last before the too mighty power of his foe ;

but, unlike the great Carthaginian, the splendor of his genius shone most brightly as years and difficulties increased, and the solid foundations of his military fame will rest more securely upon his last campaign, which ended in disaster, than upon any of his preceding victories.

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Diary of Rev. J. G. Law.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

*Sunday, April 6, 1862.*—Have been quite unwell for several days, and came on to Corinth with the sick a few days since, and engaged a room at the hotel. The quiet of this Sabbath morning is disturbed by the sullen boom of cannon in the direction of Tennessee river. The blood boils in my veins, and moves me to shoulder arms and march to the scene of the conflict. Trusting not in Beauregard, nor in the valor of our troops, but in God, victory must perch upon our banners.

*Six o'clock P. M.*—Have just halted for supper and a little rest, after a walk of ten miles. The incessant roar of artillery is still heard, and from the sick and wounded who are on their way to Corinth from the battle-field I learn that the Confederates, under General Albert Sidney Johnston, attacked the Federal army under General Grant this morning, and that our troops are driving the enemy with heavy loss on both sides. We have driven them out of their encampment, and have captured several batteries. This is glorious news. Will be off again in a few minutes, and hope to reach the field of battle some time to-night or early in the morning. The destiny of the Confederacy may hang upon the issue of this struggle. May God give us the victory!

*April 8th.*—Suffering from a slight wound received in battle yesterday, and now in a wagon with several other wounded soldiers *en route* for Corinth. Arrived on the ground that was fought over in the early part of the day, late Sunday night, and feeling too much fatigued to proceed further, lay down on the ground to sleep, with no shelter from the rain that fell heavily during the night. The firing had ceased, and the stillness of death reigned. To many it was in reality the stillness of death. Our army had won the field, and the troops were sleeping in the tents of the enemy. But it was a costly victory. Alas, for our gallant leader, General Albert Sidney Johnston! He was sleeping the sleep that knows no waking

until the morning of the resurrection. Death snatched the prize from his hand and tore the laurel wreath from his brow. Had he lived to follow up the advantage gained by his valorous troops, the Confederate army would not now be in full retreat, but would be in hot pursuit of the flying foe. Although we captured most of the enemy's artillery and took 6,000 prisoners, the engagement was renewed yesterday morning. The Federals were heavily reinforced by General Buell, who crossed the river during the night with a corps of fresh troops. My musket was the only reinforcement to the Confederate army that I am aware of. I arose early Monday morning and pressed forward in search of my regiment. But not knowing the locality of the different commands, I fell in with the first organized body that came in sight, which proved to be a part of Bowen's division, advancing in line of battle to the support of a battery that seemed to be hard pressed, and was pouring a stream of fire into the enemy at short range. Recognizing my old friend, Cad. Polk, of Columbia, Tenn., who was the Adjutant of an Arkansas regiment, I at once fell into line with his regiment. As we crossed a little ravine and ascended the slope of the hill, the battery retired under a heavy fire of musketry through our ranks and went into position on the opposite side of the ravine. We were ordered to lie down while the battery opened fire over our heads. At the same time a heavy volley of musketry was poured into our line by the enemy, who were plainly visible a few hundred yards in our front. The boys in gray then rose to their feet and delivered their fire with such deadly effect that the advance of the enemy was checked, the blue line staggered under the fire, reeled, broke, and rolled back in confusion, like a wave that breaks upon the rock-bound shore and spends its fury in vain. Then, resuming my search for my own regiment, and attracted by heavy firing on the left, I started in that direction, and passed over a part of the woods from which we had just driven the enemy. The ground was dotted with the blue uniforms of the dead and wounded, while canteens and haversacks were scattered here and there in great abundance. Having no water in my plain tin canteen, I picked up a splendid one, well covered and full of water, and threw it hastily over my shoulder. Some Yankee had kindly left it for my accommodation. Soon after coming into possession of this valuable property my heart was touched by a piteous cry for water. I stopped, and kneeling by the side of a Federal soldier, who was badly wounded, placed the canteen to his lips, expressed sympathy for him in his terrible

suffering, and then, hurrying on, was soon in another line of battle hotly engaged with the enemy, who were plainly visible in heavy force through the open woods. There was no charging, but the two opposing lines were deliberately standing and pouring into each other a perfect hailstorm of bullets, while men were dropping like slaughtered bees on both sides. A gallant officer was riding along the Confederate lines giving orders and inspiring the men by his valorous deeds and heroic courage in the face of death. It was Colonel Richmond, of General Polk's staff. My nerves grew steadier, and advancing to the front, I found myself all at once fighting in the ranks of the old One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee regiment. There was no time to look for my company, so raising my gun I took deliberate aim and fired. It was my only shot, for as I was in the act of loading a ball came crashing through my canteen, and as the water poured out and soaked through to my skin, I imagined that the blood was gushing from a mortal wound, and, without waiting to see what damage my body had sustained, started off to the surgeon. On my arrival at the hospital tent, after an examination by Dr. Woodward, the gratifying discovery was made that my canteen had received a mortal wound, while I had escaped with a slight flesh wound, which, however, would have proved more serious but for the protection afforded by the canteen in breaking the force of the ball. More water than blood was shed, and I am thankful for my escape with my life. My hip is quite sore, and as my wound is too painful to admit of my walking, I was placed in a wagon along with other wounded and started off to Corinth yesterday. We are having a rough time. The roads are in a dreadful condition, and the unmerciful jolting of the wagon extorts groans, and at times even shrieks, of pain from the poor fellows who are suffering from severe wounds.

*April 11th.*—We are encamped about two miles from Corinth, on the Mobile and Ohio railroad. My wound is healing rapidly, though it is still quite painful. It was not serious enough for a furlough, and yet too serious to admit of my reporting for duty. Many of my personal friends were killed in the bloody battle of Shiloh. The One Hundred and Fifty-fourth Tennessee regiment lost 196 in killed and wounded. General Beauregard, for some reason, failed to follow up the success of Sunday's battle, and on Monday the army retreated in good order, leaving the Federals too badly crippled to follow in pursuit.

*April 14th.*—Reported for duty, and spent the morning cleaning



my gun. Have felt somewhat depressed for the past few days. Fail in the discharge of Christian duty ; do not read my Bible regularly ; nor is my soul enlarged in prayer, and yet as I write the prayer arises in my heart that God may watch over our benighted camp, spread confusion throughout the camp of our enemies, and give us victory ; that our independence may be speedily won, and our country restored to peace and harmony.

*April 17th.*—The weather continues warm and water is getting scarce. It was rumored yesterday that Generals Smith and Marshall had retaken Nashville.

*April 25th.*—A cold, rainy day. Breakfasted at 10 o'clock, and walked over to my cousin's camp to fulfil my engagement with him. We rode over to the camp of the Thirty-eighth Tennessee regiment, and dined with Captain Wright, called on Colonel Looney, and returned to camp. Rumor says that the Federal gunboats have passed Fort Jackson, and that New Orleans has surrendered. Dark clouds are hovering over us. The enemy are steadily gaining ground. But we must continue to fight with unabated zeal, and trust in God, and victory will crown our efforts.

*April 26th.*—Orders to cook five days' rations, and be ready to march at a moment's notice. We expect a great battle in a few days.

*Sunday, April 27th.*—Spent the morning working on the trenches. In the afternoon walked over to see Jack and Billy Gordon, and rode with them into Corinth. Glorious news is circulating in camp. New Orleans is safe, Huntsville is retaken, and Jack Morgan has whipped the Federals out of Tusculum. The clouds are breaking.

*April 29th.*—The regiment was detailed this morning to work on the trenches. We had worked about two hours, when we were ordered to form in line of battle. Cannonading was heard in the direction of Monterey. Halleck is advancing upon this place, and we may expect a great battle to-morrow or next day. Spent the afternoon washing my clothes and playing chess with Harry Cowperthwaite, of the "Maynard Rifles." Reports from New Orleans are numerous and conflicting.

*May 3d.*—Our regiment was re-organized to-day. Jimmy Lawrence was elected Captain of the "Hickory Rifles ;" Dr. Butt, First Lieutenant ; George Hockton, Second Lieutenant, and John Trigg Third Lieutenant. Dr. Butt was the only one of the old officers re-elected. Lawrence, Hockton and Trigg were all elevated from the ranks, on the ground of personal popularity, without regard to qualification for office. But they are all good men, and I hope will prove

as efficient with swords as they have been with muskets. It is a dangerous experiment to elect officers in the field, and especially in the face of the enemy. Captain Mellersh was left out for no other reason than that he was a strict disciplinarian. The election of field officers was postponed. Heavy cannonading was heard this morning, which proved to be skirmishing on the right wing of our army between Marmaduke's brigade and the enemy, who are advancing on our right and centre. The battle will probably commence in earnest to-morrow.

*Sunday, May 4th.*—Just twelve months ago we left Memphis to go into camp. We have been engaged in two battles, Belmont and Shiloh, and the entire loss in our company is ten (10) wounded. The regiment has suffered a loss of two hundred and twelve (212) in killed and wounded. Early this morning we were in line of battle at the rifle pits, eagerly watching for the advance of the enemy, but yet mindful of his defeat on the bloody plains of Manassas, he declined to make the attack on Sunday. We remained in line of battle all day in a drenching rain. To-morrow we will probably meet the foe. Then comes the tug of war.

"Conquer we must,  
For in God is our trust."

*May 6th.*—On fatigue duty at the Ordnance Department, loading and unloading wagons of ammunition. Arms of all kinds are also coming in. Enfield rifles, etc. We are fully prepared for the enemy, and are receiving reinforcements every day. The inclement weather may retard field operations, and the battle may be delayed several days.

*May 8th.*—The regiment lay in line of battle in the woods. Slept all the morning, and read "Lady Glenlyon" in the evening. Sharp skirmishing on our right all day.

*May 9th.*—Halt by the roadside and seat myself on a log to write. The evening is lovely. The booming of cannon and the rattle of musketry has just ceased, and all nature sleeps in calm repose. Heavy skirmishing again all day on the right, and it is reported that we have repulsed the enemy.

*May 10th.*—Heavy firing again to-day. Generals Price and Van Dorn fought the left wing of Halleck's army, and drove them back. Our loss light.

*Sunday, May 11th.*—The clash of arms has ceased, and the quiet of this holy Sabbath day has been undisturbed. The regiment returned to camp to-day.

*May 12th.*—The election for field officers was held to-day. Major Fitzgerald was elected Colonel; Captain Mageveney Lieutenant-Colonel, and Captain Dawson Major. The conscript act has caused some dissatisfaction among the troops, and a few have deserted; but the vast majority of our soldiers accept the situation, some under protest, but most of us with cheerful submission to the "powers that be." The only rebels in our army are the deserters. Our allegiance is due, not to the United States, but to the government of the Confederate States, and we are ready, if need be, to die in defense of our principles.

*May 13th.*—Will we never cease to hear bad news? Norfolk has fallen, the Navy Yard is reduced to ashes, and the Confederate ram "Virginia" is burnt. The entire army here is under marching orders, with three days' cooked rations.

*May 15th.*—Transferred to-day at my own request to the "Maynard Rifles," under command of Captain E. A. Cole, with Lieutenants Walker Lucas, John Cochrane and Charlie Rose. Received a carpet bag from home containing a ham, pone of bread, jelly, pickles, etc.

*Sunday, May 18th.*—Early this morning the regiment was in the rifle pits, in expectation of an attack. The enemy are reported to be within a mile of our works, and we may look for warm work to-morrow. I feel confident of the result, though it will be a bloody and desperate fight. Dr. Alex. Erskine called to see me this evening, and we walked together about half a mile to hear the Rev. Dr. Palmer, the distinguished preacher from New Orleans. He delivered an eloquent discourse, in which he spoke to the soldiers of the uncertainty of life, and in a most powerful and impressive manner exhorted them to prepare to meet their God before they were called out to the impending battle. The distinguished minister is a private in the Washington Artillery.

*May 19th.*—A general engagement was expected this morning, as the pickets along the entire line were firing all night; but the day has passed without any demonstration save the sound of musketry on our right this afternoon. Halleck has brought up his siege guns, and will probably attempt to dislodge us from our rifle pits before coming within range of the infantry.

**A Cursory Sketch of General Bragg's Campaigns**

*By MAJOR E. T. SYKES, of Columbus, Miss.*

**PAPER NO. 2.****THE KENTUCKY CAMPAIGN.**

By the 21st of August, having made all needful preparations and inured his troops to the necessary and required discipline, General Bragg, with Hardee and Polk's corps, crossed the Tennessee river at Harrison's Ferry, nine miles above Chattanooga (we had but one transport, and consequently were several days crossing, which allowed the boys in gray an opportunity of bathing, the last they enjoyed until we captured Mumfordsville, on the Green river), and moving over Waldem's Ridge (it should, in respect and deference to its size, have been more properly called High and Broad mountain) and Cumberland mountain, turned Buell's left; and on the 5th of September the Confederate column was greeted with a large sign board, nailed by our advance pioneer corps to a tree on the side of the road, with these words appearing on it in bold relief: "You now cross from Tennessee to Kentucky." That was the dividing line between two States, and well did the boys in "dirty gray" make the welkin ring as they at one step bounded across the narrow but visible line drawn for their observation and exultation.

General E. Kirby Smith in the meantime moved from Knoxville, flanked the Federal General G. W. Morgan, who was in the occupancy of Cumberland Gap, got into the enemy's rear, whipped Bull Nelson at Richmond, Ky., capturing many prisoners and a superabundance of supplies, clothing, and camp equipage, and succeeded in reaching and occupying Lexington, establishing an outpost at Covington, on the Ohio river, just opposite Cincinnati.

General Bragg's design was to unite with him at the capital of the State and solidly advance on Louisville, his objective point. Moving for that purpose through Glasgow (where God bless the ladies with their miniature Confederate flags; we were welcomed with joyful tears and loving smiles, as never were soldiers welcomed before), Mumfordsville\* (where the writer, then commanding Com-

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\* The particulars and origin of the battle of Mumfordsville were about these, as witnessed and remembered by myself: General Bragg, on reaching Glasgow, Ky., with his main force, sent forward the same night (September



pany "K" in the Tenth Mississippi Infantry, had some bitter experience, but in two days after, when Bragg marched up his army on the 17th of September, made about 4,500, under Colonel C. L.

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12th) Chalmers's brigade of Mississippians to the railroad at Cave City, and Duncan's Louisiana brigade to the depot next below (south), with orders to intercept and cut off Buell's (he was then marching up from Nashville) communications northward by the railroad to Louisville. General Chalmers surprised and captured the telegraph operator and depot supplies at Cave City, but owing to the information furnished the enemy by Union citizens of the neighborhood we did not succeed in capturing any trains. Hearing that the enemy, about 3,000 strong, composed of new levies, was at Mumfordsville on Green river, fortified and protecting the iron railroad bridge, Chalmers considered it a fine opportunity to win a Major-General's star; consequently on the night of the 13th, and without orders from General Bragg, he marched his command rapidly, and about sunrise on the following morning drove in the enemy's pickets, and forming line of battle, with Walthall's regiment (29th Mississippi) on his right, and Smith's (10th Mississippi regiment) on his left, advanced to the attack through an open field three-quarters of a mile under fire of the enemy's artillery and small arms from behind formidable intrenchments and earthworks. For awhile the attack promised to prove a success. Walthall had reached the wide and deep ditch around Fort Craig, and was in the act of bridging it, when Colonel Scott's Louisiana cavalry, which had agreed to coöperate in the attack, came up and imprudently opened fire from an eminence about 500 yards distant, throwing shell among Walthall's men and caused them to retire. The 10th Mississippi regiment had reached a ravine wherein was an abattis of beech trees about fifty yards in front of the enemy's right, covering the bridge, and could advance no further. Protecting themselves as well as possible, they were enabled to silence the enemy's fire from the fortifications. In this position they remained about two hours, not being able on account of the timber to their right and the conformation of the ground to see or hear from our centre or right.

About that time the enemy exhibited over his ramparts a flag of truce, and being assured that it would be respected (it was with difficulty that the sentry could restrain and prevent Jim Franks, a private in Captain Robert A. Bell's company, who at first fired on it, from shooting down the bearer. He afterwards plead his ignorance of the sacredness of a flag of truce in extenuation and excuse for his grave misconduct) it was borne out by a young captain in an Indiana regiment (I regret having lost his card given me on that occasion), accompanied by a guard, in my immediate front, when (Colonel Smith and Lieutenant-Colonel Bullock were both shot down and dying, and Major Bar was that day acting on Chalmers's staff) it devolved on me, as the senior officer present, to meet it; which was done about midway our lines. The officer informed me that General Chalmers had sent a flag in on our right demanding a surrender; which was refused, but that an armistice for the purpose of removing the dead and wounded had been

Dunham, lay down their arms and yield to the gray, he felt in a great measure repaid for the almost irreparable loss of the soldier and his friend, the brave and intrepid Colonel Robert A. Smith), Hodgenville, Bardstown, and Harrodsburg, we halted for rest around the latter places, when Buell, whose army had marched straight to Louisville, and receiving heavy reinforcements, returned to give battle to our forces.

General Bragg's sanguine anticipations on entering Kentucky were, in the nature of things, necessarily disappointed. He had thought, and not without reason for his hope, that the Kentuckians would flock to his standard by the thousands, when in truth and in fact very few joined him. Not that the great bulk of her citizens did not sympathize with our cause, but the apprehension of an early abandonment of their homes, and the want of time to make their worldly arrangements, prevented.

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agreed to, and that ten minutes' notice would be given before the flag would be withdrawn. These facts were communicated to our men, who at once began to remove the dead and wounded, besides their guns and accoutrements, and continued until everything of value had been carried to the woods, a full mile in our rear. On retiring with the withdrawal of the flag, and reaching our men in rear, I found that the dead were being hastily buried, and the living were preparing to return to Cave City. This surprised me; for pending the flag of truce Lieutenant Watt L. Strickland, an aid on General Chalmers's staff, came up, and, calling me aside, said that General J. K. Jackson, of Georgia, was near with a division of infantry, and that on his arrival the attack would be renewed and successfully pressed. It appears, however, that this information furnished the enemy at the time of the demand for a surrender was a ruse on the part of General Chalmers, in order to extricate his men from their perilous situation. Finding that the enemy was too strong for him, and were veterans instead of raw recruits, he returned in quick haste to Cave City. On the 16th (two days later) General Bragg moved up and surrounded these forces, then reinforced and numbering 4,500 under Colonels Wilder and Dunham (Wilder afterwards commanded a cavalry brigade, known as Wilder's Lightning Brigade), who on the morning of the 17th of September surrendered, with a very large supply of quartermaster and commissary stores. The 10th Mississippi was marched in to receive the surrender and occupy the forts and fortifications in return for and in compliment of its gallant fight on the 14th. I, with my company ("K"), was placed in command of Fort Craig, their extreme left fort, and where Walthall had so gallantly assaulted three days previously.

In the engagement of the 14th our loss, particularly in the 10th Mississippi regiment, was frightful. My company was a large one, and lost thirty-two in killed and wounded. And here let me add, that the account given of this battle in the *American Cyclopaedia*, Vol. 16, page 797, is in no manner correct.

BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE.

General Buell, learning the position of our forces near Perryville, determined on attacking us there. Bragg wisely prepared to receive and give him battle, and, in fact, ascertaining that Crittenden's corps was nearly a day's march in the rear of Buell, he sent Withers's division of Polk's corps to intercept him, whilst he, with the remainder of the army, attacked the two Federal corps under McCook and Gilbert, both under the immediate command of Buell, then rapidly, and, as they thought, securely, approaching Perryville, hoping to crush them in detail, and thereby remain for a time at least master of the situation in the dark and bloody ground. But by one of those mischances that will sometimes crop out when least looked for or expected, our (Withers's) division, which, as said above, was sent to intercept Crittenden's corps, came up, at the intersection of two roads, with the advance guard of General E. Kirby Smith's army hastening to General Bragg's support, and they being all dressed in new Federal suits, the spoils at Richmond, where Bull Nelson had the discretion, under the cloak of big-hearted generosity, to supply the much-needed *requisitions* of the haughty Confederate (this was about twelve miles north of Harrodsburg, near the Louisville turnpike), Major W. C. Richards's (who had just before at Mumfordsville been severely wounded) sharpshooters of Chalmers's brigade, under command of Captain West, and those of our new, and, as it resulted, friendly acquaintances, mutually mistaking each other for the enemy, commenced skirmishing and continued for some time, and until Smith's men, discovering the mistake, sent forward a flag of truce and removed the apprehension, but not until it was too late for the accomplishment of the errand upon which we had been sent. The game had flown; Crittenden, with only his rear guard slightly harassed, passed on and in time united with Buell's forces, then being driven back from Perryville, and turned the tide of battle against us, which, till his arrival, had rolled so proudly at our bidding, and in connection with the signal defeat of Van Dorn at Corinth on the second (4th October) day of that engagement, necessitating Bragg's retreat out of Kentucky by Cumberland Gap.

Van Dorn's army, had it been successful at Corinth, was to have coöperated with us in Tennessee and Kentucky, insuring success to our arms in the latter State. But few know the fact, or knowing it have suppressed its utterance, that General Bragg's original plan

was not to engage the enemy at Perryville, but, on the other hand, if his orders had been obeyed, the battle field would have been elsewhere or Louisville surrendered to our forces. It was, as well as the writer can from memory recall, in substance this : General Bragg, on leaving the army in and around Bardstown, proceeded to Lexington, where was stationed the division of General Smith, and had left General Polk, as the senior or ranking Major-General, in command. On arriving at the capital he determined on making a *coup de main* on Louisville with Smith's troops, sufficiently supported, whilst Polk was ordered to make a flank movement, so successful in the strategy of Stonewall Jackson's campaigns, and turn the enemy's right. Had this been done, the result and issue of the contest might and most probably would have been different. But there are marplots to be found in every household, cabinet and council. General Polk saw fit (and it may have been best ; it is not for me to say) to disregard the order until he could communicate with General Bragg by courier and suggest the propriety and, as he deemed, necessity of remaining with and protecting our very large and important supply train. The delay in communicating, at the distance they were apart, was valuable time never to be regained ; the enemy had changed position, and hence General Bragg realized a sad disappointment by General Polk's conduct in the full fruition of his hopes—on the 4th of October inaugurated the Hon. Richard Hawes, at Frankfort, as Confederate Provisional Governor, and on the same day evacuated the city and returned with the troops there stationed, and hastened with all speed and at imminent risk of life or capture to join and resume immediate command of his troops near Harrodsburg and Perryville, and make an effort to repair the mistakes of his subordinate. Hence the battle of Perryville, of necessity fought, and fought under the circumstances, with its consequent disastrous results.

In this campaign General Bragg accomplished all that it was possible for him or any other General at that time similarly circumstanced to do, but not as much as he had hoped when he entered her borders.

#### RETREAT OUT OF KENTUCKY.

With saddened hearts we commenced the retreat on the 8th of October, 1862, crossing Duck river, passing Camp Dick Robinson (then newly dubbed Camp Breckinridge), Crab Orchard, Mt. Vernon, Wild-Cat Bend, Cumberland Gap, and on to Knoxville. The



Federals, finding it useless, pursued but little south of Crab Orchard.

The fruits of this campaign in supplies, provisions, and all the necessary appendages of an army, were almost fabulous. Think of nearly four thousand wagons, a majority of which were branded with the letters U. S., heavily loaded with the best and every variety of jeans, warm blankets, provisions, and other spoils of our over-supplied foes ; several thousand head of cattle, the finest the eye ever beheld, and in truth, only by a hungered people, too fine to slaughter ; besides, more than a thousand mules and as many sheep, and you have some approximate idea of what good that campaign was to an impoverished and starving Confederacy of people, to say nothing of the experience gained in the realization of the fact that, unless you are able and intend permanently to occupy a country and can make its people believe it, it is futile to hope with confidence for any material aid from them, particularly in men. It is "hoping against hope."

#### THE TENNESSEE CAMPAIGN.

After the army had rested for a while from its arduous trials, Bragg commenced his movements into Tennessee preparatory to an advance on Nashville. Tulehoma and Shelbyville were his rallying points, with outposts at Murfreesboro', Eagleville, &c. ; and finally, in December, the army was concentrated in and around Murfreesboro', with outposts advanced to the vicinity of Nashville. Instead of Rosecrans, who had superceded Buell, going into winter quarters at Nashville, as Bragg was led to believe from spies, he broke up camps on the morning of the 25th of December, and pouring down his hordes by way of the Wilson, Nolinsville, Murfreesboro', and Jefferson turnpikes, drove our outposts back to the main line, established near and crossing Stone river, a short distance in front of the railroad bridge, with its right resting on Lebanon pike. It will be remembered that General Joseph E. Johnston had been placed in command of this Confederate department, but did not engage in active field operations, and that also, not anticipating any attack from the enemy, had sent Generals Morgan and Forrest with their cavalry in different directions—the first to destroy Rosecrans's communications in Kentucky, the latter to harrass, cut off, and destroy Grant's line of communications ; and also a division of infantry under General Stevenson had been sent to our army in Mississippi.

## BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO'.

On the night of the 30th, the writer having a short time before resigned his commission in the line and accepted that of Assistant Adjutant General on General Walthall's (just promoted) staff, who at this juncture was on sick leave in Virginia, and his brigade temporarily commanded by General Patton Anderson, recently deceased, we received instructions that by early dawn the next morning the left under Hardee (he and Polk being the two corps commanders) would begin the attack, conforming elbows to the right in their advance, the right of our brigade, resting on the Franklin turnpike, to be the pivot. The balance of the army to our right, being part of Polk's and the entire force of Breckinridge, to remain stationary and await results.

As the first signs of day appeared on the morning of the 31st, being the last of the year 1862, the occasional shots of the picket line were superceded by the more rapid discharge of advancing skirmishers on the left, which in time was replaced by the sharp and ever-increasing rattle of musketry, growing nearer and still louder as the loud boom of artillery united its volume of sound to the already soul-inspiring caudle of death, till anon the surging of the line reached us and our time came to forward with our comrades. A few hours told the tale, and it was as sweet to us as its realization bitter to the haughty foe. We had completely turned his right under McCook, driving his line back over rocks and through cedar brakes several miles to a right angle, where before it that morn, in semi-circular shape, threatened to engulf us. Thirty pieces of artillery, innumerable dead and wounded and many prisoners were the fruits to the Confederate arms of this well-planned and equally well-executed movement.

## GENERAL BRECKINRIDGE'S FIGHT ON THE RIGHT.

Affairs virtually remained in *statu quo* until the evening of the 2d of January, 1863, when Breckinridge was ordered to attack the enemy's left, in anticipation of the intention of Rosecrans to turn and attack us in rear. Breckinridge burst in mass upon the enemy, crossed Stone river, fording that stream for the purpose, and soon one of the most bitter conflicts of the war ensued. Both sides massed their artillery and used it with terrible effect. But it was soon seen that the enemy's position was too strong, and that Breck-

inridge was being driven back. 'Twas here that Kentucky's brave and eloquent Roger Hanson was mortally wounded and soon after died.

Walthall's brigade (commanded by Patton Anderson) was ordered to double-quick a distance of one and one-half miles, or thereabouts, to his support. Passing through an open field in rear of our line, and fording the river, we reached the indicated position just as night set in, and whilst Major Robeson, of Texas (afterwards General Robeson, of cavalry), a young but promising officer, who at the breaking out of the war left West Point to unite his fate with his people, Chief of Artillery on the staff of the General commanding, was holding in check with his well-massed artillery the exultant enemy, who till then was hotly pursuing the retreating forces of Breckinridge. During the night and incident to the confusion on such occasions, General Anderson reported through me to his division commander, General Withers, that he could find no line to support—that there were no Confederate forces save his own picket line in his front.

This was immediately dispatched to army head-quarters, and soon thereafter a courier rode up to General Anderson's position with orders for his Assistant Adjutant General to report at army head-quarters without delay.

Following the courier for several miles, we finally drew up our tired steeds in front of one of the finest mansions in Murfreesboro, and on making myself known I was invited by an *aid-de-camp* of General Bragg into a large double-roomed folding parlor, elegantly furnished, where sat the commander in chief, surrounded by his corps and division commanders.

Besmear'd with mud, and tired from exposure and loss of sleep, I felt decidedly out of place in this galaxy of Generals, but on entering the room I was somewhat relieved when General Withers rising introduced me as the officer who had penciled the dispatch about which the council of war had assembled, and the Commanding General invited me to be seated. In few words, responsive to the pertinent and laconic questions propounded to me, I saw that General Bragg was satisfied with the accuracy of my report, and turning to General Breckinridge he so stated. My recollection is that General Breckinridge then also recognized his error, and accordingly conceded it. I do not conceive that General Breckinridge was censurable for this mistake, which so much endangered the safety of our army. His troops, under his gallant lead, had just made a glorious

fight, but were repulsed, and in falling back (darkness in the meantime coming on) did not rally and form on the exact line where ordered, but formed in our rear instead of front as required. The darkness of night and the density of the undergrowth having prevented him from accurately discerning and forming where directed, was sufficient palliation, as his boundless number of friends conceived, for the error committed.

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### Notes and Queries.

*Sabine Pass—Who will send us a detailed sketch of that heroic defence?*

An exchange, in announcing the recent death of Jack White, says :

“White was one of the forty Irishmen who held Sabine Pass against the entire Federal fleet during the war, and received the personal thanks of President Jefferson Davis, who designated these men as the forty bravest men of the Confederacy.

“The Federal force on that occasion consisted of three Federal brigades, commanded respectively by Brigadier-Generals W. H. Emory, Godfrey Weitzel, and F. S. Nicholson, all under the command of Major-General William B. Franklin, aggregating 6,000 Federal soldiers, and a fleet of gunboats. The defeat of this force was probably the most heroic exploit of the war, and out of solid shame the Federal Government dropped the record thereof from their war annals.”

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#### *Roster of the A. N. V.*

The following note should have had earlier publication, but was somehow overlooked. We warmly second the call of Colonel Allan for the help of those who were in position to know the facts in correcting and perfecting our Roster. We purpose publishing soon others of the rosters which Colonel Scott has so carefully prepared, and with copies of which he has kindly favored us.

McDONOUGH SCHOOL,  
McDONOUGH P. O., BALTIMORE COUNTY, MD.,

February 3, 1883.

*My Dear Doctor,*—I hope your publication of Colonel Scott's



roster of our army may lead to perfecting it. Let me ask, Did Robertson's cavalry brigade contain the *17th Virginia battalion*? In Robertson's report only the 2d, 6th, 7th and 12th Virginia regiments are enumerated. Does not this 17th creep in from an allusion in Stuart's report where 17th may be a misprint for 7th?

Cannot Colonel Cutshaw or some of the artillery officers at hand (Colonel Carter for instance) give the assignment of the large number of batteries which Colonel Scott classes as *miscellaneous*? Some of them are, perhaps, only different names for batteries already enumerated. The artillery reports are, I know from experience, sometimes exasperating in their want of precision as regards names and commands, and it is therefore not surprising that Colonel Scott despaired of placing these batteries.

Truly yours,

W. ALLAN.

I think there was no such organization as 8th Virginia battalion in Armistead's brigade.

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*Who and What Conquered the South?*

We give, without comment, the answer to this question contained in an article by *Mr. Richard Grant White*, high authority with the cultured classes of the North, in the September number of the *North American Review*:

"The South had fought to maintain an inequality of personal rights and an aristocratic form of society. The North had fought, not in a crusade for equality and against aristocracy, but for money; for the riches it had acquired, and that the newly-developed means of acquiring riches might not be destroyed; for nothing else. After the first flush of enthusiasm caused by the bombardment of Fort Sumter—'firing on the flag'—had subsided, before which no insult, no defiance, and notably—very notably—no enthusiasm for liberty and equality had been able to awaken enough fighting spirit in the North to lead the administrators of the Federal Government to take any important steps for its preservation—after this excitement had subsided, and yet the war must needs be prosecuted or the Government destroyed, the contest became one of money for the sake of money. The war was virtually carried on by the moneyed men, the business men of the North. They furnished its 'sinews,' and this they did for their own interest. Many of them grew rich by the war; most of them saw that in its successful prosecution lay their

future prosperity. The war time was a money-making process. The Federal Government was victorious simply because it had the most men and the most money. The Confederate cause failed simply because its men and money were exhausted ; for no other reason. Inequality came to an end in the South ; equality was established throughout the Union ; but the real victors were the money-makers, merchants, bankers, manufacturers, railway men, monopolists, and speculators. It was their cause that had triumphed under the banner of freedom. General Grant has been roughly handled by caricaturists and paragraphists as a beggar. Verily, his reward has been small at the hands of those to whom he rendered his chief service. If the business men of the North had given him an income of one thousand dollars a day, and General Sherman one of five hundred, they would have insufficiently acknowledged what those stubborn soldiers did for them."

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## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

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OUR "LEE NUMBER" has received from the press everywhere the most flattering notices, and orders for it have poured in from Maine to Texas, and from Virginia to Idaho. We have room for only two of the many kind notices of our brethren of the press, all of which we warmly appreciate.

Our accomplished and gallant friend of the *Norfolk Landmark*, Captain James Barron Hope, whose praise is praise indeed, thus writes of it :

"This is indeed a splendid number, and will be in demand all over the world in military and historical circles. It is worthy, as far as any publication can be, of the event it commemorates, and we congratulate our friend, the Rev. J. William Jones, on the impression his Magazine has made. It gives, as its name indicates, a graphic account of the unveiling of Valentine's noble work, the recumbent Lee, and this, of course, includes the introductory remarks of that old hero, General Early, the fine poem by Father Ryan, and the majestic oration by Major John W. Daniel, and a paper full of interest by the editor, the Rev. [ex-Confederate chaplain] J. William Jones. Take the publication, all in all, it is one which should be bound in snow-white vellum, with clasps of gold."

The *Industrial South*, of Richmond, Va. (so ably edited by those gallant gentlemen and graceful writers, Colonel James McDonald and Major Baker P. Lee), publishes the following kindly notice :

"*Southern Historical Papers* for August-September should be bought, read and filed in his family archives by every man in the South. It is the 'Lee number,' containing a full account of the ceremonies at the unveiling of Val-

entine's recumbent statue of General Robert E. Lee, at Lexington, Va., on the 28th of June last. The admirably appropriate introductory remarks of General Early, and the supremely forcible and beautiful address of Major Daniel, are too valuable to be omitted in the household literature of any Southerner who cherishes the memory of the peerless soldier and Christian gentleman, whose name, as long as time lasts, will be linked, in the Southern mind, with all that is brave and beautiful and noble in the nature of man. The price for a year's subscription to *Southern Historical Papers* is only \$3, and only 50 cents for the Lee number. Orders should be sent to Dr. J. William Jones, Secretary, Richmond, Va.

"Dr. Jones deserves the gratitude of the Southern people for the energy the ardor and the ability with which he has worked and is working to give to the world, through *Southern Historical Papers*, a true history of the South in the course of her ill-omened cause."

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LOUISIANA SOLDIERS' HOME.—As a model for similar organizations, we give the full text of the act establishing the Louisiana Soldiers' Home, and urge our friends in every State to move in the same good cause :

"AN ACT to amend and re-enact Act No. 103, approved March 17, 1866, entitled an Act founding a Soldiers' Home for Louisiana and making an appropriation therefor, payable out of the revenues of the years 1883 and 1884 :

"SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Louisiana*, That an Act entitled an Act founding a Soldiers' Home, approved March 17, 1866, be amended and re-enacted so as to read as follows : That until suitable grounds be purchased and proper buildings erected for the full development of the purposes of the present Act, some tenement within the city of New Orleans or its environs shall be rented with a view of establishing temporarily a 'Soldiers' Home' for the reception and care of all Louisiana soldiers who may have been maimed or otherwise disabled, and who are not already pensioned or provided for by the United States Government.

"SEC. 2. *Be it further enacted, etc.*, That a Board of Managers, under the name and style of the 'Board of Directors of the Soldiers' Home of the State of Louisiana,' for the proper direction of the affairs of said institution is hereby created, to be composed of ten members, viz. : The President ; three Vice-Presidents, and Recording Secretary of the Benevolent Association of the Army of Tennessee ; the President, three Vice-Presidents, and a Recording Secretary of the Army of Northern Virginia, and their successors in office, one of whom shall be elected President by the members of the Board. A majority of the members of said Board shall constitute a quorum to do business, and in the absence of the President they may choose one from among themselves to act as President pro tem. They shall meet at least once every month, and as much oftener as the President may deem it necessary.

SEC. 3. *Be it further enacted, etc.*, That said Board of Directors shall have

power to make all necessary by-laws and regulations to govern said institution, also the power to make all contracts necessary for the rent, construction and repair of buildings belonging to or in the use of the home, and for the purchase of land upon which to construct the same; to appoint and remove the necessary superintendent, matrons, physicians, and such other officers and employees as the Board may deem proper for the good management of said Home, and to fix their compensation; to solicit contributions in currency or in kind, and to accept any donations or legacies, by will or otherwise, for the sole and exclusive use and benefit of said Home, and to sue and be sued, plead and be impleaded in all actions appertaining to the Home. Provided, that the person elected Treasurer by the Board of Directors shall be required to give a bond of five thousand dollars (\$5,000) for the faithful performance of his duties under this Act, which bond shall be approved by the said Board of Directors.

SEC. 4. *Be it further enacted, etc.,* That all applicants for admission into the Home must establish, to the satisfaction of the Board of Directors, that they were soldiers in the military service of Louisiana, and show, by proper vouchers, that they were maimed or disabled in said service, or that they have become infirm by reason of old age or sickness; provided, that whenever any applicant presents himself for admission without the proper vouchers to the superintendent, he shall receive him temporarily into the Home, and until his claims for permanent admission can be passed upon and adjudged by the Board of Directors.

SEC. 5. *Be it further enacted, etc.,* That it shall be the duty of the Board of Directors to make a report or statement to the Legislature, at their regular session, of the conditions and affairs of said Home, specifying therein the amount of receipts and expenditures, the amount of number received into the Home, and the number of deaths occurring therein.

SEC. 6. *Be it further enacted, etc.,* That in order to carry out the provisions of the present Act, the sum of five thousand dollars (\$5,000) is hereby appropriated—two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2,500) out of the revenues of 1883, and two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2,500) out of the revenues of the year of 1884, out of any moneys in the treasury not otherwise appropriated, to be paid on the warrant of the President of said Board of Directors.

*Be it further enacted, etc.,* That this Act shall take effect from and after its passage.

R. N. OGDEN,

Speaker of the House of Representatives.

GEO. L. WALTON,

President pro tem of the Senate.

Approved June 30, 1882.

S. D. McENERY,

Governor of the State of Louisiana.

A true copy:

WILL A. STRONG,

Secretary of State.

The Board of Directors as at present constituted are: Army of Northern



Virginia—Francis T. Nichols, President; John H. Murray, Louis Prados, John J. Fitzpatrick, John W. T. Leech. Treasurer, John H. Murray. Army of Tennessee—J. A. Chalaron, John Augustin, A. J. Lewis, W. H. Rogers, R. Lambert. A. J. Lewis, Secretary.

We need scarcely add that under such management the success of the "Home" is already an assured fact. All honor to our Louisiana Confederates!

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RENEWALS are always in order, and very much so just at this time. We have on our books a number of names whose time is out, and we need *just now* their renewal fees. We shall send them a *gentle hint*, to which we hope they will respond by sending us the \$3. And we beg our friends not only to send us their own renewals, but to see to it that their neighbors do the same.

Our present subscription list would amply meet our current expenses—*provided they will promptly pay up*—but our list ought to be *greatly enlarged*, and we appeal to each one of our subscribers to *try and send us a new name*.

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THE RE-UNION OF MISSOURI CONFEDERATES at Jefferson City must have been a grand affair, and we deeply regretted our inability to fulfill our purpose of being present. General Fitzhugh Lee was also prevented by circumstances over which he had no control, from filling his engagement to speak on the occasion; but they were fortunate in securing as orator General G. W. Gordon, of Tennessee.

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GENERAL GEORGE D. JOHNSTON, after his successful canvass in Texas, is resting for a season at his home in Tuscaloosa, Ala.

The Executive Committee have passed resolutions thanking General Johnston "for the ability, energy and skill with which he has made his very successful canvass for the Society," and asking him to continue his good work. It is earnestly hoped that he may soon be in the field again.

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## Literary Notices.

FOUR YEARS IN THE SADDLE. By COLONEL HARRY GILMOR. Price \$1.50. The few remaining copies of the edition of the above work will be sold for the sole benefit of the author's children. To be had at Cushing & Bailey, 262 West Baltimore street; John B. Piet, 174 West Baltimore street; Baltimore News Company, Sun Iron Building; West & Johnston, Richmond, Va.; W. H. Moore Son, 475 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington; "Page Courier," Luray, Page county, Va.

This book has been too long before the public to need any commendation from us; but surely the fact that the few remaining copies will be sold

for the benefit of the orphan children of the gallant soldier, will cause them to be bought up at once.

1861 vs. 1882. "CO. AYTCH," MAURY'S GRAYS, FIRST TENN. REG'T, OR A SIDE SHOW OF THE BIG SHOW. BY SAM. R. WATKINS, COLUMBIA, TENN.

We say nothing as to its literary merits, or the taste of some things in it, but we do not hesitate to advise all who want a picture of the private Confederate soldier *as he was*, in camp, on the march, in the bivouac, on the battle-field, in the hospital—to send \$1.50 to the author at Columbia, Tenn., and procure a copy of this book. Some of the pictures of soldier life are very vividly drawn, and it has a historic value in that it gives the *inside* of army life as seen and experienced by a "high private."

"REMINISCENCES OF THE GUILFORD GRAYS, CO. B., TWENTY-SEVENTH N. C. REGIMENT. BY JOHN A SLOAN."

We are indebted to the author for this chapter in the history of a gallant company of one of the best regiments in the service. It is well written and is an interesting and valuable little book.

NORTH CAROLINA IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES. BY JOHN A. SLOAN, LATE CAPTAIN OF CO. B, TWENTY-SEVENTH N. C. REGIMENT, ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA.

We are indebted to the author for Part I of this work on which he has been for some time engaged. This part contains a very clear statement of the causes which led to the war, and an interesting sketch of the earlier events of the secession of North Carolina.

It shows careful research, and is written in a style which gives promise that the completed work will be not only a full statement of the part borne by the gallant old North State, but a valuable contribution towards a correct history of the war.

The book will be published in parts, and is furnished only to subscribers, and subscriptions may be sent direct to *Cotonet John A. Sloan, No. 1426 Thirty-third street, Washington, D. C.* It should be in every collection of war literature, and in the hands of all interested in historical matters.

ELECTRA—A BELLES LETTRES MONTHLY FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

Edited by ANNIE E. WILSON and ISABELLA M. LEYBURN. 734 Fourth Avenue, Louisville, Ky.

We most cordially commend this new candidate for public favor as one every way worthy of a place in our homes. The graceful pens, sound judgment and fine taste of the accomplished editors, are making a magazine of high literary merit—fresh, entertaining and instructive—and which, at the same time, breathes a pure, elevated tone which we may safely introduce into our homes. We wish the fair editors every success, and would urge our people to give them the encouragement they so richly deserve.

THE CENTURY and ST. NICHOLAS lose none of their interest as the months go by, but continue to delight both old and young.



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Vol. XI.

Richmond, Va., November, 1883.

No. 11.

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The Twenty-fourth South Carolina at the Battle of Jonesboro.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COLONEL ELLISON CAPERS.

HEADQUARTERS TWENTY-FOURTH REGIMENT, }  
SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS, }  
JONESBORO, GA., September 12th, 1864. }

*To Major B. B. Smith, A. A. G., Gist's Brigade :*

MAJOR,—I submit herewith a report of the part borne by my regiment in front of Jonesboro on the afternoon of the 1st instant.

The brigade having been ordered from the left of the corps at 1 o'clock P. M. to the extreme right, was placed in position by the Lieutenant-General, in person, on the right, and east of the railroad. The left rested on the railroad cut, which, at that point, was some eight or ten feet deep, the formation of the brigade being in one rank. Our line ran through a thick undergrowth and wood near the railroad, and was entirely without fortifications. The Second battalion of Georgia Sharp-shooters, Major Whitely, occupied the left of the brigade, resting on the railroad cut, and the Twenty-fourth came next, the Sixteenth South Carolina next, and the Forty-sixth Georgia on the right.

Lieutenant-General Hardee directed me to make my position as strong as possible, and told me that he relied upon our brigade to hold the right of his line. The men climbed up the small trees, bent them over, and, using pocket-knives to cut across the trunks, succeeded in a half hour in making a first-rate abatis of little trees, interlaced thickly, and held by half their thickness to the stumps. Along my line I brought up rails and logs from the rear, and made a tolerable breastwork. As we were bent-back to cover the right of the corps, the direction of my line exposed us to an enfilade from the other side of the railroad cut, and to protect my companies against this I built traverses of logs on the left of my left companies. These proved our salvation. Rapid firing began in my front about 4 o'clock, and in a half hour my skirmishers came in, closely followed by the assaulting line of the enemy. The assault seemed directed mainly against the positions on the right and left of the railroad, and only reached to the centre of the Twenty-fourth. It was handsomely repulsed—Major D. F. Hill directing the fire of the companies on the left with splendid effect.

Again, at 5½ o'clock, the enemy moved forward along the entire front of the Twenty-fourth. I fired by rank, and rapidly, and the movement was checked. But on the west side of the railroad the firing was heavy and the fighting continuous, and I soon saw that the position on that side had been carried—the enemy occupying the works.

Unfortunately the battalion of sharp-shooters was retired just at this moment, without orders from brigade headquarters, and the enemy promptly moved up on our side and occupied Whitley's works, and fired wildly over my left, now protected by my traverses. During this fire Hill was killed, and many of our men wounded.

An assault being made from the front, Companies B, Lieutenant Easterling, G, Lieutenant Beckham, and K, Lieutenant Siegler, were driven from my left, after a gallant stand. Beckham being nearest me, I ordered him to rally his company at once and retake his place before it would be too late. He responded with his usual gallantry, and, assisted by yourself and my Adjutant, Lieutenant Holmes, I rallied my men and we retook our position—occupying the traverses on the left.

For the gallant assistance offered by yourself and by Lieutenants Holmes, Beckham and Easterling in effecting this I feel myself greatly indebted.

Seeing the urgent necessity of driving the enemy from the posi-



tion of the sharp-shooters, which brought them right on us, Major Smith and Lieutenants Beckham and Easterling charged them with companies "B" and "G," and after a close fight drove them entirely out of our works; meanwhile, Major Whitely brought up his battalion and reoccupied his position on the railroad cut. Companies "B," "G" and "K" now resumed their place in line and the firing lulled, the enemy in my front retiring to the bottom of the hill.

While we were fighting on the left Lieutenant-Colonel Jones directed the firing of the centre and right of the 24th, and repulsed every assault of the enemy.

It is to be noted that the assault did not reach the two regiments to the right of mine, and that the heaviest attack was on my left, and at the railroad. The firing of the enemy, for the most part, was wild and entirely over us. I attributed this to the confusion in his advance and attack, caused by our abatis; for there was no lack of spirit in his assault. Our small loss in killed is attributed to this wild firing on the enemy's part.

From our prisoners we learned that the troops assaulting us belonged to General Jeff. Davis's division. I have counted over 200 graves in our front, most of them marked. The battle began about 4½ P. M. and lasted until dark. At midnight the Lieutenant-General in person, with his staff, rode up to our position, and did me the honor to return his thanks for our conduct, and gave directions for our retirement. In a half hour after, by the order of the Colonel commanding the brigade, the 24th marched out from our position, and in advance of the brigade reached Lovejoy by daylight and went to work at once on the new line formed there.

In the action at Jonesboro the regiment sustained an irreparable loss in the death of Major D. F. Hill. He fell while endeavoring to arrest the retirement of the sharp-shooters on my left, shot through the heart by one of the enemy behind our works. A cool, brave man and a good soldier, Major Hill's loss is deplored by every man and officer of his regiment.

I beg to note especially the gallant conduct of Major B. B. Smith, Assistant Adjutant General; of my Adjutant, Lieutenant Holmes, and of Lieutenants Easterling and Beckham and Seigler, who gave me every assistance, and in the most handsome manner rallied and led the men in our hard fight to retake the position we at first lost.

With the greatest satisfaction I report the conduct of the officers

and soldiers of the 24th South Carolina volunteers in the engagement as meriting the highest approval.

Respectfully submitted,

ELLISON CAPERS,  
*Colonel 24th South Carolina Volunteers.*

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Reminiscences of the Siege of Vicksburg.

*By Major J. T. HOGANE, of the Engineer Corps.*

PAPER NO. 3—(CONCLUSION).

Nearly every evening about dusk there would be a cessation of firing by the sharp-shooters. Then the banter of the men on both sides would commence, and perhaps truces were made to meet outside of the works. One moonlight night I asked who the officer was in front, and after telling me his name, he invited me to a conference. We met in a ravine about one hundred feet from our line and talked faster in a given time than four men could have talked under less exciting conditions. This officer whose kindness I acknowledge, tendered me his note-book to write a letter to my wife, who over two years before, I had left in St. Louis. She answered it by way of a "flag of truce" and I got her letter in Richmond afterwards. Johnny Reb and Jonathan Fed had many a set-to, to see who could say the funniest things, or who could outwit the other in a trade, which generally ended by a warning cry, "going to shoot, Johnny."

There never was an instance during the whole siege that advantage was taken by either side during these short truces, made extra-official by the men themselves. From day to day the privates on the outside excited our curiosity by hints that in a short time they would blow the very foundations of the city into the air. They made it an open secret that when they got ready, two hundred cannon, opened on us, all at the same time, would make "Rome howl," at which the insides sneered.

The night before the guns opened—for it was no idle boast our opponents had been making—I was engaged raising the epaulement of a twenty-four pound smooth bore, with a detail worn out to the last stage of usefulness. One boy laid down on the ground, telling his sergeant that he *could not* lift his spade, much less dirt. The sergeant reported him to me as insubordinate, so I went to see what was the matter. The boy frankly said he was starving, and

his pale face, seen in the light of the moon, told the truth more emphatically than his voice. I thought of that boy's mother, away off in the hills of Alabama, that perhaps at that moment was praying for the life of her child, whose right foot edged the grave, and that was awaiting the order to forward march from the King of the shadowland. I had a hard biscuit in my pocket that had lain there for the coming hour, when we were to cut our way out. I placed it in his hand. He looked at it, and at me, then burst into a flood of tears, and whispered faintly, "Is this for me?" I never saw him more, but I hope that fair-faced boy reached home to give the warm gratitude of his heart to the mother he spoke so lovingly about. Before we got through raising the battery a round of shots from artillery drove us to the protection of the fortification we had been strengthening, and then for hours the connonading was terrific in its energy. Over the work we were in, shell burst in rapid succession, with a horrid din and concussion of the air that seemed to tear the breath out of the hearers.

It did not prevent some of the men, who had been working, from going to sleep. They lay back on the hard plank floor, on which the gun carriage traversed, and, with a great look of "*ennui*," closed their eyes, heedless of danger, glory, or any other sentiment other than that of repose. The fusilade of the heavy guns could be traced all around the fire-environed force of the south, and by an odd association of ideas in the rise and fall of sound, brought to mind the regular chimes of the church bells of a city. Old Bones, a steed that I had tied to a six-pound enfilading field-piece, shook his tail at the splintering of the shells as Tam O'Shanter's mare did at the Wharlocks. After an hour's waiting for the fire to cease, I cut his cogitations short by mounting him and defying sharp-shooters and shells, making for camp, to save my share of mule soup and pea-bread. My camp was in the grounds of a castlelated building on the south side of the city, a real place of security from all the cannonading going on. Under the shelter of a raised earth terrace my tent was an ark of refuge. A pallet and blanket, a piece of mulesteak, a drink of molasses beer, sour as vinegar, some pea-meal, flour bread, that could easily have been palmed off as first-class bird lime, and five or six hours of dreamless sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer;" a report in person made to engineer headquarters in the afternoon, a report to Major-General Smith, commanding the line at 5 o'clock P. M., an active duty laying out and rebuilding earthworks destroyed during the day by the enemy, and it will be a fair representation of the

daily routine of the engineer's work, to whose judgment and skill the efficiency of the earthworks of Vicksburg were entrusted. The narrow escapes they made, the stratagems of war they invented to meet existing difficulties, the strong spell that the word duty wrought in them to replace weariness, sickness, and a desire for death, rather than the life of the moment, does not strike the enthusiasm of the masses like the brilliant charge into the vortex of death that a Federal officer made when he leaped, standard in hand, on to the walls of the battery in which so many Missourians were blown up. Yet the 15,000 men who lay secure behind the dirt lines, and the still greater number who lay outside, felt the result of the eternal vigilance of the few scientific men who, in season and out of season, gave unity and design to the labors of the noble soldiers whose rest was little in that unfortunate city. A few days before the termination of the attack upon Vicksburg the vanity of a Major of artillery, who because of seniority was the chief of artillery on the line, caused me a narrow escape from the "sudden death" that the church reminds us every Sunday to pray against. He had sent a dispatch to Major-General Smith that the enemy was making a breach in the works, and asking that the engineer officer report to the works at once. It was sent to me by General Smith, with a request to go. As I had been on duty sixteen hours I refused, but Colonel Lockett persuaded me to go. Just above the courthouse on the river road I was shot in the thigh, but fortunately having the means at hand, and the minnie ball having touched no bone or artery, I had the wound dressed and rode on, reporting to Brigadier-General Vaughn at Fort Hill. There was nothing the matter with the works, so having plenty of time both General Vaughn and I expended an incalculable number of hard words on that soft artillery officer. He got the rheumatism, dug him a cave, and went to studying McMahon's fortification for the rest of the siege. The night preceding the surrender was the darkest I ever saw. I had just reported for duty in the rear of the works near the river; depressed in feelings, miserable and weak, an orderly handed me a dispatch and at the same time informed me that the Union soldiers were running mines under the stockade. He also told me that the Lieutenant of engineers placed there had been badly wounded. The post of danger being there, I literally felt my way over the sleeping soldiers, giving and taking impatient exclamations until I reached the stockade. Silently I went over the breastworks to find out the direction and extent of the work the enemy was engaged in prosecuting. On my knees,



and with ear to the ground I listened for the sappers and miners as they, mole-like were running passages under the breastworks.

To my gratification I found that they were still about six feet from our works. I went to the sap of one of the mines and looked down on a private passing back dirt from the mine, but not caring to make closer acquaintance, I deftly backed out and landed on our side of Jordan.

The nine mines the Yankees were working in had got so far along that I put my details to work cutting a deep ditch (at the end next our works) at right angles to their direction with the object of making the line of least resistance upwards through the ditch instead of under the stockaded breastworks. And, after doing this, still having time I commenced making a counter mine over each of these mines. So close and so loud was the sound of the miners' work that it was with difficulty I could keep the men at work, only doing so by making frequent changes of men. I had sent for fuses several times and waiting in the ditch to tamp a fuse preparatory to blowing up the counter mine, when Colonel Scott looked down at me and stated that it was no use, we were surrendered; that commissioners had been out all night to agree upon terms. This was the end of the extraordinary wise movement to prevent the opening of the Mississippi river. It was a death blow to the unity of action of the southern armies.

The whole siege was a farce so far as it meant a bloody and determined defense of the fortified position of Vicksburg. No large supplies of provisions had been accumulated inside of the works, munitions of war were scarce, and when Grant gave Pemberton Hobson's choice of surrendering on the 4th of July or a fight, he put on his little airs, but threw up the sponge on the natal day of the republic. Taking Colonel Scott's advice I did not fire the mine, but went down to the lower city. On my way I heard the rapid gallop of horses, and on looking behind me saw General Grant and staff, and at the tail end of the staff Fred. Grant in his shirt sleeves. General Grant's dark face, with its short, black, stubby beard, gave me the impression at the time that it was the face of a just but determined man. The moment I saw it I felt that our men would be treated well, that the mean, petty spite of the non-combatant leaders of the North would have no influence with him. Subsequent events proved the quality of the man, for he ordered a distribution of provisions

without stint or measure. Sacks of Lincoln coffee were given to the boys—a peace measure—for it was a piece of pure good luck to get a quantity of the Arabian bean. As he had 22,000 pounds of Confederate bacon to draw on, he also gave us bacon to butter our flour bread with. So, for this and other reasons, Grant was praised among the Confederates in a quiet way. It took about a week to fix up our parole papers, when we bid farewell to Vicksburg, with Jackson as our objective point. Just beyond Pearl river, General Pemberton informed me that he had just got complete returns of the killed and wounded. Six hundred killed sunk into my mind but the number wounded I don't remember. How many died in the hospital under Yankee care he never knew. They had better have died on a field of victory, like Wolf on the plains of Abraham, with the ecstatic feeling, "They run," sounding to their dying senses.

It would be ill grace if, before finishing the story of Vicksburg's siege, warm praise was not given to the heroic brave men who endured the hardships of the fifty-eight day and night fight; the desperate assaults made by the Federals on the slight entrenchments behind which they couched, half starved, yet full of the fire of battle. This hurling of iron balls from the throats of 200 cannon, and filling the air with minnie balls aimed with deadly effect against these men who occupied the sand rifle pits and lunettes of Vicksburg, attested both the power of the paternal government attacking and the solid bravery of the defensive force. The thunder of cannon, the sharp shriek of the rifle's leaden messenger, the threats of death that the thirteen-inch bombs continually kept up as they coursed in curves through the air, the spattering of shrapnell, the quick explosion of shells tearing and crushing through the houses, the sudden death of a companion, the pale, hunger-pinched faces around them, had no effect on the nerves of the men who talked openly, "No surrender." Hunger weakened them, sleepless nights and watchful days were their portion, rats, peameal, mulesteak, and old horse their food, yet they ever responded to the call of duty, either to fight or for fatigue service. It was amusing to hear the trades proposed by the outside to the inside, or by the rebels to their fat brethren who were so jealously keeping them from going astray. The leading articles of barter were coffee for tobacco, newspaper for newspaper, but there was a great deal more talk than trade, and the chaffing generally ended in assertions on one hand that they were coming over soon, and an invitation on the other hand to come to

dinner and they would have a fresh mule cooked. Declining with thanks, the boys in blue went to their camp to full meals, to camp stories of flood and field, to tender readings of letters from wife, family or sweetheart, and, owing to numbers, light fighting when put on duty. Behind those yellow streaks of sand that faced them they saw not the lank figure that an hour before had thrown back to them the quirk of wit. Let us, who are on the inside, look at that sentinel standing motionless on guard, or that one wrapped in his coarse torn blanket laid in the trenches; the finger of death has crossed his forehead, drawing the hollow cheeks to closer lines, shrinking all but the unbending soul that is in command. Scan them all, the ones standing by the grim tubes of iron, shotted or shelled for use in the next charge; the ones tossing restlessly on the hospital pallets, torn and mangled out of shape; the boy who, unable to lift the sand on his spade to build up a battery, yet apologizes for his inability by laying it to hunger and not to want of will; and dare any one say that these were men who ought not to be respected—whose eyes said plainly, we are soldiers. I say God bless those that are alive, and those who have cast off the soldierly accoutrements of life to take upon themselves the duties of a better existence. Either alive or dead they deserve the loving praise of the South, the acknowledgments of the North that the crown of bravery was the standard and emblem under which they fought. The common things of to-day are the history of to-morrow, so in putting into words my recollections of what came under my eye in Vicksburg, I hope it will incite others of my comrades to put upon the plane of record their impressions of events and actions on other parts of the fire-encircled rim that enclosed the City of the Hills. The Blues have had their say for twenty years. They have stiffened history by crowding too many of their heroes on its pages. Let the Grays shake the dust from the past and lovingly limn the great ones who led and were led in not only the field of Vicksburg but on other fields where glory was won or the right to wear the spurs of knighthood maintained. The soldiers of both sides will like it. The brave men on both sides, when the order for stacking arms was given, gave hands and kind greetings to each other; it was the weaklings and vicious that enlisted for the war when the bullets ceased to rustle the air, and that like spiteful cats want to still continue the fight from opposite housetops.

**A Cursory Sketch of General Bragg's Campaigns.**

*By Major E. T. SYKES, of Columbus, Mississippi.*

**PAPER NO. 3.****RETREAT FROM MURFREESBORO.**

On the 4th day of January, 1863, the Confederate army fell back and took up winter quarters at Shelbyville and Tullahoma. While there General Joe Johnston was sent out by the Department to investigate and report upon the operations and discipline of the army. He found both satisfactory, and so reported.

**RETREAT OUT OF TOWN.**

In June following, to counteract a flank movement on the part of Rosecrans, Bragg commenced a retreat to and across the Tennessee to Chattanooga. The Federal commander, Rosecrans, and H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, had been in correspondence for some time prior, the latter urging the former to advance and attack Bragg, the former holding back and assigning, for reason, the impropriety of risking "two great and decisive battles at the same time," besides his general officers, including corps and division commanders, discouraged an advance at that juncture. Halleck, rebutting, stated that, as Johnston and Bragg were acting on interior lines, between his own and Grant's armies, and it was for theirs, and not the Federal commander's interest, to fight at different times, so as to use the same force in turn against Rosecrans and Grant, his cherished military maxim, not to risk "two great decisive battles at the same time," was not applicable—and at the same time warning him of the other and more truthful military maxim, "councils never fight."

To these persuasive arguments, accompanied with the assurance of the constantly growing complaint and dissatisfaction, not only in Washington, but throughout the country, Rosecrans yielded, and on the 24th of June, commenced a series of movements with the view of creating the impression of a main advance on our center and left, in the direction of Shelbyville, whilst he would strike the decisive blow by a rapid march, in force, upon our right, and after defeating or turning it, to move on Tullahoma, and thereby seize



upon our base and line of communication from that point. In furtherance of that design he moved upon and took possession of Liberty and Hoover's Gaps, which gave to him a commanding position, and he had only to advance, as he soon afterwards did, to Manchester and Winchester, to accomplish the flank movement on our right at Tullahoma, and cause Bragg to retreat, which was consequently at once begun.

BRAGG AT CHATTANOOGA.

On reaching Chattanooga, Bragg fortified his position and threw up defensive works at points along the Tennessee river as high as Blythe's Ferry. But the enemy, in overwhelming force\* having a passage of the river at various points† and seizing important gaps, and threatening Chattanooga by the pass over the point of Lookout Mountain, Bragg was again forced to retreat,‡ and on the morning of the 9th Crittenden's corps occupied Chattanooga, the objective point of the campaign, while Rosecrans, with the remainder of the army, pressed forward through the passes of the Lookout Mountain, threatening Lafayette and Rome, Georgia.§

Thus Rosecrans realized the explosion of his pet theory of not risking two decisive battles at one time, because he had accomplished his aim, and at the same time Grant had reduced Vicksburg.

The government at Washington deemed it all important to their arms that the success of Rosecrans should be utilized and his position, at all hazards, maintained. To effect this, and to prevent a flank movement on Rosecrans's right flank, through Alabama, General Halleck at once sent telegrams to Generals Burnside, in East Tennessee; Hurlburt, at Memphis; Grant, or Sherman, at

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\* Rosecrans's effective force of infantry and artillery amounted to fully 70,000 men, divided into five corps, whilst Burnside, who at the same time was advancing from Kentucky towards Knoxville, East Tennessee, had an estimated force of 25,000. By the timely arrival of two divisions from Mississippi, our effective force, exclusive of cavalry, was 35,000. (Official report of the battle of Chickamauga, by General Bragg, page 1.)

† The main force crossed at Carpenter's Ferry, the most accessible point from Stevenson. (*Ib.* page 3.)

‡ The enemy, by a direct route, was as near our main depot of supplies as we ourselves were, and our whole line of communication was exposed, whilst he was positively secured by mountains and the river. (*Ib.* page 3.)

§ Dalton was also threatened. (*Ib.* page 3.)

Vicksburg; also to General Schofield, in Missouri, and Pope, in command of the Northwestern Department, to hasten forward to the Tennessee line every available man in their departments, and the commanding officers in Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, were ordered to make every possible exertion to secure General Rosecrans's line of communication. And learning that Longstreet had been ordered to Bragg, Meade was ordered to attack General Lee, at least to threaten him, so as to prevent him from sending off any more troops. In the meanwhile Thomas's corps,\* while in the act of passing one of the gaps leading from McLemore's Cove, enclosed between Lookout and Pigeon Mountains to Alpine's, in Broomtown valley, where lay McCook's corps, he was suddenly confronted by a portion of our forces under General Hindman,† which compelled his hasty retreat. This sudden show of strength excited uneasiness and doubt in the mind of Rosecrans. He could not decide whether it evinced a purpose to give battle, or a movement to secure a safe retreat.‡ But he gave the benefit of the doubt to the former contingency, and commenced a backward movement, with orders to close on the center, and Crittenden, at Gordon's mills, to be put in good defensive position.

#### M'LEMORE'S COVE.

To return for a moment to McLemore's Cove, General Bragg had sent General Hindman to attack Thomas in flank and rear, whilst he would move up the mountain in force from Lafayette and attack in front;§ the attack in front to commence when the guns of Hindman

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\* One division of one brigade of Thomas's corps, about 8,000 men. (General Bragg's letter to me dated February 8th, 1873.)

† Hindman's force was composed of his own and Rucker's, 10,922 men, and Martin's cavalry, about 500, besides a force of two divisions—Cleburne's and Walker's—at least 8,000 more, immediately in the enemy's front, with orders to attack as soon as Hindman's guns were heard on the flank and rear. (General Bragg's letter, February 8th.)

‡ It was not a retreat, but a movement by Bragg to meet the enemy in front whenever he should emerge from the mountain gorges. He put his army in position from Lee & Gordon's mills to Lafayette, on the road leading south from Chattanooga and fronting the east slope of Lookout Mountain. (General Bragg's report, page 4.)

§ See General Bragg's letter to me of February 8th, also letters of Generals Patton, Anderson, and W. T. Martin, furnished to me by General Bragg, and on file.

were heard in the rear. His guns were not heard by us on the mountain, and consequently the "golden opportunity of bagging that portion of the enemy," as tritely remarked by ex-Governor Harris of Tennessee (then volunteer aid on General Bragg's staff), was lost to us. For this blunder or failure of General Hindman's he was soon relieved from command.\*

BATTLE OF CHICKAMAUGA:

On the evening of the 18th September General Pegram, of cavalry, having reported the enemy in force at the river (Chickamauga), Walthall's brigade, which was leading the advance, was formed in line of battle and ordered to advance and take possession of the bridge and ford, which was done; the enemy, after a brisk encounter, retiring without wholly destroying the bridge. Speedily repairing the bridge, the army crossed over, camped for the night, and next morning moved forward a short distance, formed in line of battle as each successive division came up, and gave battle to the enemy upon the ever-memorable field of Chickamauga.

The army was now divided into two corps or wings,† the right commanded by Lieutenant-General Polk, the left wing by Lieutenant-General Longstreet. From its inception to its close the battle was furious, but had the orders of General Bragg to General Polk, issued on the night of the 19th, to move on the enemy at daylight, the remainder of the army to await his advance and to move forward when he (Polk) had become engaged, been carried out, it is believed that the results of that battle, glorious and welcome as they were, would have been made more glorious.‡ But as it resulted, the anxious anticipations of the morning's first gun had to be indulged until the humored delay reached long past the day's sunrise,§ for

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\*See the charges and specifications preferred by General Bragg against this officer, copies of which are in my possession.

†This division of the army did not take place until the night of the first day's fight, when General Longstreet reached the army from Ringold and a council of war was held. His corps, consisted of five (5) small brigades, about 5,000 men, effectives, infantry (no artillery), and reached us in time to participate in the action—three (3) of them on the 19th, and two (2) more on the 20th. (General Bragg's report, page 19)

‡General Bragg says in his letter of February 8th, if Polk had carried out his orders "our independence might have been gained."

§It was 10 o'clock A. M. before General Polk made the attack. (General Bragg's letter, February 8, 1873.)

which falterings General Polk was a few days thereafter removed from the command of his corps.\*

It may be just and proper to state here that some assign as a reason why Polk did not move and attack as ordered, was that he ascertained that Longstreet's right lapped his (Polk's) left front, and to have advanced would have resulted in the slaughter of our own men.† But to a military mind this cannot operate as a sufficient excuse, because the danger apprehended could have without delay been obviated by proper instructions to his skirmish line and due notification to the troops in his front of his approaching columns.

#### ENEMY'S RETREAT TO CHATTANOOGA.

On the morning of the 21st September, the enemy having the night previous commenced his retreat to Chattanooga,‡ Bragg moved rapidly forward, preceded by General Forrest and his troopers, who were sorely pressing and harrassing the retreating foe, that night reached Missionary Ridge and commenced fortifying.§ All the passes of Lookout Mountain, which had been in possession of the enemy since our abandonment of Chattanooga during the month previous, and which covered his line of supplies from Bridgeport, were now regained by us.

#### WHEELER'S CAVALRY SENT TO ENEMY'S REAR.

To cut off their supplies and force them, if possible, to evacuate Chattanooga, Wheeler with his cavalry was ordered to ford the Tennessee and destroy a large wagon train known to be in the Sequahatchie Valley on its way to Rosecrans, which was done, besides capturing McMinnville and other points on the railroad, making his retreat out of Tennessee by fording the river at Decatur, Ala., and

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\*See the charges and specifications preferred by General Bragg against this officer, copies of which are in my possession. Also, General Bragg's reasons, telegraphed to the President at Richmond, October 1, 1863, from near Chattanooga, likewise in my possession.

†General Polk's assigned reasons for his delay appears in part in the reports of his subordinate commanders, but were not satisfactory to the Commanding General. (General Bragg's official report of the battle, p. 21.)

‡See the official report of the battle, p. 24.

§As to the results and consequences of this battle, read the concluding part of General Bragg's report.



thus almost completely cutting off the supplies of Rosecrans's army. We occupied the entire south side of the river, from Lookout to Bridgeport; and as the latter place, with Stevenson, was supplied from depots at Nashville and Louisville by a single railroad, and the river road on the north side rendered unsafe by the unerring fire of our sharp-shooters, it necessitated the hauling of supplies by the enemy a distance of sixty miles over mountains, which placed the Federal army almost in a starving condition. But Grant, with heavy reinforcements, having in the meantime arrived and assumed command, and Longstreet having been detached to operate against Burnside in East Tennessee,\* began to put a new phase on the issue involved.

#### BATTLE OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

Throwing a heavy column under Hooker to the south side of the river by means of floating pontoons, and fortifying at the mouth of South Chickamauga, then bridging that and the Tennessee rivers, and under cover of the darkness cutting off our entire picket line, consisting of the Twenty-seventh Mississippi, under the command of Colonel Campbell,† they had reached midway the mountains, when the ever-watchful, gallant, and chivalric Walthall, who with his brigade was stationed at the point, observed them and commenced to give them battle. Failing to obtain from General J. K. Jackson, then in command of Cheatham's division, the needful reinforcements, although staff officer after staff officer had been sent for that purpose, Walthall, after a most obstinate and bloody resistance, was forced to yield the Mountain, falling back to the Ridge;

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\*For the reasons for sending General Longstreet into East Tennessee, instead of General Breckinridge, see General Bragg's letter to me of February 8, 1873. Governor Benjamin G. Humphries, at that time commanding a brigade (Barksdale's) in General Longstreet's corps, once told me in the presence of General Stephen D. Lee, at the residence of Mr. James T. Harrison, that he concurred with General Bragg in attributing the capture of Lookout Mountain by Hooker to the disobedience of orders by Longstreet. General Bragg had ordered him to occupy Sand Mountain, I think it was, with a division and hold it at all hazards. Instead of placing a division there, which would have held it against the possible assaults of any force, he only sent one brigade (McLaws's or Jenkins's, South Carolina), and consequently not only was that position carried by Hooker, but it opened the way for him to join Grant in Chattanooga.

† Hooker's corps, which Longstreet had permitted to obtain a lodgment on Lookout Mountain.

and Hooker, on the night of the 25th of November, occupied it and placed himself in communication with Thomas's right.

In that engagement the enemy's batteries at Moccasin Bend, just across from the point, not only threw grape and canister midway up the mountain, but easily threw shot and shell over the point, a distance of over 2,000 yards in altitude, whilst our guns at the point of the mountain were rendered useless against the enemy on account of the utter impossibility of giving them the necessary depression.

#### BATTLE OF MISSIONARY RIDGE.

Thus General Bragg was threatened on both flanks and a heavy line of battle in his front. To hold his line of railroad was all-important. Hooker's force on the mountain could be distinctly seen. To oppose him and resist the threatenings of the enemy, Bragg reinforced his right heavily, leaving, as he reasonably supposed from the natural strength of the position, enough to hold his left and centre. The first attempts of the enemy on the evening of the 25th under Sherman were unsuccessful for a time, but finally he was enabled to take two hills (the third he several times tried, but was repulsed), and then he moved around as if to gain Bragg's rear, when the latter began to mass against him. Both sides, appreciating the importance of the deal, played each for a winning hand with eyes fixed steadily on his opponent, until finally Hooker moved his columns along the Rossville road towards General Bragg's left, and thus forced the latter to reinforce his left still more at the hazard of his centre. It was then that Thomas advanced the "Army of the Cumberland," and succeeded in taking the rifle-pits at the base of the ridge, and rushing headlong to the crest of the ridge amid a storm of shot and shell, drove us in confusion from the field.\* The victory was as great to the enemy as the blow was severe to our cause. But a few days before, and we had the enemy at the point of starvation; either that or its alternative, a surrender. Now that he had been overwhelmingly reinforced, and by armies flush with recent victories, he had given us battle and won the day. It was a

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\*Brigadier-General Alexander W. Reynolds's (this officer recently died in the service of the Khedive of Egypt) brigade of East Tennesseans were the first to give way, and could not be rallied. (General Bragg's letter of February 8th, 1873.) At the time this brigade broke, Hardee was far down the plains in advance of his works, rapidly driving Sherman. It was with difficulty that he was extricated.

desperate alternative, and equally desperately accepted.\* He succeeded, and, tested by the measure of military rules, was justly entitled to wear the plume of victory. Whether or not he won it by superior forces, or by superior military skill, it was none the less a victory—a victory that made for its hero a name in the military annals of this country second only to the immortal Lee—a victory that secured for him the high and exalted rank of General of the Army, and finally President, for two terms at least, of the United States.

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Official Report of Colonel George William Logan, on the Engagement  
Between the Federal Gunboats and Fort Beauregard, on the 10th and  
11th May, 1863.

HEADQUARTERS, FORT BEAUREGARD,  
HARRISONBURG, LA., May 18, 1863.

*Captain:*

At 7 o'clock on the evening of the 9th instant, my picket boat, from Trinity, brought me a communication from Mr. R. G. Smith, one of my scouts, at Major Beard's, on Black River, bearing date 3 P. M. that day, informing me that two Federal gunboats were near that place, proceeding up the river.

At 10 o'clock P. M., the same day, I received a communication from Lieutenant Stone, of Captain Purvis's company, to the effect that our scouts opposite Alexandria had obtained information that four gunboats had left that place for the avowed purpose of capturing Fort Beauregard.

At 4 o'clock A. M., on the 10th instant, G. Spencer Mayo, whom I had appointed, by your orders, Provost Marshall, at Trinity, and Superintendent of Scouts on Black River, brought me further information that four gunboats had laid up the night previous four miles above Major Beard's. The officers of the gunboats stated, at Major Beard's, that they were to coöperate with a large land force for the capture of Fort Beauregard.

Major Harrison having just reported here for duty with his battalion of cavalry, and he himself being absent, Captain Purvis, senior Captain of the battalion, was ordered to dispose of his forces

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\* General Bragg says in his letter of February 8th: "Grant was so reduced that he could not recross the mountains, for his troops could not be fed and his animals were already starved. He could not move twenty pieces of artillery."

in such manner as to check the advance of the land forces, and to bring intelligence of their approach. I had previously built a line of bonfires along the banks of the river, which were to be ignited by Captain Purvis's pickets in case the boats attempted to pass at night. I also called upon Captain Purvis for an additional guard for the fort, to serve as infantry.

To Captain Thomas O. Benton, commanding Bell's battery, I assigned the command of all the artillery on the fort, and to Captain William B. Spencer, Company F, Eleventh Louisiana battalion, I assigned the command of all the infantry. Lieutenant A. R. Abercrombie, Superintendent of Heavy Artillery Drill, personally inspected the management of the heavy artillery during the action, and Lieutenant J. D. Girtman, the light artillery, the fire of which was very effective.

All the heavy artillery were manned by Captain Spencer's company of infantry, which had been drilling for some time in heavy artillery, commanded by Lieutenants C. C. Duke, D. Castleberry and A. D. Parker.

This disposition of the troops having been made, and all being in readiness, on the receipt of the first intelligence the long roll was beaten, and the troops, with spirit and enthusiasm, awaited the attack of the enemy.

All the government stores were moved to the large commissary in the fort, and the few remaining citizens notified to leave the town. Officers and men laid on their arms all Saturday night, a vigilant guard being kept.

At daylight, Sunday, 10th instant, the smoke from the gunboats was in sight, but the boats themselves did not appear before 1 o'clock that day. They were the iron-clad Pittsburg, the Arizona, General Price, and ram Switzerland. They rounded the bend two miles distant, and proceeded up the reach in line of battle to a point a mile and a half from the fort.

Not wishing to throw away a single shot, I took position in the lower casemate and issued orders that fire should not be opened until the lower gun was fired as a signal. Just when we expected the boats to open fire, a yawl bearing a flag of truce was observed approaching the fort. Anticipating that its object was to demand the surrender of the fort, I deputized Captain Benton and my Adjutant, Lieutenant James G. Blanchard, to meet the yawl, with instructions, in case of such a demand, to respond that "we would hold the fort forever."



The deputation proceeded to a point a mile below the fort, where it met the yawl. Lieutenant Faulks, bearing the flag of truce, stated that Commodore Woodworth, commanding the fleet, demanded the unconditional surrender of the fort; and, in case the demand was not acceded to, we would be allowed *one* hour to move the women and children out of the town. The deputation replied as they had been instructed, and stated that the women and children had already been removed. The yawl then returned to the gunboats, and within a half hour their fire was opened on the fort. When this fire had continued about a half hour, the boats gradually approaching the fort, I sighted and fired the signal gun, as I then considered them within range. All our rifle pieces and heavy guns immediately opened fire, striking the boats several times, evidently with such effect that they dropped down some distance, when I immediately ordered a cessation of our fire. After keeping up their fire for some time, whilst out of our range, the boats began approaching the fort again. When within our range we re-opened our fire, and a close combat raged until 6½ o'clock P. M., when the enemy retreated down the river, evidently crippled. They laid up during the night some four miles down the river. Our officers and men remained at their guns during the night, expecting that the boats would attempt to pass under cover of darkness; but they did not make their appearance until 11 o'clock next morning, when they renewed their attack more vigorously than the day previous, with only the iron-clad and two other gunboats, however. They approached nearer the fort, fired more briskly and accurately (striking the lower casemate alone six times), and exploded most of their shells in the fort. Our fire was most effective, striking the boats repeatedly and exploding rifled shells in their midst.

Captain Purvis, about this time, with a body of sharpshooters, proceeded down the river in the rear of an Indian mound near the boats, and, at the time when the decks were most crowded, opened fire upon them from ambush, and continued firing until they retreated, annoying them to such an extent that they shifted their guns and opened fire with grape and canister.

At about 2 o'clock the same day they retired, evidently much damaged, from the fact that quantities of broken timber from the wooden boats were found floating down the river. I also learned that eight men were buried from off the boats, at a point just above Trinity, and from their own statements there were some thirty or forty wounded on board.

I ordered Captain Purvis to direct Lieutenant Gillespie, of his company, to follow the boats down the river, and from him we learned that the boats passed out of Black River on the 12th instant.

On their way up they committed no depredations at Trinity except to take eighteen bales of cotton to strengthen their boats. As they retreated down the river they landed a force at Trinity, seized the merchandise and stores of the loyal citizens, appropriated such as they wanted, destroyed and threw into the river some one hundred barrels of salt and provisions, divided the goods among the poorer classes, with a view, no doubt, of ingratiating themselves in the friendship of the latter, and notified the citizens that upon their return they would burn the entire town if seventy-eight bales of cotton accumulated there, were removed. I proceeded down to Trinity on our picket boat, on the morning of the 12th instant, seized the cotton and brought it to the fort to strengthen our fortifications.

One of the boats was observed passing Trinity with one wheel disabled, and the general hammering on all the boats indicated considerable damage.

I would respectfully report, as the certain result of the fight, that the enemy were defeated in their attempt to take the fort—that they were repulsed, and returned down the river with a loss of eight killed and thirty or forty wounded.

Under the storm of shell rained upon us, damaging our parapets in many places, and exploding within the fort, my command behaved with great gallantry. To Captains Purvis, Berton and Spencer; to my Adjutant, Lieutenant Blanchard, and also to Lieutenants Abercrombie and Girtman, I am under obligations for their coolness and gallantry, and their untiring energy and activity throughout the two days' bombardment. Lieutenants Parker, Duke, Castleberry and Carter, have my thanks for their exertions at the guns, and the precision of their fire.

I regret to report that Lieutenant Carter was mortally wounded by a large fragment of shell while gallantly discharging his duties. Private Ford, of Spencer's company, was severely wounded in the arm, and two others slightly wounded. These were the only casualties on our side. G. Spencer Mayo and George H. Wells, of the Engineer Department, volunteered for duty, and did good service.

Great praise is due Lieutenant Buhlow, for having planned and executed this almost impregnable work. The nine and ten-inch rifled shells and heavy shot thrown at us failed in almost every

instance to penetrate the parapets and casemates, those entering and bursting on the terraplane having generally passed over the parapets.

Many houses in Harrisonburg have been sadly torn and damaged by the enemy's shells.       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

I have the honor to remain, Captain,

Very respectfully, your ob't servant,

GEO. WM. LOGAN,

*Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.*

*To Captain S. B. Davis,*

*A. A. General, Sub District North La.*

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**Who Fired the First Gun at Sumter?**

LETTER FROM GENERAL STEPHEN D. LEE.

I wish to correct an error which has almost passed into an historical fact. It is this: That Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, did not fire the first gun at Fort Sumter, but that Captain George S. James, of South Carolina, afterward killed when a Lieutenant-Colonel at Boonesboro', Md., did fire it.

The writer was a Captain of the South Carolina army at the time, and an Aide-de-Camp on the staff of General Beauregard. He now has before him a diary written at the time, and there can be no mistake as to the fact.

The summon for the surrender or evacuation was carried by Colonel Chesnut, of South Carolina, and Captain S. D. Lee. They arrived at Sumter at 2:20 P. M. April 11th.

Major Anderson declined to surrender, but remarked "he would be starved out in a few days if he was not knocked to pieces by General Beauregard's batteries." This remark was repeated to General Beauregard, who informed President Davis. The result was, a second message was sent to Major Anderson by the same officers, accompanied by Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia, and Colonel Chisholm, of South Carolina. The messengers arrived at Sumter at 12:25 A. M. April 12th. Major Anderson was informed that if he would say that he would surrender on April 15th, and in the meantime would not fire on General Beauregard's batteries, unless he was fired on, he would be allowed that time; also that he would not be allowed to receive provisions from the United States authori-

ties. The Major declined to accede to this arrangement, saying he would not open fire unless a hostile act was committed against his fort or his flag, but that if he could be supplied with provisions before the 15th of April he would receive them, and in that event he would not surrender. This reply being unsatisfactory, Colonel James Chesnut and Captain S. D. Lee gave the Major a written communication, dated "Fort Sumter, S. C., April 12, 1861, 3:20 A. M.," informing him, by authority of General Beauregard, that the batteries of General Beauregard would open fire on the fort in one hour from that time.

The party, as designated, then proceeded in their boats to Fort Johnson, on James Island, and delivered the order to Captain George S. James, commanding the mortar battery, to open fire on Fort Sumter. At 4:30 A. M. the first gun was fired at Fort Sumter, and at 4:40 the second gun was fired from the same battery. Captain James offered the honor of firing the first shot to Roger A. Pryor, of Virginia. He declined; saying he could not fire the first gun. Another officer then offered to take Pryor's place. James replied: "No! I will fire it myself." And he did fire it. At 4:45 A. M., nearly all the batteries in harbor were firing on Sumter. Mr. Edmund Ruffin (who was much beloved and respected) was at the iron battery on Morris Island. I always understood he fired the first gun from the iron battery, but one thing is certain—he never fired the first gun against Fort Sumter. George S. James did. Nor did he fire the second gun. He may have fired the third gun, or first gun from the iron battery on Morris Island.

Yours respectfully,

S. D. LEE.

REPLY OF JULIAN M. RUFFIN.

The above extract having come to my notice, I desire to give the facts as to the part that Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia, took in the firing on Fort Sumter. I have before me his journal, written at that time, and will copy what bears upon the subject:

"*April 12, (1861).*—Before 4 A. M. the drums beat for parade, and our company was speedily on the march to the batteries which they were to man. At 4:30 a *signal shell* was thrown from a mortar battery at Fort Johnson, which had been before ordered to be taken as the command for immediate attack, and firing from all the batteries bearing on Fort Sumter next began in the order arranged, which was that the discharges should be two minutes apart, and the



round of all the pieces and batteries to be completed in thirty-two minutes, and then to begin again. The night before, when expecting to engage, Captain Cuthbert had notified me that his company requested of me to discharge the first cannon to be fired, which was their 64-pound Columbiad, loaded with shell. Of course I was highly gratified by the compliment, and delighted to perform the service—which I did. The shell struck the fort at the northeast angle of the parapet. By order of General Beauregard, made known the afternoon of the 11th, the attack was to be commenced by the first shot at the fort being fired by the Palmetto Guard, and from the iron battery. In accepting and acting upon this highly appreciated compliment, that company had made me its instrument," &c.

The above, as written at that very time, would fully establish the fact that the first shot was fired by Edmund Ruffin, and it will be observed that the *signal* shot which he refers to at Fort Johnson at 4:30 A. M., is the same that S. D. Lee claims as the first shot at Fort Sumter at the same time (4:30 A. M.). Now the two might easily be confounded, and to prove that the one from the iron battery, fired by Edmund Ruffin, was actually the first gun on Fort Sumter, I will give comments of the press of that date.

The Charleston *Courier* said: "The venerable Edmund Ruffin, who as soon as it was known a battle was inevitable, hastened over to Morris Island, and was elected a member of the Palmetto Guard, fired the first gun from Stevens's iron battery. All honor to the chivalric Virginian! May he live many years to wear the fadeless wreath that honor placed upon his brow on our glorious Friday!"

From the Charleston correspondent of New York *Tribune*:

"The first shot from Stevens's battery was fired by the venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia. That ball will do more for the cause of secession in the Old Dominion than volumes of stump speeches."

The Charleston *Mercury* says the first gun fired from the iron battery off Cummings's Point was discharged by the venerable Edmund Ruffin. He subsequently shot from all the guns and mortars used during the action.

A Mobile paper had the following:

"*A Sublime Spectacle*.—The mother of the Gracchi, when asked for her jewels, pointed to her children and said, 'There they are.' With the same propriety can the 'Mother of States' point to her

children as the brightest jewels she possesses. At the call of patriotism they are not laggard in responding to it, and Virginia blood has enriched every battle-field upon American soil. And we thank God the spirit has not departed from her, but burns as brightly in the breasts of her children as in the days of her Washington and her Henry. But of the many bright examples that she has furnished of patriotism the most sublime is the conduct of the venerable Edmund Ruffin, whose head is silvered over by more than eighty winters, who, when the war-cloud lowered over the gallant city of Charleston, volunteered as a private, and with his knapsack on his back and musket on his shoulder tendered his services to South Carolina to fight against the aggression upon her rights. *It was his hand that pointed and fired the FIRST gun at Fort Sumter.* The world has pointed to the conduct of Cincinnatus, who, when his country was invaded by a hostile foe, left his plow in the furrow to take command of her forces, and after he had driven out the invader and restored his country to peace and prosperity, resigned his position and returned to his plow. By this one act he embalmed his memory in the breasts of his countrymen and of all patriots throughout the world. The conduct of Cincinnatus was not more patriotic than that of Edmund Ruffin, and side by side in the niche of fame will their names be recorded by every patriotic heart."

From the New York *Post*:

"*Shot and Hemp.*—A Charleston dispatch states that the 'first shot from Stevens's battery was fired by the venerable Edmund Ruffin, of Virginia.' A piece of the first hemp that is stretched in South Carolina should be kept for the neck of this venerable and bloodthirsty *Ruffian*."

From the above quoted expressions it would indeed be impossible to conclude otherwise than that the first gun on Fort Sumter was shot by Edmund Ruffin, and that such should be recorded as an historical fact. In fact, the above from S. D. Lee is the first intimation of a doubt on this subject that has ever been brought to the notice of any of the descendants of Edmund Ruffin. To all who knew Edmund Ruffin it would have been useless to say more than that throughout his manuscript he speaks of it as a fact. To those to whom he was a stranger I would say that many more comments of the press of that date establish the same fact; those of the South being loud in his praise, and those of the North being still more vindictive.

A Narrative of Stuart's Raid in the Rear of the Army of the Potomac.

By RICHARD E. FRAYSER, *formerly Captain on General Stuart's Staff and Chief Signal Officer of the Cavalry Corps Army Northern Virginia.*

Near dawn on Thursday, the twelfth day of June, 1862, General J. E. B. Stuart, with portions of the First Virginia Cavalry, Colonel Fitz Lee; Jeff Davis's Legion, Colonel W. T. Martin; Ninth Virginia Cavalry, Colonel W. H. F. Lee, also a detachment of the Fourth Virginia Cavalry, commanded at the time by Captain Utterback, of "Little Fork Rangers," Culpeper county, Colonel W. C. Wickham, who commanded the Fourth, was absent, owing to the fact of his having received a very severe and painful sabre wound shortly before, at the battle of Williamsburg, which rendered him unfit for active duty when the raid was made, and two pieces of Stuart's horse artillery, commanded by Lieutenant James Breathed, started from camp, near Richmond, with the intention of making a reconnoissance in rear of the Federal army lying at that time on both sides of the Chickahominy River and menacing the Confederate Capital. The White House, situated immediately on the banks of the Pamunkey River, was in possession of the United States forces, and was held and used as their base of operations. This point of the Pamunkey is navigable for both steamers and sailing vessels, and was admirably adapted for the purpose for which it was used. By an examination of a map of the Peninsula, the reader will perceive that the distance from the White House to where the strength of McClellan's army lay on the Chickahominy is about twelve miles. It will also give the reader a better idea as to the great peril in which Stuart placed himself after he began to penetrate the Federal lines, almost surrounded by navigable rivers and an alert enemy. The Richmond and York River railroad passed at that time, as it does now, through the narrow strip of land lying between the Pamunkey and Chickahominy, which afforded the Federals all necessary transportation, but was not properly guarded.

AN ENCOURAGING START.

Stuart was not only brave, but full of sagacity and vigilance. Before leaving camp he obtained some valuable information from scouts regarding the position and movements of the enemy and with respect to the condition of roads and fords. Little occurred of interest on the first day of the march, which was bright and sunny with the

foliage of the forest in full leaf, and everything apparently propitious for the expedition. The command moved on the Brook Church turnpike, in the direction of the Rappahannock River. Reaching Winston's farm, near Taylorsville, Stuart, with his command, bivouacked for the night. Near morning the firing of signal rockets announced the summons to horse, and every man was quickly in the saddle. It was conjectured by many of the command that Stuart was *en route* to unite his forces with General Jackson, in the Valley. But this notion was very soon dissipated by an attack on the enemy. Friday, the second day of the raid, opened with a cloudless sky, the air was soft and balmy and all nature had assumed a lovely aspect. In approaching Hanover Courthouse it was ascertained that it was in possession of the Federal cavalry. The pickets were driven in, and without stopping to make any resistance, the whole force retreated on the road leading to Hawes's shop. That daring leader, Colonel Fitz Lee, by a flank movement, made an effort to capture this command, but failed.

The enemy halted near Hawes's shop and formed in line of battle. But Fitz Lee very soon repulsed and scattered the Federals, who fled through forest and fields without much loss. It was there that Heros Von Borcke, formerly in the Brandenburgischen Dragoons, Prussian army, who had very recently arrived and was serving as volunteer aid on General Stuart's staff, first attracted attention by his gallant bearing as an officer. And soon thereafter he won the esteem of all who witnessed his soldierly conduct. Drawing an immense sabre he dashed forward in the midst of the charge upon the enemy. Some prisoners were captured in the skirmish and the Confederates hastened on in pursuit of the retreating Federals, who never halted until after crossing the Tottapotomoi, a small stream spanned by a bridge and within a short distance of Old Church.

Passing through a deep ravine where the country road is narrow, with high and precipitous banks on either side and fringed with laurel and pine, Stuart found massed upon the summit of the hill the whole of the Federal cavalry; it was here he met a most determined resistance. A piece of artillery was placed in position and the road was shelled, but this failed in dislodging the enemy. Stuart, desirous of carrying this point, speedily ordered W. H. F. Lee forward with the Ninth. The third squadron of this regiment was composed of the Essex Light Dragoons, Captain Latane, and the "Mercer County Cavalry," L. Walker commanding. Captain



Latane charged at the head of the squadron and met the advancing Federals. As the two bodies clashed the Federal commander shouted: "Cut and thrust," and the gallant Latane yelled: "On to them boys!" The Fifth United States Regulars fought splendidly but they could not long resist the Ninth, that struck them like a thunderbolt.

In this fight the brave and deeply lamented Captain Latane was killed while charging fifteen paces in advance of his squadron. The writer saw him after he fell in the road and while in the throes of death. A more daring and fearless spirit never drew sabre. Captain Royall, a gallant officer on the Federal side, was severely wounded. The defeat and rout of the enemy at this point placed Stuart in possession of an immense camp, abundantly supplied with commissary and quartermaster stores, many of which were carried off by the Confederates. The rest, together with a large number of superb new tents pitched in the field near the roadside, were consumed by fire. Old Church had now been reached and the Federal cavalry had retreated in the direction of the Chickahominy and Stuart had penetrated far into the lines of the enemy, where he had cause to expect a most terrific attack at any moment. But he was cool and defiant.

Calling Captain Richard E. Frayser, who subsequently became his chief signal officer and a member of his staff, General Stuart ordered him to take some men and go in advance of the column and report any movements of the Federals. Between Old Church and Tunstall's (the latter place is situated on the York River railroad), some army wagons, loaded with stores, were captured, also teamsters, horses, and mules belonging to them. As the command neared Tunstall's, Captain Frayser reported a squadron of Federal cavalry drawn up in line of battle in a field and near the county road. The officer in command had evidently obtained some information as to the approach of Stuart, and was on the *qui vive*. Taking a position in front of his command, he hailed Frayser and interrogated him as to what command he belonged. Captain Frayser, being fully aware of the perilous situation of the officer and his command, and in order to detain both for capture, responded that he belonged to the Eighth Illinois regiment, said to be the finest in the Federal service at that time. Now, this was a *ruse* to delay and entrap the Federal officer and his command, and came near proving successful. But this truce was abruptly broken by the officer casting his eyes quickly to the right and discovering Stuart at the head

of his column sweeping rapidly down upon him. He lost no time in giving the order, "Head of column to the right, wheel, march!" at the same time telling Frayser, in the most emphatic manner, to go to h—l with his Eighth Illinois regiment. He moved off in a state of consternation with his command hurriedly on the county road leading to the White House.

Lieutenant W. T. Robins, with a detachment of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, charged an infantry force, consisting perhaps of more than one hundred men, occupying and guarding Tunstall's. After a very sharp and stubborn resistance the whole of this force was captured, together with all the military stores of the place. Before reaching Tunstall's, Stuart sent the fourth squadron of the Ninth, under command of Captain Knight, consisting of the Lancaster cavalry and Lunenburg troop, with orders to destroy some large transports with valuable cargoes at Putney Ferry, on the Pamunkey River; also wagons. This was done in the most satisfactory manner, and they joined the column on its route. "Hab we got Richmond yet, boss?" asked a darkey, as he turned up his eye-ball in admiration of the cavalry; "if we ain't we soon shall, for McClellan and our boys is sure to fotch her!"

It was late in the evening of the second day's march when Stuart reached Tunstall's, and as this was a very important point he determined to inflict all possible injury upon the Federals. He halted his command and dismounted a large portion of it, although he was poorly prepared for the work before him. The cutting down of telegraph poles and tearing up of railroads without the proper implements is no holiday occasion. No sappers and miners accompanied Stuart on this expedition; so, in order to carry out his scheme of destruction, it became necessary for him to procure axes and picks from the neighboring farms, but the country had been so thoroughly pillaged by the Federals but few could be procured, and they were of the most inferior kind.

But with these the men went earnestly to work, and while engaged in it a train was discovered approaching from the direction of the Chickahominy, with troops, and but a short distance off. The daring raider, ever ready for any emergency, quickly placed a large number of men, armed with carbines, on either side of the railroad, and awaited in breathless silence for the train, which appeared as if reluctant to run the deadly gauntlet. It moved slowly, as if the Captain of the train designed stopping it. Now putting on a full head of steam, the train shot, with the rapidity of an arrow,

through the heavy and destructive fire along the railroad, and soon disappeared, going in the direction of the White House. Many of the troops on the train were killed, among them the engineer, who was shot by Captain W. D. Farley.

Stuart, being in a most perilous position, could not long occupy Tunstall's, for he was within a few miles of the Federal base, and not far removed from the head of McClellan's army. He had marched forty miles on this day, and had whipped and demoralized the enemy in every encounter. About twilight his column was again in motion on the road leading to Talleysville. The burning of the transports and wagons illuminated the Northern horizon and rendered it a grand spectacle for an hour or more after nightfall. Colonel W. H. F. Lee, after crossing the bridge spanning Black Creek, and who was in advance of the column, overtook an immense wagon train ascending Southern Branch Hill, which stretched out for miles on the road. Colonel Lee, fearing an ambushade, dismounted his command, and threw out skirmishers on either side of the road, which was densely fringed with forest and undergrowth, but very soon discovered there was no guard with it. The wagons contained commissary and quartermaster stores of every kind, which fell like ripe fruit into the hands of the Confederates. The horses and mules were detached from the wagons and the latter, with all of their contents, were destroyed by fire. This was the most valuable capture made during this memorable raid.

Reaching Talleysville during the night, which is four miles from Tunstall's and about the same distance from the White House, Stuart halted for several hours, to rest and to put his column in proper shape. The raiders found some enterprising sutlers occupying Talleysville and carrying on a very profitable business, secure, as they supposed, from the Confederates. All of their stocks, consisting chiefly of nice edibles, were quickly confiscated, and the sutlers were mounted on horses and mules and informed that their destination was Libby Prison. This was a most opportune capture, for the men were nearly out of rations and just in the mood to appreciate such knick-knacks. At Talleysville Stuart struck the old stage road leading from Richmond to Williamsburg, over which a large portion of the Confederate army had retreated in the evacuation of the Peninsula. After marching a mile or more on this road the head of the column filed into one leading to Providence Forge, a princely estate, a portion of which is situated on the Chickahominy River.



At Sycamore Springs, a contiguous plantation lying immediately above the one just mentioned, and which was noted for its great hospitality in the olden time, is a private ford, where the cavalry leader designed crossing the Chickahominy with his command into Charles City county, for he had been informed by reliable scouts before leaving camp near Richmond that the river at this point was fordable. But owing to heavy rains having fallen this ford was not in a condition to give such relief as the great exigency of the case required. On the approach of Colonel W. H. F. Lee to the river he discovered an immense volume of water, which had overflowed its banks, rushing madly before him. This was, indeed, a most startling surprise to the leader of the Ninth. Here was an insurmountable barrier in the shape of a swollen river confronting him, with a powerful enemy menacing Stuart and his whole command with annihilation.

Captain Jones R. Christian, of the Third Cavalry Regiment, who accompanied Colonel Lee as guide, and who resided at Sycamore Springs, and was perfectly familiar with this locality and the ford, was unable to point out any relief, as he too was greatly disappointed in finding the river so high as to render it unfordable. This was, indeed, a most trying situation, but Lee determined on crossing the Chickahominy at this point at the peril of his life. After making a careful survey of the river and sounding the ford he, with others, plunged into the flood with the heads of their horses turned up stream. The effort to reach the opposite shore was a protracted one and came near resulting in the death of men and horses, for in swimming the river the feet of the latter became entangled in driftwood and roots of trees. Lee recrossed the Chickahominy in the same manner and reported the scheme of swimming the river with the command as impracticable. The next scheme was to construct a bridge at this point, if possible. Axes and other implements were procured and large trees standing on the banks of the river were felled in such manner that the tops might reach the opposite shore and thus form a substantial bridge.

But as they fell the current swept them down the stream as if they were reeds. This mode of escape was now abandoned and everything looked gloomy for the Confederates. At this juncture Stuart arrived. With eagle eye he at once saw his dilemma. The writer followed him from the time he began his campaigns in the Peninsula until he was cut down at Yellow Tavern, but never saw him the least excited under fire or elsewhere. When Stuart reached the ford he never dismounted. He sat erect in his saddle and occasionally



caught hold of his long flowing beard, which was a habit of his when his schemes were not working smoothly. He did not long remain in this state of mind, for he very soon discovered a passage through which he and his whole command could escape. A mile or more below this ford on the Chickahominy, where the county road crosses the river leading from Providence Forge to Charles City Courthouse, were the ruins of Jones's bridge, which had been destroyed by fire by the Confederates when this portion of the Peninsula was evacuated. The abutments and a few of the piers were all that remained of the old bridge, which Stuart at once determined to rebuild.

Working parties were organized and began to tear down an old farm house which stood in a field near by, the timber of which suited admirably for the bridge. The great genius of Stuart was now fully evinced, and this was to be the grand achievement of the raid. Cæsar-like, no trouble could abate his ardor or in the slightest manner affect his great presence of mind. The style of the bridge did not resemble the celebrated one of Cæsar, over which youths sometime rack their brain, but it was of sufficient strength for all to pass safely to the Charles City side. This impromptu structure did not exist long after being used by the Confederates, for the reason that Rush's Lancers, with other Federal troops, had followed in hot pursuit and were threatening Stuart's rear. The torch was applied and the bridge was very soon consumed, which checked the advance of the enemy.

Among those who distinguished themselves in building the bridge, and whose names deserve to be recorded, are Captain R. Burke and Corporal Hagan, who worked earnestly from the time the bridge was begun until it was finished. Without the services of these officers the column would have been long and dangerously detained, as it was in close proximity to the enemy. Corporal Hagan is deserving of more than a passing notice for his labors and justly merits all the praise and encomiums that can be given him. The Corporal had won a name on the fields of Drainsville and Williamsburg for his coolness before the enemy, which had attracted the attention of Stuart, and he had already recommended him for promotion.

Stuart, while at the ford at Sycamore Springs, already mentioned, sent a dispatch by Mr. Turner Doswell, to General R. E. Lee, giving him some account of his progress and of the important captures he had made. Mr. Doswell had to pass through the Federal lines, and he came near being taken prisoner. Stuart hurried on

after reaching Charles City county, passed up on the north side of the Chickahominy, a distance of two miles, to Mr. Thomas Christian's residence; but although much fatigued, he did not draw rein. He had now accomplished much in obtaining information as to the location and strength of the Federal army, and was desirous of reaching the Confederate lines with all possible speed, and did not halt his column for rest until he reached the hospitable mansion of Judge Isaac H. Christian, in the vicinage of Charles City Courthouse. Here he and his staff were received in the most cordial manner and entertained in princely style under some lovely shade trees in the yard. After partaking of some refreshments, Stuart and his staff slept for several hours.

About twilight Stuart, after making all necessary arrangements with Colonel Fitz Lee, with whom he left his command at Buckland, the residence of Colonel J. M. Wilcox, with instructions to follow at 11 o'clock that evening, left with Captain R. E. Frayser, his guide, and a courier for the headquarters of General Lee, near Richmond. The distance from Buckland to Richmond is about thirty miles, and the country through which he had to pass lay in the enemy's lines, and the route he took is known as the James River road. While he was liable to capture by scouting parties, he dashed over the road without the least fear. At Rowland's Mill, about six miles from Charles City Courthouse, Stuart drew rein to quaff a cup of strong coffee, a favorite beverage of his, and to rest fifteen minutes or more; then springing in the saddle, he galloped off in the direction of Richmond.

The writer never saw this dashing officer on an inferior horse, although he had been with him on many a long and weary march. As Stuart approached the neighborhood of White Oak Swamp with his guide and courier, he was in great danger of being captured or shot, for it is but a short distance from White Oak Swamp to the road upon which he was traveling at that time, and this was occupied by General Hooker, with his command, who could have intercepted the bold raider without the slightest difficulty had he known of his approach. At this point he had the James very near him on the south and General Hooker on the north in uncomfortable proximity. But this never delayed Stuart a minute in his important mission. He moved rapidly on, and arrived at General R. E. Lee's headquarters before sunrise the following morning.

Before this he had given orders to Captain Frayser to see Governor John Letcher, for whom he had great esteem and admiration,

and to report to him all he had done in making his reconnoissance. Captain Frayser, on his arrival in Richmond, repaired at once to the Executive Mansion; the servant, who met him at the door, informed him his Excellency was in bed and that he could not be seen at such an early hour; that later in the morning, when his toilet was made, he could be seen. Now, Captain Frayser was under orders to report in person without delay, and he insisted on an interview. He told the servant to tell the Governor that a soldier from General Stuart's command was at the door with important dispatches, and desired to see him. When this announcement was made all ceremony was at once waved, and Captain Frayser was soon ushered into the presence of the Governor.

On entering the bed-chamber, Captain Frayser was most agreeably surprised to find an old friend in the person of Dr. John Mayo, a brother of Joseph Mayo, who was Mayor of Richmond for many years, in bed with Governor Letcher. Now, there was much anxiety manifested upon the part of both to hear everything connected with the raid, and nothing short of Frayser's making another raid around McClellan would satisfy them; although he had been in the saddle three days and two nights, he had it all to go over again, and the two listened with the deepest interest to every incident as related and laughed heartily as some daring achievement of Stuart was told them.

When Captain Frayser had hurriedly communicated all that had been done he arose to take leave, when the broken condition of his sabre attracted the attention of the Governor, and after learning how it happened in the raid, he very kindly said to Captain Frayser that if he would call that day, or the next, he would give him an order on the officer in charge of the State Arsenal for a superb one. Now a good sabre is always prized by a cavalryman. The generous impulse which prompted this offer was duly appreciated, and Captain Frayser called and received the order from his Excellency, and made his own selection from a large collection of superior sabres at that time in the arsenal.

This raid was full of exciting incidents, and will never be forgotten by those who participated in it. General Fitz Lee, with whom Stuart had left his command at Buckland, arrived within the Confederate lines in due time with all the prisoners and other captures that had been made on the expedition. This brilliant achievement of Stuart was heralded by the press throughout this country and Europe. The great military genius of this daring leader was



at once recognized by the Confederate authorities by making him Major-General of cavalry, and who subsequently became one among the most distinguished leaders of the Army of Northern Virginia and a great favorite of General R. E. Lee.

How McClellan, with a grand army, allowed Stuart to ride around him with only fifteen hundred cavalry, is a mystery to the writer. In less time than two hours he could have thrown a sufficient number of troops into Tunstall's by the York River railroad to intercept and crush the Confederates. Instead of having five thousand men here he only had the use of one hundred. Again, when Stuart passed into the Confederate lines between White Oak Swamp and the James, McClellan could have closed the only avenue of escape by ordering General Hooker, who occupied White Oak Swamp, the extreme left wing of his army, to extend his lines to the James. This would have closed the doors upon Stuart and he and his whole command would have inevitably been captured or killed. McClellan had been on the Chickahominy but a short time when the raid occurred, and must have been somewhat ignorant of the geography of the country through which Stuart passed, for he could have intercepted him at Tunstall's, and if Stuart had been compelled to retrace his steps from this point by the way of the Old Church, his command would have been in great peril.

But McClellan never acted as if he understood the situation. He was struck so suddenly and with such violence at a vulnerable point that apparently he knew not how to act, and this stunning blow afforded Stuart a golden opportunity to prosecute his foray. If the reader will take a map of the Peninsula and examine it carefully he will at once see the many difficulties the Confederates had to overcome and the great peril to which they were exposed during the reconnoissance. The command, as it passed over the county roads, presented a most formidable appearance, and to persons unaccustomed to witness military displays its strength was estimated at five thousand men.

Stuart on his return to camp at Braxton's, near Richmond, issued the following general orders:

HEAD-QUARTERS CAVALRY BRIGADE, June 16, 1862.

*General Orders, No. 11.*

The General of Cavalry, profoundly grateful to Divine Providence for the signal success attending the late expedition to the



enemy's rear, takes pleasure in announcing in orders his appreciation of the bravery and cheerful endurance of the command. History will record in imperishable characters and a grateful country remember with gratitude that portion of the First, Fourth and Ninth Virginia Cavalry, the Jeff. Davis Legion, and the section of the Stuart Horse Artillery engaged in the expedition. What was accomplished is known to the public and to the enemy, but the passage of the Chickahominy under existing difficulties furnishes a separate chapter of praise for the whole command.

The General will despair of no enterprise when he can hold such guarantees of success as Colonel Fitzhugh Lee, W. H. Fitzhugh Lee, Martin, with their devoted commands. The loss of the gallant and heroic Captain Latane, leading his squadron and successful charge, was a severe blow to us; but the enemy, routed and flying before him, will bear witness to a heart intrepid and a spirit invincible, whose influence will not be lost after death, while his regiment will want no better battle-cry for victory than "Avenge Latane!" Proud of his command, the General trusts that it will not lose sight of what is at stake in this struggle and the reputation its province to maintain.

By command of Brigadier-General J. E. B. Stuart.

J. T. W. HAIRSTON,  
A. A. A. G.

In General Stuart's official report to General R. E. Lee, dated June 17, 1862, he says :

Although the expedition was prosecuted further than was contemplated in your instructions, I feel assured that the considerations which actuated me will convince you that I did not depart from their spirit and that the boldness developed in the subsequent direction of the march was the quintessence of prudence. The destination of the expedition was kept a profound secret (so essential to success), and was known to my command only as the actual march developed it.

At Old Church Stuart conferred with his officers as to the expediency of prosecuting the expedition farther. In his report he says :

Here was the turning point of the expedition. Two routes were before me, the one to return by Hanover Courthouse, the other to pass around through New Kent, taking the chances of having to swim the Chickahominy and make a bold effort to cut the enemy's lines

of communication. The Chickahominy was believed by my guides to be fordable near Forge Bridge. I was fourteen miles from Hanover Courthouse, which I would have had to pass if I returned. The enemy had a much shorter distance to pass to intercept me there; besides, the South Anna River was impassable, which still further narrowed the chances of escape in that direction. The enemy, too, would naturally expect me to take that route.

These circumstances led me to look with more favor to my favorite scheme, disclosed to you before starting, of passing around. It was only nine miles to Tunstall's station, on the York River railroad, and that point once passed I felt little apprehension beyond. The route was one of all others which I felt sure the enemy would never expect me to take. On that side of the Chickahominy infantry could not reach me before crossing, and I felt able to whip any cavalry force that could be brought against me. Once on the Charles City side I knew you would, when aware of my position, if necessary, order a diversion in my favor on the Charles City road, to prevent a move to intercept me from the direction of White Oak Swamp. Besides this, the hope of striking a serious blow at a boastful and insolent enemy, which would make him tremble in his shoes, made more agreeable the alternative I chose. In a brief and frank interview with some of my officers I disclosed my views. But while none accorded a full assent, all assured me a hearty support in whatever I did.

In the *Richmond Dispatch* of June 16, 1862, we find the following in reference to this expedition:

"What, then, was the result?" asked we of a wearied, dusty trooper watering his jaded and faithful animal by a roadside spring. "The result?" answered he, proudly, but much exhausted. "The result? We have been in the saddle from Thursday morning until Saturday noon, never breaking rein or breakfast. We have whipped the enemy wherever he dared to appear—never opposing more than equal forces. We have burned two hundred wagons laden with valuable stores, sunk or fired three large transports, captured three hundred horses and mules, lots of arms, etc., brought in one hundred and seventy prisoners, four officers and many negroes, killed and wounded scores of the enemy, pleased Stuart, and had one man killed, poor Captain Latane. This is the result, and three million dollars cannot cover the Federal loss in goods alone."

The names of Lieutenants D. A. Timberlake, Thos. W. Sydnor and

private J. H. Timberlake, of the Fourth Virginia cavalry, deserve to be recorded as having rendered very valuable services as guides and scouts. Captains John Esten Cooke, of General Stuart's staff, and Samuel A. Swan, of the Ninth Virginia Cavalry, bore themselves with conspicuous gallantry. There was a very large hospital at Talleysville, but Stuart passed it without disturbing the sick and wounded, or taking any of the supplies belonging to it. At Cedar Lane, adjoining this place, the writer was, shortly after the foray, captured and carried to Fort Delaware, where he was confined until the first cartel for the exchange of prisoners, which took place at Aiken's Landing, on James River, in 1862.

The writer cannot close this narrative without saying something in behalf of the heroic Martin and his gallant Mississippians, who gave Stuart their most cordial and unswerving support throughout the entire expedition.

This raid gave General Lee the information he desired, for it disclosed McClellan's position on the Chickahominy, and the advantages derived from it enabled him to strike that terrific blow which resulted so disastrously to the Federal arms in the seven days' fighting around Richmond, driving McClellan to Harrison's Landing, on the James, where he sought refuge under his gunboats, which raised the siege of Richmond and gave the people of that city temporary relief and much encouraged the Confederate forces.

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**Anecdotes of General R. E. Lee.**

*By* CAPTIAN T. C. MORTON, *of the Twenty-Sixth Virginia Battalion.*

The recent interesting ceremonies of the unveiling of the Lee statue at Lexington having called forth the recital of several incidents in the life of our grand old chieftain, which had not been before published, the writer recalls one or two which well illustrate the character of the man.

It was in the year of '61, before the Confederacy had learned to appreciate her great leader. General Floyd had fallen back from Sewell Mountain, West Va., before the advancing columns of Rosecrans. Floyd being the ranking Brigadier, ordered Wise to follow him from his camp on Sewell to Meadow Bluff, twelve miles eastward and to the rear. Wise swore he would not retreat another foot, that Little Sewell was the place to make a stand, and positively refusing to obey General Floyd's order, commenced to fortify his

position on the top of Little Sewell Mountain. Floyd reported to General Lee, who was in command of that department, but many miles away, the insubordination of General Wise; meanwhile Rosecrans had reached the top of Big Sewell and also stopping, began to strengthen his position, and with his largely superior force was threatening the annihilation of the Wise Legion.

General Lee, divining at once the serious position of affairs, hurried with his staff rapidly across the country, ordering his other troops to follow. Coming first to Floyd's position, he hastily reconnoitered that and then galloped on twelve miles further to Wise, who stood like a bulldog on the top of Little Sewell, with his 3,000 men, growling at Big Rosecrans not more than half a mile off in an air-line on the opposite mountain.

Lee, with his practiced eye, took in at once the superiority of Wise's position, assumed command, ordered up Floyd and rapidly prepared for the offensive. His troops soon began to come up, and as regiment after regiment, during the next few days, arrived and took position; we saw gathered the largest army we western boys had yet seen in the field. Earthworks were thrown up, batteries placed in position, stringent orders issued against furloughing, and the troops ordered to supply themselves at once with fresh ammunition—the protracted rain had damaged a great deal of that in the soldiers' cartridge-boxes.)

The writer was directed to take a detachment and go to the ordnance train and secure what was needed for his company. But where to find the ordnance train, was the question. However, impressed with the importance of his mission, he started down the mountain with his men, none of whom had ever yet smelt battle powder. Soon getting down among the strange troops and the long lines of wagons and parks of artillery, the party was completely lost and could only ask every one they met, "Where is the ordnance train?" "Who is the ordnance officer?" &c. At last a soldier passing said, "Yonder is General Lee, he can tell you." The green Lieutenant looked in the direction indicated and saw, not far off, a martial figure, standing in the rain by a log fire before a small tent, with his breeches tucked in his high cavalry boots, his hands behind his back, a high, broad-brimmed black hat, with a gilt cord around it, on his head, which was bowed as if in deep thought. With this idea in his little head, hardly concealed from the observer, "here are two military men well met," the Lieutenant stepped boldly up, saluted, introduced himself, and asked the Gen-



eral to favor him with the information as to who was the ordnance officer and where was the train? The next minute "he wished he hadn't." General Lee quietly eyed his intruder a moment, and I can never forget those eyes, then said:

"I think it very strange, Lieutenant, that an officer of this command, which has been here a week, should come to me, who am just arrived, to ask who his ordnance officer is, and where to find his ammunition. This is in keeping with everything else I find here—no order, no organization; nobody knows where anything is, no one understands his duty; officers and men are equally ignorant. This will not do." Then pointing to a tent and some wagons on a knoll a few hundred yards off, "There you will find what you are looking for, sir, and I hope you will not have to come to me again on such an errand." It is needless to say, that the Lieutenant went, and delayed not his going.

But a few days passed, and the army, now grown to 15,000 or 18,000 men, was in fighting trim. It was evident to any observer that an attack on Rosecrans's entrenched position was contemplated, and the order to "fall in" was expected any hour of the day or night.

While this was the position of affairs, the orderly in charge of our company—a man about fifty years of age, whom patriotism and nothing else had brought as a volunteer into the war—received a letter from his wife. Diphtheria was in the family, one child was dead or dying and others were stricken, and the poor wife begged piteously for her husband to come home. The old Sergeant brought the letter to his Captain, made him read it, and begged him to go to General Lee and get him a furlough. Captain W. said it would be useless, and he could not undertake to ask the General to "go back on his order." Sergeant S. then came with his letter to the writer, and while the tears streamed down his rough cheeks besought him to see General Lee for him. How could I stand there and see an old soldier weep! With the letter in my hand and a vivid recollection of our last interview, I sought the weather-beaten tent in the mountain ravine and found the General sitting on a camp-stool at the door of his tent. With a pleasant nod of recognition he inquired my business. The letter was handed to him. He opened and read it, and as he read the expression of his face softened like unto that of a woman. Handing back the letter he said, "I wish, Lieutenant, I could send your man home to his sick children; but, my dear sir, we all went into this struggle expecting to make sacri-

fices for our country. We are all making sacrifices; your Sergeant must make his. He cannot go now; every man is wanted at his post. Tell him that as soon as the exigencies of this occasion will admit he shall have his leave."

The next night, between midnight and dawn, the wily Rosecrans folded his tents and softly stole away in the darkness; and the rising sun, when it touched with its rays the top of Big Sewell, showed a deserted and silent camp, where the evening before hundreds of white tents had covered the plateau.

Our pursuing cavalry during the day sent back word that the enemy were safe across the swollen river in their rear and the bridge burnt between the two armies. Pursuit was useless. The next day a furlough for Sergeant Skaggs came to company headquarters, and there went home to his stricken family a soldier who never afterwards hesitated to peril his life for his commander or the cause they both espoused.

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Report of Conner's South Carolina Brigade at Cedar Creek, October  
19th, 1864.

*By* MAJOR JAMES M. GOGGIN.

HEADQUARTERS CONNER'S BRIGADE,  
October 31st, 1864.

*Major*,—I have the honor to report that on the 18th instant, at 11:45 P. M., this brigade, in pursuance of orders received during the afternoon, moved from its camp to the turnpike, in rear of Fisher's Hill. Soon after reaching there, the other brigades being put in motion, it fell into the position previously assigned it as the rear brigade of the division, and moved noiselessly and in good order to the north side of Cedar Creek, on the road —, where, just after daybreak, it rapidly formed in line of battle, and pushed forward at once in support of the other brigades of the division, then advancing on the enemy's position. On clearing the dense and tangled woods immediately in our front, and reaching the open, elevated ground occupied by the enemy (understood to be Crook's corps), it was discovered that Bryan's brigade, by a most brilliant dash, had already succeeded in driving them out, and held possession of their first line of works. Without delay the brigade moved up on the left of Bryan's brigade, commanded by Colonel Semmes, and dashed forward across the turnpike, attacking the

second line of works with such fierce vigor and determination that the enemy soon fled in the utmost confusion, leaving in our hands a number of prisoners and four pieces of artillery. From this point the brigade steadily advanced to the left of, and on a line nearly parallel to, the pike, as far as the lane which led into the pike, and passing near a house said to have been the headquarters of the commanding General of the Federal forces. Beyond this lane, some two hundred yards, the enemy had rallied, apparently with the determination of making an effort to check our advance. And as one of my regiments, in consequence of the inequalities of the ground over which we had passed, had become detached, the brigade was halted a few minutes until it could resume its proper place in the line. As soon as this was accomplished, the forward movement was recommenced, the enemy retiring as if panic-stricken, and was continued until we had passed into the woods beyond and to the left of Middletown, when finding that any further advance would expose me to an attack on my left flank, and it being reported to me that the enemy's cavalry were in strong force in the second woods, in front, I moved to the outer edge of the woods, and halted until I could reconnoitre the position.

The Major-General commanding rode up at this time, and by his order the command was moved a half mile to the right in the direction of the turnpike, and the forward movement again resumed. After proceeding some distance, the troops on our right having halted, this brigade was halted also, and my skirmishers, together with those of Bryan's brigade, advanced to clear the woods of a body of the enemy's skirmishers in front of my left, which was handsomely done, when the line again moved forward and occupied a road a half mile distant in advance. Here the Third and Fifteenth regiments, which had been temporarily detached, rejoined us, and were sent to the right to fill up a gap between this brigade and that of Humphreys's. Soon after this the enemy made an attack on Humphreys, which was met by such a heavy fire, so coolly delivered by that brigade and by the right of my own, that they were at once checked and driven back. A repetition of the attack met with a like result, and the firing, for a time, seemed to have ceased along the whole line, but between three and four o'clock it was resumed, and it was soon ascertained that the troops on our left had given way and the enemy threatening our left flank, whilst pressing us in front. In this condition of affairs the command fell back to the position it had previously held, and for one hour and a half kept

the enemy at bay, foiling every direct effort to drive us from it, and it was not until the enemy had passed completely around our left flank and were moving on our rear that the order was given to withdraw. So closely was the enemy pushing us at this time that I found it necessary to move out by the right flank, whilst my skirmishers held them in check in front. After moving sufficiently far to my right to uncover my rear, the command was faced to the right and moved in the direction of the pike at Middletown, with orders to halt on the crest of the hill. Up to this time both officers and men had obeyed with commendable cheerfulness and alacrity all orders, but unfortunately, in moving to the rear, a very high fence was encountered, and in clearing it my line was necessarily broken, and being without a staff officer, or courier, and my horse being shot under me, before it could be reformed a stream of flying fugitives from other commands became so mixed up with my men, infecting the latter with their own fears, that they soon became oblivious of every thing save an earnest desire to leave the enemy as far in the rear as possible. I shall say nothing of the panic and flight that ensued, so much deplored as it is by all.

I cannot, whilst alluding to the shortcomings of this brigade, forbear giving both officers and men that praise which is so justly their due, for the noble display of all the admirable and true qualities of the soldier up to the time the retreat was ordered, and no one who witnessed the advance of the brigade on that day against the different positions of the enemy, will hesitate to bestow upon it unqualified admiration. It would, perhaps, be invidious for me to discriminate or attempt to allot to each and all a due proportion of praise, but I may say that to the commanding officers of each of the organizations I am greatly indebted, not only for prompt obedience of orders, but for skill and gallantry displayed in the handling of their men.

For a full and detailed account of the operations of each command I refer you to the reports herewith enclosed. I am also greatly indebted to Lieutenant S. J. Pope, of the Third South Carolina regiment, acting Assistant Adjutant-General, and to Cadet E. P. Harlee, acting Inspector, for the very efficient aid rendered me during the day, and for a conspicuous display of bravery on every occasion to call it forth. The former was severely wounded, losing an eye, and the latter slightly.

One of my couriers, D'Saussure Burrows, was shot through the head whilst riding by my side. Couriers Crumley and Templeton



also deserve honorable mention for good conduct. Among the killed I cannot forbear making special mention of Captain R. M. Whitner, commanding the battalion of sharp-shooters. He fell whilst gallantly leading his little band in an attack on the enemy's line. He was conspicuous for his cool courage and undaunted bravery. It is a matter of profound regret that the Second regiment is deprived, for a time at least, on account of the loss of a leg, of the services of its commanding officer, Major R. R. Clyburn, whose bravery on this, as on other occasions, is beyond all praise.

Major Todd, commanding the Third regiment, was also severely wounded whilst gallantly leading his men against the enemy's second line of works.

The entire loss of this brigade was as follows:

	<i>Officers.</i>	<i>Men.</i>
Killed.....	6	22
Wounded.....	13	172
Missing.....	6	199
Total.....	25	393

Among the prisoners are Colonel Boykin and Lieutenant-Colonel McMichael, of the Twentieth South Carolina.

I am, Major, very respectfully, &c.,

JAMES M. GOGGIN,  
*Major Commanding Brigade.*

*Major E. L. Costin,*  
*Assistant Adjutant-General Kershaw's Division.*

## Notes and Queries.

*Did General Lee offer his sword "only to Virginia," in the great "war between the States" ?*

This is a somewhat popular idea which is intimated in the statements of Governor Anderson, in Colonel Bullitt's paper, in our last number. But the truth is, that while General Lee held his first allegiance as due to his native State, awaited calmly her action before deciding on his own course, and expressed his purpose, on leaving the United States army, of never drawing his sword again save in her defence, yet *the whole Confederacy* had the warm affections and loyal service of this devoted patriot.

The late Vice-President Stephens said that when he was sent to Richmond to induce Virginia, after her secession, to cast in her fortunes with the Southern Confederacy, he found an able, zealous and very influential coadjutor in General Lee.

In his address at the great "Lee Memorial" meeting in Richmond, in November, 1870, President Davis said, among other eloquent utterances: "Here he now sleeps, in the land he loved so well, and that land is not Virginia only, for they do injustice to Lee who believe he fought only for Virginia. He was ready to go anywhere, on any service, for the good of his country, *and his heart was as broad as the fifteen States struggling for the principles that our forefathers fought for in the Revolution of 1776.*"

And those whose privilege it was to hear the great chieftain talk most freely of the cause for which he fought, bear the most emphatic testimony that it was "the independence of the South," "the triumph of constitutional freedom," for which he struggled so nobly. His letters also are filled with expressions which show beyond cavil that R. E. Lee was as loyal to the flag of the Confederacy as to that of his native State—as true to all of the States of the Confederacy as to the one in which he had "a local habitation and a name."

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*Two Witnesses on Prison Mortality at Elmira.*

We should have printed before this the following letter but for the pressure upon our pages:

"FREDERICKSBURG, VA., July 31, 1883.

"*Rev. J. William Jones:*

"DEAR SIR,—I was captured near Spotsylvania Courthouse, Va., May 19th, 1864, and carried to Point Lookout, where I remained until July 4, 1864, when I was transferred to Elmira, New York. While there I was employed in the prison hospital. Dr. E. F. Sanger, Surgeon in charge of the hospital, showed me great kindness, for which I have ever been grateful. During a recent visit to Bangor, Maine, I had the pleasure of meeting with the Doctor, and while conversing with him the subject of the mortality among the prisoners, both North and South, came up. I asked Dr. Sanger whether or not he had a record of the percentage of deaths at the hospital in Elmira. He told me that he had, and kindly allowed me to copy from his journal the following figures:

“‘Number of prisoners received at Elmira, from July, 1864, to May, 1865, 12,121; transferred, 4,273; released, 4,741; died, 2,933; unaccounted for, 174.’ ‘Of this number about twenty escaped from the prison by tunneling under the fence—what became of the others is not known. Thinking that these figures will be of interest to the readers of the *Southern Historical Society Papers*, I send them to you to use as you may see fit.

“Very respectfully yours,

“J. S. HUTCHINSON,

“*Pastor M. E. Church, South, Fredericksburg, Va.*

“(Formerly private Company F, Tenth Regiment Va. Infantry”).

It will be seen that these figures substantially confirm those in the following extract from a statement made by Hon. A. M. Keiley, of Richmond, Va., and published by us in Vol. I, p. 268 of our *Papers*:

“At Andersonville the mortality averaged a thousand a month out of thirty-six thousand, or *one thirty-sixth*. At Elmira it was three hundred and eighty-six out of nine thousand five hundred, or *one twenty-fifth of the whole*. At Elmira it was four per cent.; at Andersonville less than three per cent. If the mortality at Andersonville had been as great as at Elmira the deaths should have been one thousand four hundred and forty per month, or fifty per cent. more than they were.

“I speak by the card respecting these matters, having kept the morning return of deaths for the last month and a half of my life in Elmira, and transferred the figures to my diary, which lies before me: and this, be it remembered, in a country where food was cheap and abundant; where all the appliances of the remedial art were to be had on mere requisition; where there was no military necessity requiring the government to sacrifice almost every consideration to the inaccessibility of the prison and the securing of the prisoners, and where Nature had furnished every possible requisite for salubrity.”

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#### *Losses of the Army of the Potomac:*

In his oration before the veterans of the Army of the Potomac, at their last reunion, Major Maginnis gave an estimate of losses of this army, which we think can be shown to be greatly below the real figures, but we give his figures as a most eloquent tribute to

the prowess of the Army of Northern Virginia, and the skill of our great commander:

He said: "From May, 1861, to March, 1864, the losses of the Army of the Potomac were, in killed, 15,220; wounded, 65,850; captured, 31,378; in all, 112,448. From May 1, 1864, to April 9, 1865, killed, 12,500; wounded, 69,500; captured or missing, 28,000; aggregate, 110,000. From the beginning to the close of the war, killed, 27,720; wounded, 155,652; captured or missing, 59,378. A grand aggregate of 242,750. Added those who died of gunshot wounds, the number of men who lost their lives in action in the Army of the Potomac was 48,902, probably one-half of all who died from wounds on the field of battle in all the armies of the United States."

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## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

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THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY will be held in the State Capitol, at Richmond, on Wednesday October, 31st at 8 o'clock P. M. Father Ryan has promised to deliver the address on the occasion, and an interesting time may be expected.

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THE VIRGINIA DIVISION ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA ASSOCIATION will hold its annual reunion in Richmond on the night of November the 1st, 1883. General A. M. Scales of North Carolina, will deliver the address—his subject being "*The Battle of Fredericksburg*"—and the well known character of this gallant soldier and accomplished gentleman gives assurance that we shall have something of real interest and historic value. After the address comes the banquet, at which there will be speeches and a good time generally.

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RENEWALS would be doubly acceptable just now because we cannot reasonably look for many new subscribers until December. We *need* the money due us, and we beg again that our friends will save themselves and us further trouble by remitting *at once*. And your own remittance will be all the more acceptable if you will induce others to remit along with you. We hope that none of our present subscribers will consent to allow their names to be stricken from our rolls; but, if from any cause, they do not propose to renew, then let them notify us to that effect, and be sure to *return any Papers they have received to which they are not entitled*.

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COLONEL H. D. CAPERS IS NOT NOW AN AGENT of the Southern Historical Society, and has not been since May last, and we are in no way responsible for his acts. We deeply regret being forced to make this statement, and hope that we will not be put to the necessity of making it more explicit.



## Literary Notices.

HISTORY OF THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA. By the COMTE DE PARIS.  
Vol. III. Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.

We are indebted to the publishers for a copy of this book, which is beautifully gotten up in the best style of the bookmaker's art.

We have also received (we presume through the courtesy of the distinguished author) a beautiful copy of the French edition of the work so far as completed.

The reviews of the former volumes which we have published have given our readers an idea of the general character of the work. But while reserving for the future a detailed review of this third volume, we must say that the Count has had much richer material with which to write this volume, that he seems to have made a better use of his material, and that it seems to be fairer to the Confederates than its predecessors.

And yet when we come to discuss it in detail (as we hope to do by the pens of some of our most competent military critics), we expect to show that the Count still writes more in the spirit of the partizan than with the calm judgment of the impartial Foreign Historian.

We acknowledge his courteous mention of *Southern Historical Society Papers* and their editor, and only regret that he has not studied more carefully our pages, and made better use of the facts and figures we have given him, and to which we shall hereafter call special attention.

Meantime we advise all interested in such matters to procure the book, that they may see for themselves what this foreign prince has to say of Chancellorsville, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, etc.

VIRGINIA HISTORICAL COLLECTIONS. VOL. III. NEW SERIES.  
DINWIDDIE PAPERS. VOL. I. 1751-1755. Edited by R. A. BROCK,  
Correspondent Secretary, and published by the Virginia Historical Society.

This book (for a copy of which we are indebted to the editor) is a credit to all concerned. The printer (W. Ellis Jones) and the binders (J. W. Randolph & English) have done their work admirably, while Mr. Brock displays his usual taste and historic research in his introduction and in his valuable notes on the text.

It is needless to add that a collection of letters and papers concerning events which transpired during the important and stirring period of colonial history from 1751 to 1755 cannot fail to be of deep interest and permanent historic value, and as these papers are published for the first time from the original MSS. they are only now brought within reach of the historian, and will prove a rich mine in which he can work.

The Virginia Historical Society is indebted to the enlightened liberality of W. W. Corcoran, Esqr., for their possession of these papers and their ability to use them, and they have very properly accompanied the volume with a fine likeness of the great philanthropist, and his autograph letter making the valuable gift.

The few extra copies for sale will, of course, be bought up at once, as no historic collection could be called complete without the "*Dinwiddie Papers*."

RECOLLECTIONS OF A NAVAL OFFICER. 1841-1865. By Captain WILLIAM HAMAR PARKER. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

We have received, "with the compliments of the author," through West, Johnston & Co., Richmond, this beautifully gotten up book, and have time and space now only to say that a slight dipping into its pages shows conclusively that our gallant Confederate tar knows how to wield a pen as well as how to sail or fight a ship, and has produced a book of rare interest and decided historic value. We mean to give it a careful reading, and shall hereafter copy for our readers some of its good things, such as the account of "The Merimac and the Monitor," &c.

A BYRD'S-EYE VIEW OF OUR CIVIL WAR. By COLONEL T. A. DODGE, U. S. A. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

After reading Colonel Dodge's admirable book on "*Chancellorsville*," we were prepared to find in this new publication a well written, calm, and unusually fair book. We have not been disappointed, and while we are not, of course, prepared to accept all of Colonel Dodge's statements, or to endorse all of his criticisms, we do not hesitate to commend the book most warmly as the work of an able, pains-taking soldier, who has honestly endeavored to ascertain, and frankly to tell the truth about our late war.

We propose hereafter to make copious extracts from Colonel Dodge and to publish a fuller review of his interesting and valuable contribution to a history of the war.

Osgood & Co. have done their part of the work admirably, and have produced a fine specimen of the book-makers' art.

ACROSS THE CONTINENT WITH THE FIFTH CAVALRY. By CAPTAIN GEORGE F. PRICE. New York: D. Van Nostrand.

A narrative of this famous old regiment (formerly the *Second Cavalry*) could not fail to be of interest, and we commend the beautifully gotten up volume as worthy of a place on the shelves of our "War Libraries." But we must express now our regret that the author could not drop *the partisan* and write more in the spirit of *the true soldier*, and our purpose to show up hereafter some of his more glaring perversions of the truth of history.

BROOK FARM TO CEDAR MOUNTAIN, IN THE WAR OF THE REBELLION; 1861-1862. By GENERAL GEORGE H. GORDON. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

We reserve for future review this admirably written and very interesting book which is a part of the series of which the "*Army of Virginia*" and "*A War Diary*" form a continuous history of the war.

General Gordon writes with a free pen, and some of his criticisms on "the blundering stupidity of political managers in Washington, acting upon the colossal incapacity of their favorites in the field," are very rich.

We commend the book as well worth reading and preserving.

THE CENTURY keeps up its high standard of excellence, and the November number contains a very readable paper on the retreat from Richmond, and capture of President Davis, by his private secretary, Burton N. Harrison.



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Vol. XI.      Richmond, Va., December, 1883.      No. 12.

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**The Annual Meeting of the Southern Historical Society.**

There assembled in the State Capitol of Virginia, at Richmond, on the 31st of October, 1883, a fine audience, gathered to hear Father Ryan, who was expected to deliver the address, and to attend the meeting of the Society.

General J. A. Early, President, called the meeting to order, and expressed his regret that Father Ryan (for reasons unknown to the committee) had failed to come, and that the audience would be denied the pleasure of hearing him. He made a few remarks on the importance of the work of the Society, and the obligations of our people to sustain it.

Colonel R. L. Maury explained that the chairman of the Executive Committee, General Dabney H. Maury, was in New York, where he was detained by business, and read from him the following letter :

**LETTER OF GENERAL MAURY.**

*Gentlemen of the Historical Society*,—I have the honor to submit to you the reports of the Secretary and Treasurer of our Society.

They show a balance in our treasury of \$4,633.42 of the endow-

ment fund. The endowment fund has been given to us for the preservation of our archives.

We need at once a fire-proof office, and we will use all efforts to procure from the States of the late Southern Confederacy such contributions as will secure that object. Texas has been prompt and liberal in this behalf, and I am assured Mississippi will follow her lead so soon as the Legislature of the State assembles.

When I organized this Society, in 1868, there was but little general hope of our ever attaining what we have now accomplished. From the day of our re-organization, in 1873, and the transfer of our domicil, I have never had a doubt of our success. When Mr. Hayes was installed as President, his Secretary of War, McCreary, wrote to me inviting coöperation between the archive office of the Southern Historical Society and the archive office of the United States. His proposals were liberal and his whole action enlightened. He appointed General Marcus J. Wright, of the late Confederate army, to the duty of collecting from all sources the records of the Confederacy, and sent him to confer with me about the details of our coöperation.

This policy of Mr. McCreary has almost completed our work of collection. We have now to deal with that of preserving what we have collected, and it is the duty of all who have an interest in our work, in every State of the late Southern Confederacy, to procure for us such appropriations as will place—here, in Richmond—an office of ample and safe structure, where we will be able to preserve for history the true story of the war between the States. This done, the great work and object we have so long striven for will be complete.

I am, gentlemen, with warmest regards, your friend and comrade,

DABNEY H. MAURY,

*Chairman Executive Committee.*

The Secretary of the Society (Dr. J. William Jones) then read the report of the Executive Committee, which had been unanimously adopted by the Committee at a meeting held for the purpose.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE SOUTHERN  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY FOR THE YEAR ENDING OCTOBER THE 31ST,  
1883.

In presenting our Ninth Report your Committee are glad to be able to congratulate the Society that we have realized the promise



made in our report last year, and "have not only paid the last dollar of our old debt, but have in our treasury the nucleus of a permanent endowment fund."

We are gratified also to say that there is a wider interest in our work than ever before, and every promise that by wise management and vigorous effort we shall be able to realize at no distant day our most sanguine expectations, and to put the Society on a basis which shall insure the successful prosecution of its work long after its present friends have passed away.

#### THE PAST TWO YEARS

we regard as the most successful in our history.

In November, 1881, your Committee had to face a crisis which threatened the suspension of our publication, the loss of our archives, and the very existence of the Society. An old debt, which had *lapped over* from previous years, threatened to engulf us.

But we went to work vigorously to meet the emergency. Old friends stood by us and new ones have rallied to our help—so that we are enabled now to report that we have regularly issued our *Papers*, paid \$2,600 on account of old debt, reprinted missing numbers to make complete sets at a cost of \$726.50, expended \$734.53 on account of extra binding and other necessary extra expenses; and are still able to report \$4,633.42 deposited in the savings bank to the credit of our special fund, besides \$255.19 due it by our current fund. Besides these important pecuniary results, the canvass we have made has extended the knowledge of our work over a large territory where it was before comparatively unknown—added largely to our membership, raised us up active friends, secured most valuable material for our archives, and given promise of much larger results in the future.

#### PUBLICATIONS.

We have issued regularly our *Southern Historical Society Papers*, and are now completing our Volume XI, which will be ready for binding by the 1st of December.

We have continued to receive from every quarter—from the North and from Europe, as well as from leading Confederates—the most gratifying assurances of the interest and value of these *Papers*, while we are gradually placing full sets of them on the shelves of the prominent public and private libraries of the country. The action of the great State of Texas in purchasing one hundred and sixty sets for

distribution in the counties of the State must have a happy effect in inducing other States to follow her example, and in calling the attention of private collectors to their value.

We have now on hand about three hundred complete sets (worth unbound at least \$7,200), and a much larger number of particular volumes.

It is very gratifying to note the frequency with which writers on any part of the war quote from our *Papers*, and to see how they are modifying the views and correcting many of the errors of even Northern historians, while they are making an impression in Europe as surprising as it is gratifying to all who desire to see vindicated the truth of Confederate history.

It seems to us that every true Confederate who can afford it, ought to place in his library a full set of our back volumes, and become a regular subscriber, and we confess that we cannot see how some of our old comrades neglect to support this enterprise, while they spend five times its cost on Northern periodicals which constantly misrepresent the facts of our history.

#### MATERIAL ON HAND.

Our acknowledgments from time to time of material received for our archives, render it unnecessary to enumerate here valuable gifts which have come to us during the past year.

We have only to repeat what we have said in former reports, that without the means of purchasing a MS. or a book, the generous gifts of friends have enabled us to make a collection which could be sold for a large sum of money, but which is of *priceless value*, for the vindication of the name and fame of our Confederate people.

Our collection is widely recognized as of great value, and writers are freely consulting it. But we are still anxious to collect *everything* which may be of any value, and we again appeal to our friends to help us by sending to our archives (*as a loan, if they cannot give it*) any material which they may have or can secure. We especially commend the example of our honored friend, W. W. Corcoran, Esq., (our Vice-President for the District of Columbia,) who has, during the year, added to his previous kindness by purchasing and presenting to the Society valuable material.

If our work were to close now, we feel assured that we have already accomplished grand results, and that even if our collection were scattered, our publications would live on and testify for the truth.

But we have an increasing conviction that we are but on the threshold of our usefulness, if we can enter the open door of our opportunity and place our Society on a *permanent basis*.

OUR NEEDS,

in order to accomplish this, are—

1. *A Permanent Endowment Fund.*
2. *A Fire Proof building for our archives.*

We need not argue here the importance—nay, the absolute necessity—of securing these at the earliest practicable day.

We need the means of purchasing books, MSS., and documents which we cannot otherwise secure. We ought to provide for the absolute security of our archives, and to make them more accessible to those desiring to consult them. We should provide more efficient means for collecting material still scattered through the country and perishing in the hands of private individuals. We need sufficient clerical force to put in proper shape the vast material which we have collected, and conduct properly the very large and increasing correspondence of the office. We need to be independent of the fluctuations of annual receipts—in a word to put the *Southern Historical Society* on a footing akin to the richly endowed Societies of the country, in order that it may do efficiently the great work committed to its charge. We can compass this important work by combining the efforts of our friends in several ways.

1. We believe that the Legislatures of the States which composed the Confederacy, may be induced to follow the lead of Texas and make appropriations to an enterprise in which they are all so vitally interested. We ask our friends in each State to exert themselves in this behalf.

2. There are surely men of large means who feel sufficiently interested to be willing to make large contributions towards putting the Society on a permanent basis, and linking their names with this effort to vindicate the truth of history. We beg our friends everywhere to seek out such men and bring proper influences to bear upon them.

3. That much may be accomplished by lectures and entertainments properly managed, the success of our friends in Baltimore and New Orleans, and the splendid lecturing campaigns of General Fitzhugh Lee abundantly prove. Will not our friends in the cities and towns arrange for such efforts during the coming winter?

4. And there are many individuals who can contribute \$1,000, \$500, \$100, or less sums, towards swelling our endowment—the money to be paid in instalments, if preferred, and sent as may be convenient to our Treasurer, Judge George L. Christian.

We beg our friends to send forward their own names with the amounts they can subscribe, and time and manner of payment, and to exert themselves to induce others to do likewise.

## FINANCES.

We have received and disbursed during the past year on account of "Current Fund" as follows :

## RECEIPTS.

Subscriptions, advertisements, and sale of <i>Papers</i> ,	.	.	\$3,914 09
Borrowed of "Special Fund,"	.	.	255 19
Total receipts,	.	.	<u>\$4,169 28</u>

## DISBURSEMENTS.

Paid W. Ellis Jones for printing,	.	.	\$1,895 78
Paid Simons & Bro., for binding,	.	.	662 13
Paid Secretary on account of salary,	.	.	1,000 00
Porter, expressage, postage, telegrams, stationery, clerk, and sundry office expenses,	.	.	562 42
			<u>\$4,120 33</u>
Balance in the Treasury to credit of the "Current Fund,"			<u>\$48 95</u>

## "SPECIAL FUND."

<i>Receipts</i> from all sources from November 1st, 1882, to October 31st, 1883,	.	.	<u>\$8,705 65</u>
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<i>Disbursements:</i> Paid balance in full of debt due George W. Gary,	.	.	\$406 65
Paid Secretary on account of salary due for years 1877 and 1878 (as shown by reports for those years,)	.	.	592 61
For reprinting missing numbers,	.	.	496 50
Binding, insurance and freight on Texas sets,	.	.	605 78
Temporary loan to "Current Fund,"	.	.	255 19
Paid for agency work,	.	.	1,740 00
Total disbursements,	.	.	<u>\$4,096 73</u>

Balance to credit of this fund [deposited in the City Savings Bank, and bearing five per cent. interest,]	.	.	\$4,633 42
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If we add to the amount of funds in hand, the value of the 300 complete sets of PAPERS, for which we are finding ready sale, mentioned above as worth, unbound, \$7,200, and a subscription to our Special Fund of \$4,000, already secured from entirely responsible parties, it will be seen that the financial outlook of the Society is decidedly hopeful.

It may be added that the books of the Secretary and the Treasurer show detailed statements of receipts and disbursements, which, sustained by proper vouchers, have been submitted to and passed upon by our Auditing Committee, who also must approve every account before the Treasurer can pay it.

IN CONCLUSION,

it only remains for us to return to the Society the trust committed to our charge with an expression of our deep conviction of its great importance—our earnest desire that it may be wisely managed and zealously pushed to the full fruition of our hopes.

Adopted by the unanimous vote of the Committee October 30, 1883.

J. WILLIAM JONES,  
*Secretary.*

On motion of Colonel William Allan, of Maryland (formerly Chief of Ordnance of the Second Corps A. N. V.), the report was adopted by the meeting.

REMARKS OF COLONEL ALLAN.

In moving the adoption of the report, Colonel Allan said :

MR. PRESIDENT,—In making this motion I cannot refrain from expressing the gratification which the reports just read have given us. The condition of the Society, as shown by them, is better than ever before in our history. To have no debt, and at the same time to have assets actual, or within reach, of \$12,000 or more, besides a subscription list adequate for current expenses, is indeed an excellent showing, and justifies our congratulations to the Executive Committee and officers of the Society upon their successful management.

The work done by the Society has been most important and valuable. For years it testified to the truth amid the prejudice and vituperation which was the lot of the Confederate cause. An immense change in recent years has taken place in the estimates made in

Europe, as well as in the North itself, in regard to our war. A spirit of justice and fairness is replacing the old one of passion and hate. It is possible to find now many fair accounts of leading events in the war and of the characters of leading Southern men in Northern books. The work of this Society has had much to do in bringing about this salutary change. It has contributed much to true history by its own publications; it has furnished much valuable material to the archives of the war, now being published by the Government; it has been the means of collecting and preserving a large amount of data of the greatest importance that would otherwise have remained scattered, and for the most part have been gradually lost.

But its work is not yet done. It has really only been begun. However gratifying the change which has been brought about in Northern sentiment in regard to the events of the war, we must not, we should not, allow the history of our side of this great struggle to be written by those who fought against us. Future generations should not learn of the motives, the sacrifices, the aims, the deeds of our Southern people, nor of the characters of their illustrious leaders only through the pens of their adversaries. What have not Carthage and Hannibal lost in the portraits—the only ones that remain to us—drawn by Roman historians? An example will illustrate what I mean. The other day I went over the field which will be ever memorable for the two great battles of Manassas, two of the most illustrious of Confederate victories. The quiet of twenty years of peace had settled upon that field. Few signs remained of the grand strifes in which the South drove back the invaders. I found upon that field two monuments, and but two. One of them, placed just in rear of the Henry house, has been erected in honor of the Federal soldiers who fell there. The other, over the knoll where Fitz John Porter charged, commemorates the brave men of his corps who there died in the vain attempt to drive Jackson from the old railroad cut. At the Henry house I looked about for other memorials. Nothing is to be seen. The little shaft placed to mark the spot where Barton fell has been chipped away entirely by curiosity vandals. A little cedar bush alone enables the guide to point out the place where Bee poured out his blood, from which he baptized Jackson with his name of “Stonewall.” Nothing marks where Jackson and his men stood “like a stone wall;” and yet in all the ages to come the last memory of that first battle of Manassas to fade out of the knowledge and admiration of mankind will be that “Stonewall!” Understand me, comrades. Not one word have I to say

in criticism of the monuments placed to commemorate the brave deeds of the Union soldiers who died on that field ; but if these men be worthy of such honor from *their* comrades, how much more do *we* owe to the men who twice won victory at the price of blood on this spot ; or to those noble South Carolinians under Gregg, who, on the left of A. P. Hill, on August 29, 1862, held their position with a tenacity not exceeded by the British squares at Waterloo ; or to that gallant division of Stark's, which met and bore the brunt of Porter's attack on August 30th, and when they had no more cartridges used the butts of their muskets and even the stones that lay around them as arms ! The deeds of such men and of many others like them deserve to be kept green for all time. They constitute a priceless legacy to their countrymen—to their descendants. We trust this Society will go on with its noble work, and that the kindly interest and appreciation of our people will be manifested in giving it the means to carry out the plans of the Executive Committee.

After a few remarks from the Secretary the meeting adjourned, all seeming to be very much pleased at the hopeful condition of the Society.

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#### **Sketches of the Third Maryland Artillery.**

*By Captain WILLIAM L. RITTER.*

##### **THE DISASTROUS EXPEDITION TO SHERMAN'S REAR.**

The movement of Hood's army to Sherman's rear began on the 29th of September, 1864. The Chattahoochee river was crossed on the 30th, and part of the army proceeded to Lost Mountain, while another part made for Ackworth and Big Shanty and captured the garrisons at those places. Marching by way of Dallas, Van Wert and Cave Spring, the army next reached Cedartown, where the wagon train, the sick and the *shoeless*, with all the artillery except one battery of each battalion were left behind ; while the remainder of the army proceeded to Resaca and Dalton. Stevenson's division started on the 9th of October, at noon, and the Third Maryland was the battery chosen to accompany it.

It was the intention of General Stephen D. Lee, who commanded the corps, to capture the garrison at Resaca, and he made forced marches in order to take it by surprise. On the 12th it was sur-

rounded by approaches made from the north, and its unconditional surrender demanded. The Major in command of the post refused to yield, however, and General Lee did not think it worth while to compel him, and proceeded on his way. On the 14th he passed through Snake Creek Gap to Villenow, where he joined the two other corps. The latter under Stewart and Cheatham, had been sent to Tilton and Dalton to capture those places, and tear up the railroad as far as Tunnel Hill, which they did. The march continued through Chattanooga Valley to Gadsden, Ala., where the wagon trains and artillery rejoined the army.

On the 23d the army started for Tennessee, marching across Sand Mountain to Decatur, Ala., and thence to Florence on the south bank of the Tennessee river.

The pontoon bridge was soon ready and on the 6th of November Johnston's battalion crossed and rejoined the corps, which had passed over several days before. Cheatham's corps crossed on the 13th and Stewart's a few days later.

By the 20th of November all the troops had crossed the Tennessee river, and through rain and snow the advance upon Nashville was renewed. The weather was intensely cold, and the march was rendered the more cheerless by the barrenness and poverty through which it led during the first few days. Rations and forage were very scarce, though the more needed by reason of the bitter weather.

#### THE BATTLE AT COLUMBIA.

When within a mile and a half of Columbia, on the 26th, the whole army was put in order of battle, and so advanced till within three-fourths of a mile of the enemy's works. The town was evacuated on the night of the 27th, and the Third Maryland was the first Confederate force to enter the next morning. A section of the battery under Lieutenant Ritter, was sent three miles below town to prevent the destruction by the enemy of the railroad bridge over Duck River, but on its arrival found the bridge in flames. When on the 29th, the right section rejoined the left, it was found on the south bank of the river, in the cemetery at Columbia, engaged with the enemy. The Federals on the other side of the river had massed their artillery upon a hill commanding the town, and were opposing the crossing of the Confederates; the latter had six batteries replying to them, two of them planted above and four within the town. Meanwhile Pettus's brigade, of Stevenson's division, was thrown



across the river, preparatory to a charge upon the enemy's works; and while it was forming under the river bank, the Confederate artillery increased the intensity of its fire till it became terrific, and effectually prevented any active movement on the part of the enemy. Pettus charged their works as soon as his formation was completed, and drove them out with but slight loss on our side. Three men of the Third Maryland were wounded in this artillery duel, two of them dangerously. Their names were D. Lynch, T. Barnes and J. H. Hoffman. Colonel Beckham was mortally wounded and was succeeded in command of the artillery regiment by Major Johnston.

A few days before the battle, General Hood had accompanied Stewart's and Cheatham's corps across the river above the town, to cut off the enemy's retreat. With this force he reached Spring Hill on the night of the 29th in time to intercept the retreating column, but unaccountably failed to bring on an engagement, though the enemy passed within a few hundred yards of him. The darkness of the night was the only plausible reason ever offered for this strange neglect to improve a fine opportunity for achieving the object of the expedition.

#### THE BATTLE OF FRANKLIN.

Early on the morning of the 30th the advance in the direction of Franklin was renewed and when the battery was within six miles of the town, an order was received from General Hood to move up at a trot, as it was only needed "to press the enemy at this point and the campaign would be over." The scene of action was reached about 4 o'clock P. M., when the battalion was placed in reserve and did not take part in the action that followed.

It was one of the most remarkable, and certainly one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Cheatham's and Stewart's corps charged over an open plain of six hundred yards in width, under a severe fire from the enemy's artillery and infantry, the latter occupying a double line of defences on the brow of an elevation of some fifteen feet. The charge was a brilliant one and was successful, as part of the enemy's line was captured, but it was a fearful loss on our side.

The loss of the Confederates, in officers, was unprecedentedly heavy. Eleven General officers were killed and wounded; among the killed were Cleburne, Granberry, Carter and Lewis. The army was thought to have become discouraged by the numerous disasters that had befallen it for many months past, and the officers, on this occasion, seem to have felt it to be their duty to give nerve to their

troops by exposing themselves, to an extraordinary extent, to the dangers of the battle. All the field officers remained mounted during the charge.

At daylight on the morning after the fight, Lieutenant Ritter rode over the field, and in the part of the line where Cockrell's Missourians charged the enemy's defences, he found the dead lying thick, piled one upon another, till the earth was hid by the woeful spectacle. Near this point, upon the right, General Lewis's horse was found lying upon the top of the works, and fifty yards within the enemy's main line of fortifications, a single Confederate soldier was found, face down, his head towards the enemy, having penetrated thus far alone, before he was shot.

At midnight the Third Maryland was ordered to the front. Several hours later, on the morning of December 1st, the enemy evacuated their works and crossed the Harpeth River under fire from our batteries, before daylight.

The Confederate army followed them in the afternoon, and after marching a few miles, encamped for the night. Early the following morning they entered upon the last day's march that intervened between them and Nashville.

#### THE BATTLE OF NASHVILLE.

On arriving within six miles of Nashville, Lee's corps was deployed at right angles with the Franklin pike, and the batteries formed in columns of sections; in this way the whole body moved up to within a mile and a half of the enemy's earthworks, and during the night fortified upon the ground gained. The Maryland battery occupied a hill on the right of the Franklin pike, and parallel with it; Corput's occupying a small valley upon the left.

On the night of the 3d, we advanced our line a half mile further, and again fortified.

On the 10th Stevenson's division charged the enemy's picket line, driving them from their works, and a half mile beyond. Two days after, in order to straighten the line, the troops fell back a few hundred yards, and again fortified. The weather at this time was intensely cold; snow several inches deep covered the ground, and was frozen hard. It was through this that men poorly clad, poorly fed and poorly supplied with tools, were so often compelled to dig, to protect themselves from the numerous artillery of the enemy.

Lieutenant Giles and Private Colter were sent out on the 14th to

buy supplies for Christmas, but the supplies fell into the enemy's hands, together with the Lieutenant and his man, being captured by a raiding party. Giles was sent to Johnson's Island, and consequently did not rejoin the battery during the war.

On the morning of the 15th the enemy charged the Confederate right wing, but were repulsed with heavy loss. They next moved a solid column against the left, with better success, causing the whole army to fall back rapidly for the distance of one mile. Lee's corps was then moved to a range of hills a mile to the left, and in rear of the old line, to support the retreating left wing, and again fortified.

By this time it was growing dark, and as the enemy's position was not accurately known, Lieutenant Ritter requested permission to ride to the front to make a reconnoissance. Their videttes were not found till he reached the foot of a range of hills occupied by Hood's army, in the morning. This information was reported to the Adjutant General of Stevenson's division.

At 11 o'clock P. M., the battalion was removed to a field to the left of the Franklin pike, and at about 8 on the morning of the eventful 16th of December, the Third Maryland was ordered to a hill in an open field, a quarter of a mile to the left of the pike. Defensive works for the battery were at once commenced, and rails to be used in fortifying were brought from a fence some two hundred yards in front. The enemy, discovering the working party, opened on them with six guns. As they fired by battery, the men were able to continue their work in the intervals of firing, lying down when the Lieutenant, guided by the smoke from the enemy's guns, directed them to do so. When the coming shells had passed over them, they renewed their work.

The horses were without cover, and suffered severely till removed to a position behind the hill. Whilst passing to the rear to attend to this, Lieutenant Ritter thought that he heard a shell coming, and on looking back, saw that it was coming straight for him. He jumped behind a tree, at the same moment the shell struck the tree on the other side, without doing much damage.

On returning to the battery, the Lieutenant was sent back to the caissons to relieve Lieutenant Doncaster, and take charge of the men engaged in supplying ammunition to the guns, and instruct them as to the distances for which the fuses should be cut.

About this time the enemy planted two more batteries, one to the right and another to the left, making a total of eighteen guns, whose

fire was concentrated on the Maryland battery. Indeed, all along their line their batteries seemed to outnumber ours three to one.

Their fire now became fearfully hot, and Captain Rowan, wishing to return it with the greatest vigor, called on the drivers to assist the "fives" and "sevens" in bringing up ammunition.

The nature of the ground was such that the horses could not be effectually sheltered from the enemy's battery on the right, and they were falling rapidly. The drivers were being wounded, and the trees cut down, while the air was resonant with the howl of passing shells, and the lighter whistle of the more searching minies. Ritter, who had charge of the horses, their drivers and the ammunition, asked leave to take the horses to a safer place, but it was not thought expedient to separate them as far from the guns as would be necessary to secure their safety.

A Parrott shell passed through the head of a wheel-horse near him and exploded, cutting the Lieutenant's sword in two, and killing his saddle-horse. The men engaged in furnishing ammunition also suffered severely. Major John W. Johnston now coming up, ordered the horses to be removed, and those that remained were thus saved.

#### CAPTAIN ROWAN'S DEATH.

At half past twelve, Captain Rowan was struck by a piece of shell, and instantly killed. The shell came in through the right flare of the embrasure of the second gun, bursting the moment it cleared the parapet, and sending a fragment through the Captain's body. The same fragment also wounded private Early. Every effort was made to bring the Captain's body off the field. It was carried a short distance to the rear and an ambulance sent for, but its coming was prevented. Lieutenant Ritter secured a promise from Major Johnston that it should be taken to the field hospital, and instructed his Orderly Sergeant to see that it was done before he proceeded to the front to take command of the battery. The works were deep with mud, as it was raining, and the enemy's fire was unabated.

At about 3 P. M., the left wing of the army was forced back, and the troops to the left of the position held by the Third Maryland, abandoned the line in disorder. So rapidly did they retreat, and so promptly did the enemy follow, that the Lieutenant saw at once that there would be no chance to bring off his guns. He deter-



mined to remain with them and work them upon the enemy to the very last.

After driving the Confederates from their works, the enemy poured in on Stevenson's left, and forming a line perpendicular to his, swept along within the defences toward the Third Maryland. At the same time another line was moving up in front, and both seemed to be aiming to form a junction at the battery to overwhelm it. The men stood at their guns and continued to pour a heavy fire of canister into the solid masses approaching in front till they mounted the works. They mounted first upon the left, planting the United States flag on the left gun and capturing sixteen men.

As they showed their heads above the works, Lieutenants Ritter and Doncaster and Sergeant Pendley, who were on the right, started and ran down the line fifty yards, then left it and struck diagonally across the field for the pike. The Federals cried, "Halt! Halt!" to no purpose, and on the refusal of the fugitives to obey, pursued them about three-quarters of a mile, firing at them all the while. The enemy had a battery on the road when the three men reached it, and were firing at some Confederates ahead of them, while a section of their own battalion was replying with canister from a hill near by ; so that the three found themselves in a very ugly position, under this fire from both sides. They escaped unhurt, however, and continuing some four miles to the rear, overtook the few horses that were left to the battery. It was here that Lieutenant Ritter first learned that Captain Rowan's body had been left on the field to fall into the hands of the enemy.

"THE DEAD COMMANDER."

Captain John B. Rowan was a native of Maryland, and at the beginning of the war, resided at Elkton, Cecil county, where he devoted himself with success to the practice of the law. Though still young, he had already attained considerable prominence as a public man. His manners were winning ; in speech he was easy and graceful, in action generous and manly, and all things promised the success which his character deserved. When the war broke out, true to his noble instincts, he devoted himself to the cause of the South, leaving his profession, wife and children—all that he held most dear—to take up arms in her defense. Through the many trying phases of military life, he passed unscathed. Cool in the hour of danger, serene amid defeat and disaster, kind alike to his fellow

officers and to his men, generous to a fault, he was, as one who knew him long and well has said, "Of his company, the very life ; of the battalion, the leading star, and the common pride of us all." He was cut off in the flower of his age before he had seen his thirtieth year, and died like a true soldier, in defence of principles dear to himself, and which he firmly believed were of inestimable value to those who might come after him. In the long absence of years, he never once forgot the ties of home and kindred, but often expressed a wish to see his wife and children at his Maryland home, again to enjoy tranquility and peace.

The losses of the Third Maryland at Nashville were four killed, eight wounded, and sixteen captured, exclusive of Lieutenant Giles and Private Colter, captured two days before the battle.

Killed : Captain John B. Rowan, Privates S. Aultman, E. R. Roach and A. Wills.

Wounded : A. Dollar, D. Beasley, N. Beverly, W. J. Brown, T. Early, H. A. Davis, E. M. Herndon and J. Nichols.

Captured : Corporals A. G. Cox, S. Hylton and B. Bradford ; Privates J. M. Carey, J. J. Colter, J. Foley, B. Garst, J. Hoffman, H. Kitzmiller, J. G. Martin, F. M. Newton, W. Rogers, G. R. Shipley, M. L. Welsh and I. Zimmerman.

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Address of General Dabney H. Maury at the Reunion of Confederate Veterans,  
Maury Camp, No. 2, Fredericksburg, Va., August 23, 1883.

*Ladies, Comrades, and Fellow-Citizens :*

As I look upon these once familiar scenes, sad and sweet memories throng about me. More than sixty years have passed since first I saw the light in Fredericksburg ; and with them have passed away, one by one, my dearest and best loved of my youth, till now all who made my boyhood's home have crossed over the river, and are beckoning me to follow.

Along this valley, where for many generations my people have lived and died, nothing of them now remains but their names upon their graves.

This was a blessed and happy land—blessed in climate and in soil—abounding in prosperity and rich in its traditions. No higher civilization has ever existed on earth than was here ; and you can have no nobler work than the preservation of the memories of our

struggle to maintain that civilization, and of the people who so bravely made it.

Virginia has a history which well may make us proud. An appanage of the Kings of England—her arms were quartered on the royal standard. Her territory stretched from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, till in 1756, she wrested the Northwest Territory from France, and extended her domain to the great lakes.

When, at the conclusion of the war for independence, the burthen of the debt incurred by the colonies was under adjustment, responding to the complaints of the feebler, poorer colonies of New England, Virginia, with a generosity unparalleled in the history of nations, deeded all that vast domain now embracing Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin to be a common territory of the United States, and procured an enactment that no slave should ever enter them; that whoever trod that soil should be forever free.

Not Greek nor Roman can show a nobler record than Virginia; no people in all the history of the world has ever accomplished so much of all that ennobles mankind as her people have in three generations. And this district of the Northern Neck, which lies before our eyes, is the very nidus of all that has made this country great. Here, one hundred years ago, lived and thought, and wrought those good and great men who conceived and accomplished that scheme of civil liberty which to-day blesses all mankind. What made those men so wise confounds the wisdom of the wisest living to-day, and the greater the intellect, the broader the views, the wider the range of knowledge of men and things, the profounder is the veneration for those sages. Only bigotry and ignorance ever venture to disparage them.

The great Georgia Senator (Hill), in the last speech he ever made (the hand of death was then upon him), declared: "I never enter Virginia that I do not feel I should uncover my head in reverence to her great dead and in respect to her great living men; for I tell you that never, has any nation in the world's history produced so many men so great."

That great lawyer, Jere Black, who has just left a void in the world of intellect that cannot well be filled, said: "The histories of this country are erroneous. They have been mostly written by New England book-makers, and they make the impression on young minds that New England had much to do with the scheme of civil liberty in America, while the truth is it was conceived and matured by a dozen Virginians, and New England had little to do with it."

And, my friends, right around us here is where those Virginians were born and lived. Blessed with ample fortunes, educated in the best schools of the old country, they returned to their estates to pass their lives in contemplating the great possibilities awaiting this country, and devising the modes by which they could be attained. Living like the patriarchs, under their own vine and fig-tree, served by the kindly hands of willing slaves, freed from all impecunious cares, undiverted by newspapers or telegrams, and unknowing of any short cuts to knowledge, with minds stored with the precedents of history, and trained in the great schools of thought, those men wrought out and announced the plan of self-government which stands to-day the envy and admiration of all the peoples of the earth, and the terror of all the tyrants.

Thus, George Mason, of Gunston Hall, made the Bill of Rights of Virginia, and Jefferson, of Monticello, a few years later, framed it into the Declaration of the Independence of these United States.

I need not name these men to you; but they have been aptly grouped in another's words. Just after the close of the war between the States, this Congressional district was represented in Congress by Judge John Critcher, of Westmoreland county. In the course of debate in the House of Representatives, a member from Massachusetts said that "slavery was not so much to be deplored because of the cruelty to the slaves as because of the degradation and ignorance it entailed upon the masters."

Judge Critcher arose and said: "I beg to interrupt the gentleman for one moment while I call over the names of a few slave-owners in my parish in Virginia, who were born and bred in slavery, and who for elevation of character, education and surpassing intellect cannot be matched by the whole State of Massachusetts. The plantation adjoining mine on the north is Wakefield, where George Washington was born. Next to me on the south is Stratford, where Richard Henry Lee and Light Horse Harry Lee were born. Next to Stratford comes Chantilly, where Arthur Lee, Francis Lightfoot Lee, Charles Lee and William Lee were born. If the gentleman will ride with me six miles I'll take him to Monroe's Creek, where President Monroe was born; if he will ride with me half an hour longer I will take him to Port Conway, where President Madison was born; if he will then stand with me in my portico I will show him, over the tree-tops, the chimney-stacks of the baronial mansion where Robert E. Lee first saw the light. Can Massachusetts match those men?"



There is no wonder, then, that this old town, seated at the very head of this favored region, should have borne herself so proudly, and have remembered so well "the breed of noble bloods from whom her people sprung." We can never forget them, and we must teach our children how proud their heritage is, and how jealously they must guard it.

There have been eras in the lives of nations which have been prolific of men great in war, great in literature, great in art. This era in the life of our State has been prolific of men great in goodness, great in devotion to duty, great in the simple purity of their lives, and in the good works which live after them to bless and elevate us all. On yonder Stafford hills, but a bowshot off, George Washington had his boyhood's home. From there he went out on his great voyage of life, freighted with courage, truth and honor, to return the great hero of the world. Half a century later, Robert E. Lee passed the happy summer days of his young life in that old house of Chatham. And I tell you that the lessons he learned there, as he stood a barefooted boy at his mother's knee, did more to make him the great, good knight he was, than all the teachings of the schools.

Hard by, Maury, that Matthew Fontaine Maury, whose name your encampment bears, first drew his breath, and in this town began his work, which has filled the world with wonder.

Here, too, Lewis Herndon lived, that noble Captain, who, gentle as Sydney, forgot himself to save others. And his whole duty done, passed with bowed and uncovered head into his Maker's presence, to receive his "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

And we who are assembled here to-day have seen the men of this generation who gave their life blood freely forth for the cause we all so dearly loved.

There was no paltering with honor in this people *then*; only devotion to duty was found in their ranks, when the storm of war rolled over us. Had the men shrunk, these Fredericksburg women would have nerved and shamed them. But no man faltered. The fiercest onslaughts of the war were here, and here we repulsed them all. On yonder hillsides sleep the mute witnessess of that tragic story. On the slope of Marye's Hill now stand twenty thousand monuments to the valor and the victories of our people. And on the opposing slope of Kenmore rest the brave Confederates who won those victories—all States of the Confederacy are recorded there by the gentle, loving hands of our women.

"On Fame's eternal camping ground their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round the bivouac of the dead.  
We may not rear a marble shaft above the hearts that now are dust,  
But Nature, like a mother fond, will ne'er forget her sacred trust.  
Young April o'er their lowly mounds shall shake the violets from her hair,  
And glorious June, with fervid kiss, shall bid the roses blossom there.  
And round about, the droning bee, with drowsy hum shall come and go,  
And west winds all the livelong day shall murmur dirges soft and low."

No truer heroes ever went to battle than those brave boys of ours. And other heroes went out from here to teach us how to live and how to die. These were the heroes of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness," who, on humanity's call, gave up their lives. In the still watches of the night, amidst the sick and dying, silently and tenderly their work was done; none, save God above, saw it. His eye was on them. And when each in his turn fell under the fever he had so long fought for others, God took him. 'Twas here they drew the inspiration of a heroism nobler than that of battle. And in emulating the examples before them, they have left us fresh examples to guide our lives. "For greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

A few months ago a venerable prelate, now long past his four score years, and looking over the boundary of that happy land he yearns to enter, said: "The longer I live the more I estimate goodness above great intellect. I think it is a common mistake of mankind to praise and exalt men of talents too highly. Unless guided by goodness they do only evil."

In the examples before us, greatness and goodness have gone hand in hand; our great men have been great Christians too. Let us remember that. In statecraft, in philosophy, in war, they remembered their Creator, and revered His holy name. It could not, then, be otherwise than that their influence was shed over all the community in which they lived, and I have often reflected upon the gentleness and purity of this people.

The social crimes which daily pollute the public prints were never heard of here. Homicide was unknown, and I cannot recall a fight with deadly weapons, nor a duel, except one fifty years ago, in which a Randolph received his antagonist's shot, and fired his own into the air. In fact old Fredericksburg had attained to that civilization which can dispense with "the code," and God grant that she may never go backward in this, and that her young men and her maidens may "ever in their right hands carry gentle peace to silence envious tongues."

And now when you ask what influence made these men so great and good, I tell you that it was the influence of the pure Virginia women. In that civilization which was our privilege, woman in all her highest and gentlest influences reigned supreme. Established in her hereditary home, surrounded by kindred and congenial friends, served by hereditary servants, she was secluded from every contamination of the coarser life of cities, as from the depressing effects of domestic drudgery. She was the Lady Bountiful of her domain, but she was no idler—up with the lark, she saw her household in order, she ministered to the sick and comforted the afflicted; bond and free alike rejoiced in her gentle care.

“The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil.”

“She will do him good, and not evil, all the days of her life.”

“Her children rise up and call her blessed.”

She clung with loving reverence to the traditions of her race, and she taught her sons to be brave, to tell the truth, to love God, and to respect and protect woman. These were the women who have made our men so great and good.

And the struggle of the Southern people, under the trials of the past eighteen years, give assurance there is no decay of manhood in our men, nor of womanliness in our women. The sunset of the day of Appomattox enshrouded Virginia in the gloom of the direst desolation that ever overwhelmed a people. Her whole land had been ravaged and wasted by war; thousands of her noblest sons had been slain and maimed, and languished in prison; her labor was all gone; her mills and her barns, her horses and her oxen, and the very implements of husbandry had been swept away. In one day all the currency of the country became worthless, and worst of all the degradations history records of a conquered people, her menial slaves were elevated to be the political masters of her population. But, with the dawn of the next day, Virginia began her retrieval. She buried her dead out of her sight, washed away her tears, and with no stain of shame upon her cheek, she marched on her new career, and such a victory has never been snatched from such a defeat as hers. Peace and prosperity abound through all her borders, and she is again in the very van of the States of this great Republic, coöperating with all for the common good of the whole country, and the glory of her sons and her daughters who have done all this, is worthy of all the glories their fathers have won.

My friends, the responsibility of a proud history is a great conservator of virtue. A just love of fame is the greatest stimulus of high endeavor. We have a fierce battle before us, and must carry these with us into the fight. On us devolves to develop the resources of our State, to plant her in her pristine place amongst the States, and above all, to transmit the influences of the great examples who have, till now, guided us on the mountain ranges of thought and of honor. This duty done, we can say with a loftier pride than the "Roman Citizen," "I am a Virginian."

And I will briefly sketch to my younger hearers the career of him whose name your Encampment bears :

Matthew Fontaine Maury was born in Spotsylvania county, January 14, 1806. In 1811 his father moved with his family and slaves to a cotton plantation near Franklin, Tennessee. In 1824, Captain John Minor Maury, the oldest son, died while serving against the pirates as Flag Captain of the West India Squadron, (under old Commodore David Porter,) and next year young Matthew was appointed midshipman. His father opposed so strongly his entry into the Navy, that supplied with money by a friend, and by the overseer with a horse, young Matthew rode away from his father's home without his father's blessing, through that great wilderness that lay between him and the career for which his spirit yearned. If ever an unfilial act was justified by the event, this was. He was warmly greeted on reaching Fredericksburg by his uncle, General John Minor, who sped him on his way to Washington, and to his dying day remembered with gratitude and affection the kindly courtesies shown him here by that exemplar of our hospitality, the late Thomas B. Barton. His pay was then, as midshipman, \$20 per month. He allotted one-half of it to his widowed sister. His first voyage was in the Brandywine Frigate, when she took General Lafayette to France. And from the very outset of his professional career, diligence in its pursuit, and eager study of all the marvels of creation it unfolded to his eyes engrossed him. In the steerage of the midshipman he began the new treatise on navigation, which he completed a few years later here. In 1834 he married Miss Anne Herndon, sister of Captain Herndon, and for several years their home was here, and he was occupied in forecasting measures of reform and improvement in his profession. In 1842 he was made Superintendent of the Depot of Charts, which, under him, was developed into the National Ob-



servatory at Washington, the great world center of Hydrographical Science. There he issued his Wind and Current Charts and published his Physical Geography of the Sea. In the words of Humboldt, "he created a new science."

There he marked out the tracks of speed and safety for mariners of every clime over the ocean's bosom, and showed the beds on the bottoms of the seas where the telegraph now safely lies. And at his call all the maratime nations sent their officers to learn of him in the great Conference at Brussels. Honors now were richly poured upon him. Every Emperor, King and Potentate of Europe sent him orders, medals and jeweled decorations. And Humboldt sent him his great Cosmos medal. Of a truth he had been "diligent in his business," and was declared "worthy to stand before Kings."

The war between the States now approached and filled him with apprehension. It broke forth while he was in the very climax of his fame. No man then living held so proud a place. But on Virginia's call he gave it freely up and devoted himself thenceforth to the service of his people. No act of self-abnegation was ever more marked than this. The Emperor of Russia, and a few days later the Emperor of France, invited him in generous and eloquent terms to make his home with them, and away from the turmoil of civil war pursue those great works which were the property of the whole human race. In grateful words he declined these tempting honors because he could not abandon his own people in the day of their calamity. When the war closed a price had been set upon his head, and he was a homeless exile. Again Russia and France invited him, and the new born Mexican Empire won him to her service for a time. He was in England when Maximilian fell, and remained there to complete the School Geographies now so widely used. Then once again Napoleon sought him, offering the highest scientific office of France, which he declined, because his own people needed him. And in their service he calmly closed his great career. His last words were, "It is well," and well it is with him, indeed. In all his writings, all his works, he had illustrated the Christian's life and confirmed the Christian's faith. In these days of flippant infidelity, when would-be wise men question the revelations of the Scriptures through their developments of modern science, they are rebuked by this great master of Nature's laws, who ever held them to be the laws of God, and that the Bible is their great expounder.

## Stray Leaves from a Soldier's Journal.

*By W. S. WHITE, Third Company Richmond Howitzers.*

## FALL OF RICHMOND.

'Twas the Sabbath morning on the 2d of April, 1865, and all was quiet along our lines. My battalion had been relieved from the front and was stationed a mile or so back in the rear of our main lines, on the north side of the James River. At the usual hour for divine services quite a goodly collection of men had assembled in the Third Howitzers and a feeling discourse was preached to them by our chaplain, Rev. Henry M. White, than whom there is no chaplain more popular in our army. How quiet and peaceful everything seemed, and yet, farther on, away off to the right, across the James River, scenes were transpiring that would shake from center to circumference our now hopeless Confederacy.

Little did the pastor or the people think then that it was the last sermon to the First Virginia Artillery!

The calm peacefulness of that Sabbath morning meeting, hanging as it were over the very volcano of destruction, made a vivid impression on my mind no circumstance can efface.

A short time afterward orders came for us to "prepare to move to the front"—this was considered only a precautionary order, and we thought but little of it. Many of our boys had gone into the city, as it was only a few miles off, and early in the afternoon one of them returned in breathless haste and bearing strange tidings. Says he: "Richmond is wild with excitement. General Lee has met with a heavy reverse on our right, and *Richmond will be evacuated in less than twenty-four hours.*"

At first we paid but little attention to this information, considered by us as nothing more than a Sunday rumor; but others soon began to come in, and all bore the same sad tidings. How like a thunder-bolt it came! and we—oh, how unprepared for the result! In solemn groups of five and ten the men collected, discussing the probable result of such a move as the forced evacuation of our metropolis. Sorrow was depicted upon every countenance, but also there was the stern determination to follow the flag of our noble Lee so long as it waved, and fall, if fall we must, under the blood-stained banner of the Army of Northern Virginia.

Noble banner! so oft triumphant and so deeply dyed with the

blood of fallen followers ! Ere long—a week hence—and thou wilt trail in the dust of defeat ; but we that are permitted to remain with thee unto the bitter end, even until there is no hope left, will feel neither degradation nor humiliation when thou art folded forever.

There was no longer a doubt of the fact that we had to surrender Richmond. Yes, noble old city, that for four long and bloody years had withstood the powerful combinations of our powerful foe.

Our lines on the right were totally swept away, our loss very severe, and we were outnumbered on every side. Still we had received no definite orders as to when or where we should move ; and in sorrow the day wore on apace. As most of our horses were absent, we could only take with the Third Company two caissons, and then have but four horses each to our four Napoleons—very heavy guns, and should never be moved with less than six horses.

In our batallion the Rockbridge Artillery will have four guns, the Powhatan Artillery three guns, Salem Artillery four guns, the Third Howitzers four guns, making a total of fifteen guns, commanded by Colonel R. A. Hardaway, a brave and efficient officer.

Our commissary has no transportation for rations, and they are issued to us indiscriminately, each man taking as much as he can carry, none of us knowing when or where they would be again issued.

About ten o'clock at night orders came for us to move on to Richmond as rapidly as possible, and cross the James river at Mayo's bridge.

Everything now assumed the customary bustle and confusion of a camp preparing to be permanently abandoned. Captains gave orders to Lieutenants and they to Sergeants, whilst Sergeants called out lustily for out-of-the-way drivers, who were busily engaged in collecting a variety of plunder and a superabundance of rations, for the hauling of which there was no transportation, and every one had free access to as much meat, meal, molasses, flour, etc., as could be carried. About eleven o'clock we took the road and moved rapidly towards the city. I started with about twenty cannoniers to my gun, but when we nearly reached the city only two of them could be found, one of whom was quite lame, and the other one so lazy that if he started to run he would be too lazy to stop. These boys had all gone in ahead of the company to bid their friends and parents farewell ; and as I had some friends in the city whom I wished to bid farewell, I turned the command of the fourth gun over to the lame cannonier, and I left also.

As I entered the city, by the way of Rocketts, scenes of confusion

met me on every hand, and though it was long after midnight, yet crowds of men, women and children, of every hue and size, thronged the streets in dense masses, bearing away upon their shoulders all kinds of commissary stores. Whether these things were issued to them, or were stolen by them, I had not the heart to enquire.

Armed men—citizen guards—were marching through the streets and emptying into the gutters all the liquor they could find, whilst beastly sots followed in their wake, and wallowing literally in the mire of inebriation drank deeply from this reeking, seething, poisonous stream; and the fumes thereof ascending, mingled with the curses of strange women, of reeling, staggering, drunken men, of Federal prisoners marching through the streets and shouting forth their jibes and jeers at the downfall of the Southern metropolis, made this a night of horror that never can be forgotten.

All the private dwellings were yet lighted up, and that told of the anguish, the suffering, and the pain of parting then taking place; for from nearly every dwelling a loved one was going forth from his home, and was leaving all behind him. I soon bade my friends farewell, not knowing that I would ever see them again, and rejoined my command on Fourteenth (Pearl) street, near Mayo's bridge.

"Forward, Third Company!" We were marching away—away from all we cherished and held most dear on earth. Three times had we, as a company, marched through noble old Richmond since the war commenced, and now we knew that we were going away forever—that another flag would, in a few short hours, float triumphantly over her hills where to-day the Bonnie Blue Flag of Dixie is floating for the very last time.

We lingered not to participate in or to witness the shamefully disgraceful proceedings that took place a short time after we left, but in silence and in sorrow we marched on, on to the sound of the night wind sighing through streets that ere long should ring with the shout of a shameless mob, and roar with the desolating flame of destruction. No woman's hand waved us a parting adieu as we sped onward, no maiden's eye sparkled a farewell and a hope for the future, no matron or sire, bending 'neath the weight of years, bade us God speed, for the weak and defenseless were weeping in their desolated homes, and thus we left them.

All night long we marched, and on the morning of the 3d halted a few miles from Branch's Church, in Chesterfield county.

Went into camp about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, at Tomahawk Church, and remaining there all night, resumed our march at 3 A.



M. on the 4th. I was utterly broken down, and did not get up until several hours after our battalion had resumed its march, but as it was moving so slowly, I soon caught up with it. Crossed the Appomattox River at Mattoax Station, upon a railway bridge, a very dangerous experiment, as the bridge was in a horrible condition. Lee's army is evidently making for Danville, Va., *via* Burkeville Junction. Camped near Mattoax Station.

*Wednesday, April 5th.*—Marched all day and night; passed through Amelia Courthouse, and there found the enemy pressing us closely. A short distance in front of our battalion, beyond the Courthouse, a brigade of Federals dashed into our lines, but were driven off.

*Thursday, April 6th.*—The enemy have reached Burkeville Junction ahead of us, and we must take another direction, towards Lynchburg, I presume. The enemy, to-day, made a bold dash upon our column, at Deatonville, Amelia county; our guns were rapidly brought "into battery," and for a time we thought a heavy fight would take place. After a half hour's engagement we drove them off and resumed our march. Matters now began to assume a very serious aspect, and late in the afternoon a heavy fight occurred in our rear, in which we were most seriously worsted. The march now assumed every appearance of a rout. Soldiers from every command were straggling all over the country, and our once grand army was rapidly melting away. On every side the Federals were capturing our wagon trains, artillery, etc., and in the meantime picked up thousands of our men, who were too nearly starved to fight. Marched to the High Bridge, over the Appomattox, and reached that point late at night, remaining there until next morning, when we moved in the direction of Farmville.

#### STAMPEDE.

*Friday, April 7th.*—Moved within two miles of Farmville, where we halted to rest. Most of us busied ourselves in preparing a lunch composed of anything we could get. I had finished my delicious (to me) meal, consisting of a savory slap jack, and was lying on the ground, quietly taking my ease, when all at once a commotion arose and the drivers commenced hitching up in a hurry; for once the gallant, though somewhat lazy, Fourth Detachment, was on time. There was no hollooming for "Jack Crump," Jack was ready, and every body else was ready, and we moved out into the road without

regard to company or battalion order. There was much confusion, and I had received no especial orders, but I knew something was wrong. In the scramble, my gun (four-inch) occupied the third place from the head of the battalion. We moved rapidly; I was ahead of and separated from the balance of my company, and no commissioned officer was with me. Finally an officer from the Salem artillery rode by, and as he did so, remarked:

"You had better keep your eye upon a good horse; you will need him presently."

I replied, "I expect as much."

We were moving to the right of Farmville, a short distance in Cumberland county, and through a densely wooded swamp. Two guns belonging to the Salem artillery were in my front, and, though at the head of the battalion, neither field nor company officers were with them. I stopped to get a drink of water, and in so doing, noticed that no other guns were following me; an Orderly rode up to me and said:

"Colonel Hardaway says you have taken the wrong road; get back into the other road as speedily as possible."

I looked back and that which I had been expecting for some time was at its height—a stampede had taken place. Men and horses were dashing furiously through the woods. Instead of obeying Colonel Hardaway's order, it flashed across my mind that if I would move on the by-road, the enemy, if any there be near at hand, would follow the main column, and I might easily escape with my gun. So I gave the drivers orders to "trot, march," and away we went at a swinging rate. However, there was a wagon train in our front (Captain R. L. Christian's) and that brought us to a halt—the panic was spreading amongst his drivers, who had halted, unhitched, and were preparing to *spike their mules*, I reckon. I prevailed upon them not to desert their train, but to move along, at least until some of us had seen the enemy, or had heard a shot fired, neither of which had been done as yet. We moved on as rapidly as we could, and every now and then men from our main column would come up, telling us of the stampede, but not one of them had seen a single sign of a Yankee, or had heard a shot fired. I was fully convinced now that the whole affair was caused by improper information, and that the enemy were not in two miles of us. The drivers having, according to orders, cut their traces, and, being ordered to take care of themselves, were doing some John Gilpin horseman-

ship through the woods, and having no officers with them, were seemingly at a great loss to know what to do. I was fully satisfied that if the drivers were sent back at once the abandoned guns could all be saved ; therefore, whenever I came in contact with one of the battalion drivers, I sent him back to the guns, which order was pretty generally obeyed.

After many inquiries we found the cause of the stampede to be this :

It will be remembered that we were marching without support, and were within two miles of Farmville, where we halted to give men and horses a few hours rest, and from that place we moved in great hurry and confusion. General Mahone, commanding our rear guard, had sent direct information to Colonel Hardaway that he, General Mahone, could no longer maintain his ground, and unless our battalion moved off in haste, it would certainly be captured. Hence the haste ; Hardaway was informed that he would be entirely without support, and was ordered (by Mahone, I think,) that if the enemy appeared upon his flank, he (Hardaway) must immediately spike his guns and abandon them, saving his men and horses, if possible ; that the enemy would probably appear on his *left* flank—no Confederate force being between us and them.

Whilst we were marching through this dense swamp in Cumberland county, our battalion being badly scattered, and we not being able to see but a few yards either to the right or left, Colonel Talcott, a Colonel of Engineers on General R. E. Lee's staff (I think,) rode up to Colonel Hardaway and made this statement :

"The enemy are upon your left flank, and are but a short distance from you."

Upon this information, *yet without seeing the enemy*, Colonel Hardaway, generally cautious and thoroughly brave, gave the order to abandon the guns. Colonel Braxton had four guns in rear of us belonging to his battalion ; they were also abandoned. The greater portion of these guns were spiked or cut down by our men, some of whom never left the guns at all. The "First," "Second" and "Third" guns of the "Third Company Howitzers," *were spiked or disabled*; the "Second Howitzers" has no guns; the "First Company" has buried theirs, and the "Fourth Detachment, Third Company," represents the RICHMOND HOWITZERS.

Six or seven of the abandoned guns were recovered that night by the men, and one of them was given to Sergeant George D. Thax-

ton (Second Detachment, Third Company,) he having brought it off the field. This gun belonged to Braxton's battalion, but as we saved it, our boys held on to it. We had a great deal of trouble to bring these guns up, for the roads were muddy and our horses almost famished.

*Saturday, April 8th.*—It is impossible for us to reach Lynchburg, the question of our *surrender* is now one of time only. Marched within four miles of Appomattox Courthouse, and halted about 2 P. M. Later in the afternoon heavy firing is heard immediately in our front, and soon we hear that the enemy have attacked and captured a park of our artillery, commanded by General Lindsey Walker, amounting to some thirty or forty guns. No infantry was supporting this artillery, and though the artillerists made a gallant resistance, yet the most of them had to surrender. Some got off with their guns, and buried them shortly afterwards.

The "Second Company, Richmond Howitzers," at the evacuation of Richmond, had been given muskets, and have been doing infantry duty ever since. To say that they did their duty well is but to say what we expected of them. At Sailor's Creek, in Amelia county, they had fought the enemy most gallantly, and their loss was severe; they did not know *how* to run. At this place one of their Lieutenants, Henry S. Jones, fell mortally wounded; he was a gallant soldier, and had served faithfully with that Company during the entire war. So near the end and then to fall. At night we buried several guns belonging to our battalion, and afterwards many of us gathered around our camp-fires, discussing our probable fate. It was now apparent to all that we could hold out but a few hours—men and horses were utterly worn down by fatigue, loss of sleep and hunger. Thousands were leaving their commands and wandering about the devastated country in quest of food, and *they had no muskets*.

Each hour the enemy was drawing his anaconda coil around us more closely. The throes of dissolution had commenced, and we would go out with the tide. The oil in the lamp was burning low, and the light was going out forever.

THE SURRENDER—APPOMATTOX COURTHOUSE, SUNDAY APRIL 9TH,  
1865.

We started early and moved in the direction of Appomattox Courthouse. When reaching that place 'twas evident we could go



no farther, for the enemy, cavalry, infantry and artillery, in countless thousands, were on every side. A shell comes hurtling down the lines; others follow fast and follow faster; just as cheerfully and just as defiantly as at Bethel, four years ago, when our hopes were big with the fate and fame of a new-born nation, do our boys go forth to meet them, and our guns hurl back their shot and shell.

WE were but a little band, standing there in the soft spring light of that Sabbath morn; THEY were as the sands upon the sea shore, or as the leaves upon the forest trees.

The flag of the *Army of Northern Virginia*, under whose silken folds so many a gallant comrade, friend, and brother fell, all tattered and torn, but NEVER dishonored, and around whose broken staff so many happy memories cluster, is floating above us for the very last time. The fighting ceased and soldiers wept.

"O now forever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind; farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the just wars,  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife,  
The *Southern* banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of *bloody* war!  
And O, you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
The immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,  
FAREWELL—Othello's occupation's gone!"

Then rode adown our lines that peer of Generals, ROBERT EDWARD LEE, his head all bared and his noble face all clouded with a sorrow deeper than tongue can tell or pen can paint.

Is it a wonder then, that strong men, "men grown old in wars," weep like children, and tearfully turning from, to them, the saddest sight on earth, silently prepare to go back to their desolated homes?

Ah! Time, nor sorrow, nor no other grief, however great, can erase from memory's vellum page the bitterness of that day.

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**Correction of Errors in Statement of Governor Anderson, and Letter of General Echols.**

LETTER FROM PRESIDENT DAVIS.

[We need not say that our pages are *always* open to the distinguished chieftain, and pure patriot, who guided the fortunes of the

Confederacy. But he is especially welcome when his facile pen nar-ratives matters of which he, above all others, is best qualified to speak.]

BEAUVOIR, MISS., 22d November, 1883.

REV. J. WILLIAM JONES, D D.,

*Secretary Southern Historical Society:*

*Dear Sir*,—I regretted to see several important errors published in the October No. of the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL SOCIETY PAPERS, especially because I have regarded them as to be the depository of authentic facts in regard to the “Confederate States of America.” Sympathizing with the evident purpose of the writers to do honor to the memory of our great Captain, Robert E. Lee, I submit that his fame requires no adventitious aid. His character grand, beautiful in its simplicity, complete in its consistency, needs no ornamentation, and least of all, fictitious elevation at the expense of others.

A note appended to page 447 contains the following sentence ·

“Remember, too, that the *Confederate high places* were all notoriously filled or engaged (Sidney Johnston for first command, &c.”) Remember, also, Lee’s “Virginia soil conditions” of acceptance. His is a wondrous record of consistent purity !—*Governor Anderson.*

This is a wondrous bundle of errors.

General Lee did not leave the United States Army to enter that of the Confederacy. He conscientiously believed that his allegiance was due primarily to Virginia, and through her, so long as she remained in the Union, that he owed allegiance to the United States ; therefore, when Virginia withdrew from the Union and war was waged against her because of the exercise of that sovereign right, the alternative presented to Lee, was to fight against, or in defence of, his mother State. Any one who knew him could have foretold what his choice would be. Temptatious arguments offered to such a man to prove traitor to his country in the hour of her direst need, could only have been heard for complaisance sake.

When he came and offered his services to Virginia, he was at once appointed Commander in Chief of her army, for Virginia had not then united with the Confederate States. Subsequent to that event Virginia voluntarily became one of the Confederate States, as she had in 1788 become one of the United States. Then the Army of Virginia was transferred and became a part of the army of the Con-

federate States. General Lee was nominated and confirmed to the highest grade then existing in the Confederate army, and to the highest rank of the officers who were transferred by Virginia, as was due to the position he held in that army. The relative rank of officers who left the Army of the United States and joined that of the Confederacy was fixed by the law of March 14th, 1861; beyond this the Executive had authority to select General officers, with the limitation that, after the army was organized, the selection must be made from the officers thereof. Brigadier-General Twiggs was the highest in rank of the officers who left the United States army to serve the Confederacy, and under our law must have had the highest rank if he had been willing to enter for the general service; he declined to do so, and was commissioned in the provisional army. So much for the fictitious engagement with "Sidney Johnston for first command."

But, yet further, it may be stated that when Lee left the United States army and took service with Virginia, and when he was commissioned in the Confederate service, Brevet-Brigadier-General Sidney Johnston was commanding the United States forces in California, and we had no information of an intention on his part to join the Confederacy. It is cruelly unjust, as it is utterly untrue, that Johnston came to the Confederacy under an engagement about his position in our army, and it is within my personal knowledge that he did not know, until after he arrived at Richmond, that our law secured his relative rank if he left the United States army to join that of the Confederacy.

A fair knowledge and appreciation of the character of Lee, would have excluded the supposition that he would have counted among obstacles, the expectation that he would be ranked in the new service by the Colonel of their former regiment, an officer of eminent ability and distinguished service. I have stated elsewhere, and more fully than it is convenient to do now, how little regardful about their rank either of these great and good men were. They offered their swords and their lives to the defence of their country's cause, without counting the cost or claiming a reward. I do not know what is meant by "Lee's Virginia soil conditions." So far as I know, he made no conditions on entering the Confederate army, and the proof that he did not consider himself on local duty, is found in his service in South Carolina and Georgia.

To those officers who were reared in the army, and had followed

the flag of the United States in Indian and in foreign wars, to whom, on sea and land, it revived the memories of home, whose friends and associates from boyhood were chiefly in the army, it was a severe trial to sever their professional ties and turn their backs upon a flag dear to them as the memory of early love; but so many of the Southern officers of the army and navy made that sacrifice, that the exceptions are not sufficiently numerous to shield them from the contempt which belongs to desertion.

On pages 451-454 is a letter from General John Echols, of whom it will be unnecessary, to those who know him, to say that he is so incapable of misstatement that error must be unintentional; yet he has committed a grave mistake, which does injustice to General Lee and to myself, and is quite out of keeping with the law and the usage of the Confederate States. I extract as follows: "In the winter of '63-'4, if my memory serves me, when General Lee's headquarters were near Orange Courthouse, Virginia, I was directed by President Davis to go to the General and to urge upon him to recommend his distinguished son, General Custis Lee, to an important command, for which President Davis thought him admirably fitted, but to which he could not assign him without the recommendation of his father, who was in chief command of the army. I went to him and spent several hours in his tent at night talking over the importance of the command to which it was desired that General Custis Lee should be assigned, and delivered to him messages which had been sent by President Davis upon the subject, \* \* \* but I could make no impression upon the General, and the only answer which I could get from him, and which he reiterated at different times in the conversation, when I would urge the President's wishes, was, 'General Custis Lee is my son, and whilst I think very well of his abilities, yet, in my opinion, he has not been sufficiently tried in the field, and because he is my son and because of his want of sufficient experience in the field, I cannot and I will not recommend him for the place. You may return and say to the President that I recognize the importance of the position to which he refers, and that I am willing to send to that command any other officer here with my army whom he may designate, however valuable that officer is, or may be, to me in my present position.' " Modesty and courtesy were characteristics of Lee, and self-assertion, even to the extent it was just, was no part of his usual conduct; but he is here presented in a guise never worn by him in his frequent correspondence and conversation during the four



years of the war. He was not "in chief command of the army" at the time specified. Soon after he took command of the Army of Northern Virginia, he insisted upon being relieved of the general command to which I had previously assigned him, and his repeated request in that regard was granted. I very frequently consulted him about other matters than those of the army under his command, and did so on several occasions about affairs in West Virginia. On one occasion, I think it must have been about the time to which General Echols alludes, some gentlemen in Western Virginia requested me to appoint Custis Lee to the command of that department. He was then, and had for some time been, the senior officer of my staff, and my observation of him, both in the office and at various times in the field, had well satisfied me of his ability. The case was one in which his unwillingness to interfere with other officers had no just application. I sent for him and offered him the command, stating the circumstances of the case; he left me without any expression of his wishes on the subject, but soon after one of my aids told me that when he went to the room occupied by them he mentioned the offer I had made to him, and expressed his unwillingness to take the position in such decided terms that I could not consistently force it upon him. It must have been after this that General Echols saw General Lee, and thinking, no doubt, like myself, that Custis Lee was very well suited to the command, he may naturally have enforced his opinion by a reference to my own, but General Robert Lee knew too well what was due to me and to himself to have claimed any power to control me in the matter. He was as little likely to assume what did not belong to him as I was to surrender my constitutional function. I frequently consulted General Lee about officers to be employed elsewhere than under his command, and in connection with the subject of West Virginia I have received a copy of a letter written to me by General Lee from his headquarters at Orange Courthouse, 27th of January, 1864. He writes: "I have not been unmindful of your request expressed in your letter of the 16th inst., desiring my opinion in reference to the reorganization of the troops in West Virginia." After making favorable mention of a number of officers, he proceeds: "I do not know to what duty General Buckner is assigned, but of the officers that have been serving in that department I think General Ransom is the most prominent." At a later date, when General Ransom's health rendered it necessary to relieve him, I sent the following telegram to General Lee:

“RICHMOND, August 9, 1864.

*General R. E. Lee, Dunn's Hill, Va.:*

Who shall relieve General Ransom in the Valley? Can General F. Lee, or would it be better to send a Senior Brigadier?”

To which General Lee answered as follows :

“DUNN'S HILL, VA., August 9th, 1864.

*His Excellency, Jeff'n Davis :*

Dispatch of to-day received.† \* \* \* Some commander should relieve Ransom. I think it best to send Fitz. Lee's Senior Brigadier. Will do so if you approve.”

To which I replied :

“August 10th, 1864.

GENERAL R. E. LEE, *near Petersburg, Va. :*

I accept your conclusion. General G. W. C. Lee not physically equal to the duty. Send the Senior Brigadier of Fitz. Lee's division.”

I will close this long letter, as I began, with the expression of my deep interest in the SOUTHERN HISTORICAL PAPERS, and with an earnest protest against allowing the statuesque character of Lee to be impaired by ascribing to him what is inconsistent with its symmetry.

I am, very respectfully,

JEFFERSON DAVIS.

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#### Death of General A. P. Hill.

*By G. W. TUCKER, formerly General A. P. Hill's Sergeant of Couriers.*

[The Confederacy had no more gallant soldier, no more devoted patriot, no more self-sacrificing servant than the accomplished gentleman who yielded up his noble life on that last sad day at Petersburg,

We are glad to be able to lay before our readers and put on record

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† These stars of omission are in the copy I have, and there is nothing except my answer to indicate what was thus omitted.

the story of his death, as told in the interesting narrative of Sergeant Tucker. It will be seen that General Hill, with a sick furlough in his pocket, returned to duty as soon as he learned that his grand old corps, which he had led so ably and successfully during the last campaign, was about to meet the enemy again, and that, after his lines were broken by Grant's overwhelming numbers, he lost his life in an attempt to reach and take personal command of the part of his corps which was cut off from the main army.

He fell, where his gallant spirit was ever found, in the path of duty, and left behind a record luminous with heroic deeds for the land and cause he loved so well.]

The tragic death of Ambrose Powell Hill ended pre-eminent services to the cause he had espoused with singleness of heart and maintained with unexcelled constancy of purpose and courage. He needs no eulogy from any. Those attached to his person, or often in contact, have simply to say, "We loved him." It is for his surviving comrades of the Third corps, and especially those of the old "A. P. Hill's Light Division," that the details of their General's last ride of duty are more particularly given.

During the entire winter of 1864-'65 General Hill was an invalid and was absent in Richmond on a sick-leave from about March 20th, returning to his command upon being advised of the operations on the right beyond Hatcher's Run. April 1, accompanied by his staff and couriers, he spent in the saddle from early morning until about 9 P. M., returning at night along the works held by his corps as far as those in front of Fort Gregg, where the General halted a considerable time. He passed only a few words with his staff party or those very, very few in the trenches there. He seemed lost in contemplation of the immediate position, at which the Confederate line had become so terribly stretched that it broke that very night, letting in a deluge of the enemy, who, only partly checked by the wonderful defense of Fort Gregg, next morning flooded the country. We then returned to corps headquarters, which were at Indiana, on an extension of Washington street, Petersburg, and immediately adjoining "The Model Farm," on the east. General Hill retired to Venable's cottage, just across the road and within fifty yards of his camp, having had there, during the winter, his wife and two young children.

About midnight the cannonading in front of Petersburg, which had begun at nightfall, became very heavy, increasing as the hours went

by. Colonel Palmer, Chief of Staff, woke Major Starke, Acting Adjutant General, and requested him to find out the cause and effect of the prolonged firing. This was between 2 and 3 o'clock on the morning of April 2. Major Starke returned before daylight and reported "that the enemy had part of our line near the Rives' salient, and that matters looked critical on the lines in front of the city." This he communicated to General Hill at Venable's.

Before sunrise General Hill came over and asked Colonel Palmer if he had any report from Generals Wilcox and Heth, whose divisions on the right extended from the front of Fort Gregg to and beyond Burgess's Mill, on Hatcher's Run. The Colonel told him that he had heard nothing from them, and had nothing further to report beyond Major Starke's statement.

The General then passed on to his tent, and a few minutes later the Colonel, noticing his colored servant, Charles, leading the General's saddled horse to his tent, ran to him just as he was mounting and asked permission to accompany him. He told the Colonel no, and desired him to wake up the staff, get everything in readiness and have the headquarters' wagons hitched up. He added that he was going to General Lee's, and would take Sergeant Tucker and two couriers, and that as soon as he could have an interview with General Lee, he would return.

General Hill then rode to the couriers' quarters and found me in the act of grooming my horse. [I did not then have the slightest intimation of what had taken place since our return from the lines the night before.] He directed me to follow him with two couriers immediately to General Lee's headquarters. He then rode off rapidly. It was our custom, in critical times, to have, during the night, two of the couriers' horses always saddled. I called to Kirkpatrick and Jenkins, the couriers next in turn, to follow the General as quickly as possible. I saddled up at once and followed them. Kirkpatrick and Jenkins arrived at General Lee's together, only a few minutes after General Hill, who at once directed Kirkpatrick to ride rapidly back to our quarters (I met him on the road, going at full speed) and tell Colonel Palmer to follow him to the right, and the others of the staff, and couriers, must rally the men on the right. This was the first information received at corps headquarters that our right had given way. General Hill then rode, attended only by Jenkins, to the front gate of General Lee's headquarters (Turnbull House, on the Cox road, nearly one and a half miles westerly from General Hill's), where I met them.



We went directly across the road into the opposite field, and riding due south a short distance the General drew rein, and for a few moments used his field-glass, which, in my still profound ignorance of what had happened, struck me as exceedingly queer. We then rode on in the same direction down a declivity toward a small branch running eastward to Old Town Creek, and a quarter of a mile from General Lee's. We had gone little more than half this distance, when we suddenly came upon two of the enemy's armed infantrymen. Jenkins and myself, who, up to this time, rode immediately behind the General, were instantly upon them, when, at the demand, "surrender," they laid down their guns. Turning to the General, I asked what should be done with the prisoners? He said: "Jenkins, take them to General Lee." Jenkins started back with his men, and we rode on.

Though not invited, I was at the General's side, and my attention having now been aroused and looking carefully ahead and around I saw a lot of people in and about the old log hut winter quarters of General Mahone's division, situated to the right of Whitworth House and on top of the hill beyond the branch we were approaching. Now as I knew that those quarters had been vacant since about March 15th by the transfer of Mahone to north of the Appomattox, and feeling that it was the enemy's troops in possession, with nothing looking like a Confederate anywhere, I remarked, pointing to the old camp: "General, what troops are those?" He quickly replied: "The enemy's." Proceeding still further and General Hill making no further remark, I became so impressed with the great risk he was running that I made bold to say: "Please excuse me, General, but where are you going?" He answered: "Sergeant, I must go to the right as quickly as possible." Then, pointing south-west, he said: "We will go up this side of the branch to the woods, which will cover us until reaching the field in rear of General Heth's quarters, I hope to find the road clear at General Heth's."

From that time on I kept slightly ahead of the General. I had kept a Colt's army pistol drawn since the affair of the Federal stragglers. We then made the branch, becoming obscured from the enemy, and crossing the Bowdoin (not "Boydton," as some writers have called it) plank road, soon made the woods, which were kept for about a mile, in which distance we did not see a single person, and emerged into the field opposite General Heth's, at a point two miles due southwest from General Lee's headquarters, at the Turnbull House, and at right angles with the Bowdoin plank road,

at the "Harman" House, which was distant half a mile. When going through the woods, the only words between General Hill and myself, except a few relating to the route, were by himself. He called my attention and said: "Sergeant, should anything happen to me you must go back to General Lee and report it."

We came into the field near its corner, at the foot of a small declivity, rising which I could plainly see that the road was full of troops of some kind. The General, raising his field-glass, said: "They are there." I understood perfectly that he meant the enemy, and asked: "Which way now, General?" He pointed to that side of the woods parallel to the Bowdoin plank road, about one hundred yards down hill from where our horses stood, saying: "We must keep on to the right." I spurred ahead, and we had made two-thirds of the distance, and, coming to a walk, looked intently into the woods, at the immediate edge of which were several large trees. I saw what appeared to be six or eight Federals, two of whom, being some distance in advance of the rest, who halted some forty or fifty yards from the field, ran quickly forward to the cover of one of the large trees, and, one above the other on the same side, leveled their guns.

I looked around to General Hill. He said: "We must take them," at the same time drawing, for the first time that day, his Colt's navy pistol. I said: "Stay there, I'll take them." By this time we were within twenty yards of the two behind the tree and getting closer every moment. I shouted: "If you fire, you'll be swept to hell! Our men are here - surrender!" When General Hill was at my side calling "surrender," now within ten yards of the men covering us with their muskets (the upper one the General, the lower one myself), the lower soldier let the stock of his gun down from his shoulder, but recovered quickly as his comrade spoke to him (I only saw his lips move) and both fired. Throwing out my right hand (he was on that side) toward the General, I caught the bridle of his horse, and, wheeling to the left, turned in the saddle and saw my General on the ground, with his limbs extended, motionless.

Instantly retracing the ground, leading his horse, which gave me no trouble, I entered the woods again where we had left them, and realizing the importance, and of all things most desirous of obeying my General's last order "to report to General Lee," I changed to his horse, a very superior one and quite fresh, and letting mine free kept on as fast as the nature of the ground would permit. But after

sighting and avoiding several parties of Federal stragglers and skirmishers, I felt that it would be best to take to the open country and run for it. After some distance of this I made for the Mahone division log-hut winter quarters, which were still full of the enemy, upon the principle of greater safety in running through its narrow streets than taking their leisurely fire in the open. Emerging thence down hill to the branch, along the north side of which General Hill had so shortly ridden in his most earnest endeavor to reach our separated and shattered right, and in a straight line for General Lee's headquarters, I came in sight of a mounted party of our own people, who, when the branch was crossed and the hill risen, proved to be Lieutenant-General Longstreet and staff, just arrived from north of the Appomattox. Meanwhile, meeting Colonels Palmer and Wingate and others of General Hill's staff and couriers, and halting a moment to answer the kindly expressed inquiries of General Longstreet, we rode on and found General Lee mounted at the Cox road in front of army headquarters. I reported to him General Hill's last order to me. General Lee then asked for details, receiving which and expressing his sorrow he directed me to accompany Colonel Palmer to Mrs. Hill. General Lee said: "Colonel, break the news to her as gently as possible."

The Fifth Alabama battalion, provost guard to General Hill's corps, skirmishing, found the General's body, which was still slightly warm, with nothing about it disturbed. The Federal party were doubtless alarmed at what had been done and must have instantly fled. The writer did not again see General Hill's body, which was brought to Venable's by a route still further to our rear, having, with the staff and couriers of the Third corps, been ordered to General Longstreet, who soon became very actively engaged. I learned that the ball struck the General's pistol hand and then penetrated his body just over the heart. Captain Frank Hill, aide-de-camp (and nephew) to the General, in charge, and Courier Jenkins were of the party detailed to escort the body, with Mrs. Hill and her children, to "a Mr. Hill's," near the banks of James river, in Chesterfield county, where the General's body was temporarily buried and afterwards removed to Hollywood Cemetery, Richmond, Virginia.

Thus closed the career of Lieutenant-General A. P. Hill, of whom Swinton, in his excellent book, "Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac," says: "Who, in all the operations that from first to last filled up the four years' defense of the Confederate capital, had borne a most distinguished part."

Annual Reunion of the Virginia Division Army Northern Virginia Association.

A brilliant audience crowded the State Capitol at Richmond on the evening of November 1st, to hear the address of General A. M. Scales, of North Carolina, before the Virginia Division of the Army of Northern Virginia Association.

After prayer by the Chaplain, Dr. J. Wm. Jones, the President of the Association (General W. H. F. Lee) made an eloquent, and very felicitous address of welcome, and gracefully introduced "the gallant soldier who won his spurs in Virginia, and whose splendid brigade did much to make the glorious history of the Army of Northern Virginia, and win the imperishable fame of the soldiers of the old North State, whose blood enriched every battle-field in Virginia, and whose bodies sleep in every vale and on every hill-side."

We regret that we are unable to publish in full General Scales's address on "*The Battle of Fredericksburg*," but the committee of the Association having accorded that privilege to our friends Carlton McCarthy & Co., Richmond, (from whom copies in pamphlet form can be had), we content ourselves now with saying that it was an able and eloquent description of one of the greatest victories of the war. We shall hereafter make copious extracts from it.

Nor can we now speak of the splendid banquet, at which admirable speeches were made by Colonel William Allan, of Maryland, Captain John Milledge, of Georgia, Rev. H. Melville Jackson, of Richmond, General Early, Judge Theo. S. Garnett, of Norfolk, Colonel Moore, of North Carolina, and others.

We are glad to be able to give in full the

SPEECH OF REV. H. MELVILLE JACKSON.

"*Our Dead*";

"We care not whence they came,  
Dear in their lifeless clay;  
Whether unknown or known to fame,  
Their cause and country still the same—  
They died—and wore the gray."

—*Father Ryan.*

*Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the Army of Northern Virginia*,—Having been no soldier, I feel always, on these festive occasions, as if I were an interloper—a sharer in pleasures I have not



helped to win—a spectator tolerated of your good courtesy. But to-night, when you assign to me the duty of responding to this sentiment, I meet you on common ground; for on the roll of the Confederate dead there are not wanting the names of those who were bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood, and in the manner of whose living, and in the manner of whose death, dishonor or disgrace found neither part nor place. One, sir, a brother (and you will pardon me if I say he was a noble youth), perished in defence of the ocean gateway of North Carolina, and found his resting place beside the placid waters of Albemarle. So, therefore, I feel that others have achieved for me the right to speak of the Confederate dead.

And yet I would that the task of weaving for them to-night a tribute of honor, had been confided to capable hands—to the hands of him, for instance, whom we all expected to meet here to-night, and to whose facile pen we are indebted for the sentiment to which I am responding—I refer to the Poet-Priest of the South.

Sir, I never walk in yonder silent “city of the dead,” where so many of your heroes lie buried in serried ranks, shoulder to shoulder, as they stood in life, and about whose silent bivouac no sentinels stand guard save the grand old oaks, without recalling his beautiful apostrophe:

“Old trees, old trees, keep watch and ward  
Over each grass-grown bed.  
'Tis a glory, old trees, to stand as guard  
Over our Southern dead.  
Old trees, old trees, we shall pass away,  
Like the leaves you yearly shed,  
But ye! lone sentinels, still must stay,  
Old trees, to guard ‘Our Dead.’”

I can well remember the impression made upon my mind when, as a child, I read the Grecian fable of that grim monster—the Minotaur—to be rended and devoured by whom, a yearly tribute of her noblest youths was exacted of queenly Athens; but I did not then understand, as I now know, that this was but a parable of life, symbolizing those terrible devastations which befall a people, and whose insatiable maw contents itself with none but the noblest and best. And O, my countrymen, what a holocaust of victims the Minotaur of War exacted of our fair land! From the banks of the Potomac to the golden shores of the Gulf, from the confines of the far West to the sparkling strand of the Atlantic, there fell the shadow of this

grief, as fell the shadow of the last plague on Egypt, when it was said, "there was not a house where there was not one dead." From many a home in the South, mothers looked out at the window, and like the Mother of Sisera, cried out through the lattice, "Why tarries he so long in his coming?" but he for whom she strained her sight was mouldering into dust beneath the blood-stained sod of Virginia. Many a maiden of the South bade tearful farewell to some gallant youth, into whose eyes, dearer to her than the light of the sun, she should look no more, and whose warm breath upon her brow she should never feel again. They fell, gentlemen, noble sires and noble sons. They fell amidst the tempest and storm-wrack, and iron hail of battle; they fell gloriously, with their faces to the foe, and with the quenchless light of dauntless courage in their eyes. You remember them as they lay cold and stark on the morning after the battle, and you realized the feeling of the poet:

"When all is over, it is humbling to tread  
O'er the weltering field of the tombless dead."

And it is right that you should pause to night in the midst of your festivity to give a thought to those who fell where you passed safely through.

But we cannot follow them in our thought; they are "beyond the veil;" they are on the other side of the mystery: and yet, is that old Scandinavian conception of their state the true one? and do those departed warriors nightly assemble, in some vast banqueting hall, as you are here assembled, to rehearse the stories of prodigy and valour gloriously exemplified in their career?

No; but if they did so meet, I can fancy that a favorite toast in their ghostly revels would be something like this: "There may be traitors among the living, but there are none among the dead."

Or is that old Pagan conception the true one? and are the disembodied spirits of the unburied dead, or dead buried without appropriate funeral rites doomed to hover for a hundred years about the scenes of their earthly life? and if so, are their insubstantial tents pitched now on the plains of Manassas and along the Rapidan, and upon the banks of the Rappahannock? and are they here, in our midst, mingling their shadowy presence with our own in the revelry of this hour?

No; but if they were here, I should bid them speak. Speak, ye spirits of the immortal dead, and tell these, your survivors, that if they prove recreant to their country, or their cause, and that, so

long as chieftains lack appropriate memorials, and so long as heroes lack green graves, the dead have lasting grudge against the living.

Or if, as we Christians believe, they now sleep, awaiting the tap of the last reveille and the clarion call of the Archangel's trump, could voice of mine penetrate the solitude and silence of their resting-place, I should bid them sleep on! sleep on, ye brave, in peace! It may be that the Eternal Judge will look the more lightly upon your faults for that you were content to suffer and to die in behoof of a righteous cause.

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## EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

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RENEWALS ARE NOW VERY EMPHATICALLY "IN ORDER." With this number the subscriptions of a large proportion of our subscribers expire. Many have already run out, some are due for the whole of the year 1883, and a few for even longer periods. We beg that each one of these will, *at once*, send us post-office money order, postal note, or check, for the amount due us. *Please save us the expense of sending an agent to you, or the trouble of sending you bills, by remitting at once.*

We beg that none of our subscribers will allow their names to go off of the list. With our present list kept up, we can very comfortably meet our current expenses, but we *must keep up the list* in order to do so, and we need *every* subscriber on our list. Remember we cannot use our "Permanent Fund" for current expenses, and must rely on our friends to enable us to keep out of debt, and meet promptly our obligations.

And will not each subscriber exert himself *to send at least one new one*, when he makes his own remittance?

But while we beg you not to let your name go off, yet if (from whatever cause) you do not intend to renew, please *notify us, and return (or pay for) any numbers you may have received, and to which you are not entitled.*

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AGENTS ARE WANTED to canvass every State and every community for our *Papers*. We can pay a *liberal* commission to efficient canvassers, and we beg our friends to interest themselves to secure us suitable agents.

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VOLUME ELEVEN of our *Papers* is now complete, and will be furnished at the following prices: Unbound, \$3; bound in cloth, \$3.50; in half morocco, \$3.75; in half calf, \$4.

A glance at the index will show that this volume is fully up to the high standard won by its predecessors.

FULL SETS OF OUR PAPERS, from January, 1876, to January, 1883 (eleven volumes), can now be furnished at the following figures: Unbound, \$24; in cloth, \$29.50; in half morocco, \$32.25; in half calf, \$35.

Let our friends exert themselves to put these volumes in every library in the country.

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EARLY'S MEMOIR OF THE LAST YEAR OF THE WAR is written in the happiest vein of this able soldier, and accomplished military writer, and should have a place in every library. By the kindness of the author we have a number of copies which we mail at *seventy-five cents* each.

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OUR "LEE NUMBER" (containing Hon. John W. Daniel's superb oration, an account of the unveiling of Valentine's Recumbent Statue, a beautiful cut of the statue, and much other interesting and valuable matter concerning our grand old chief) has had a wide sale, and has met with universal and enthusiastic approval. We have some copies left which we mail for *fifty cents* each (regular price for a *double* number of our *Papers*), and we would advise those wishing them to order at once.

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COLONEL H. D. CAPERS, as we announced in our November number, has not been authorized to act as our agent since last May. We regret that his course since that announcement compels us to advert to the matter again, and to warn our friends everywhere not to receive him as our agent, or to pay money to him on our account. *The Southern Historical Society will not be responsible henceforth for any of his acts.*

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"CROWDED OUT" has been the fate of quite a number of interesting and valuable articles which we had purposed putting in this number. But if our friends will have patience, they shall appear in due time.

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## Literary Notices.

VIRGINIA—A HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE. By JOHN ESTEN COOKE.  
Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We are indebted to the author (through West, Johnston & Co.,) Richmond, for a copy of this beautiful book—one of the series on "American Commonwealths," edited by Horace E. Scudder, and published by the well known house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

John Esten Cooke is too widely known as a writer to need any commendation from us, but we must say that this seems to us among the best, if not the very best, work he has done in the historical line.

Treating successively of "*The Plantation*," "*The Colony*," and "*The Commonwealth*," he has given us a very vivid picture of the *Virginia people* from



the first settlement to the establishment of the Commonwealth, and the entering of Virginia into the Federal Union, with a bird's eye view of them up to the present time.

While not prepared to accept all of the author's conclusions, or the authenticity of all of his statements, we can nevertheless cordially commend the book as written in admirable spirit, and as a very valuable addition to the books we would put into the hands of our youth, and place in our library for future reference and study. We need scarcely add that the publishers have done their work in the most satisfactory manner; the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. is a sufficient guarantee for *that*.

LIFE OF JAMES BUCHANAN. By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS. Two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers.

We are indebted to the publishers (through Randolph & English, Richmond,) for a copy of these deeply interesting volumes. Reserving for a full review at least the parts of the work which bear on the origin of the "War between the States," we can only say now that Mr. Curtis had full access to the private papers and correspondence of Mr. Buchanan, as well as to all necessary public documents, that he seems to have used his material with sound judgment and pains-taking diligence; that he, on the one hand, allows the subject to tell the story of his own life by full quotations from his letters, speeches, journals, and other documents, and on the other speaks his own mind very freely concerning men and events, and that he has thus made a book of great interest and of real historic value—many of the documents being now published for the first time.

He makes a very elaborate defence of Mr. Buchanan from the charge of "sympathizing with Secessionists," or of giving them at any time "aid or comfort;" but when we come to review this part of the book, we shall find it an easy task to show that Mr. Buchanan (along with Northern Democrats generally) fully believed in the right of a State to secede, and did not hesitate to say [we shall publish an autograph letter from him to that effect,] that unless the Southern States had full guarantees that their rights would be protected in the Union, "they would be fully justifiable in seceding."

We commend the book as worthy of a place in every historic collection. It goes without the saying that in type, paper, binding and general *get up*, these volumes are worthy of the reputation of the famous house of Harper & Brothers.

"THE WAR OF THE REBELLION"—official records of the Union and Confederate Armies. Series 1, Vol. IX. Washington: Government Printing Office.

We have so often expressed our opinion of the importance, and value of this work, so skilfully compiled under the able supervision of Colonel R. N. Scott (to whose courtesy we are indebted for continued favors) that we need add nothing now. Colonel Scott and his assistants seem all

to be not only very competent to the discharge of their duties, but fair in their treatment of Confederate as well as Federal reports and documents. We hope that Congress will make the most liberal provision for the vigorous prosecution of the work, that the volumes may appear more rapidly. We also earnestly suggest that instead of the flimsy binding usual in public documents that these invaluable historical volumes should have a substantial binding which may be handed down through the years to come. And, while we are suggesting we express our very decided conviction that they should drop from the title the word "*Rebellion*" which is as false to the truth of History as it would be applied to the Revolution of 1776, which conveys a reproach upon the Southern part of the re-united country, and the use of which can only stir up bad blood, and revive bitter memories.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO A HISTORY OF THE RICHMOND HOWITZER BATTALION. Pamphlet No. 1. Contents: 1. Organization of the First Company, and John Brown Raid. By Captain Henry Hudnall, of Second Company, December 13th, 1878. 2. Our Dead. Captain W. Gordon McCabe, December 13th, 1878. 3. The Battle of Bethel. By Rev. E. C. Gordon, of Third Company, December 13th, 1882. 4. All Official Reports (Confederate States and United States), Battle of Bethel.

This pamphlet of eighty-four pages (compiled by Carlton McCarthy, and printed by our own printer, W. Ellis Jones), is one of the most beautiful specimens of the printers' art we have ever seen. Its table of contents indicates its rare interest and value. This is to be followed by a number of other pamphlets, of uniform style, and so paged that the whole will make a beautiful volume.

We warmly commend this style of making up records to other organizations, and would advise all interested in securing these very valuable papers, to write at once to the publishers, Carlton McCarthy & Co., Richmond, Va., to whose courtesy we are indebted for our copy.

CEREMONIES CONNECTED WITH THE INAUGURATION OF THE MAUSOLEUM AND THE UNVEILING OF THE RECUMBENT FIGURE OF GENERAL ROBERT EDWARD LEE, AT WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY, LEXINGTON, VA., JUNE 28TH, 1883—ORATION OF JOHN W. DANIEL, LL.D.—HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE LEE MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION. Richmond, Va.: West, Johnston & Co.

The publishers have sent us a copy of this beautifully gotten up pamphlet, of which it is only necessary to say that the compilation was done by the skilful hand, and the sketch of the Association was written by the graceful pen of our friend, Colonel William Allan.

Send *twenty-five cents* to the publishers and secure a copy.

ST. NICHOLAS and THE CENTURY for December are both superb numbers.











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